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Poetry.

THE TWO BURDENS.

BY PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

Over the deep sea Love came flying;
Over the salt sea Love flew sighing.
Alas, O Love, for thy journeying wings!
Through turbid light and sound of thunder,
When one wave lifts and one falls under,
Love flew as a bird flies straight for warm springs.

Love reached the Northland, and found his own;
With budding roses, and roses blown,
And wonderful lilies, he wove their wreath.
His voice was sweet as a tone that wells,
Gathers and thunders, and throbs and swells,
And fails and lapses in rapturous death.

His hands divided the tangled boughs.
They sat and loved in a moist green house,
With bird-songs and sunbeams faltering through;
One note of wind to each least light leaf;
O Love, those days they were sweet but brief—
Sweet as the rose is, and fleet as the dew.

Over the deep sea Death came flying;
Over the salt sea Death flew sighing.
Love heard from afar the rush of his wings,
Felt the blast of them over the sea,
And turned his face where the shadows be,
And went for a sound of disastrous things.

Death reached the Northland and claimed his own;
With pale sweet flowers by wet winds blown
He wove for the forehead of one a wreath.
His voice was sad as the wind that sighs
Through cypress trees under rainy skies,
When the dead leaves drift on the paths beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs,
One Love he bore to a dark, deep house,
Where never a bridegroom may clasp his bride;
A place of silence, of dust, and sleep.
What vigil there shall the loved one keep,
Or what cry of longing the lips divide?

—*Harper's Magazine for October.*

Our Story Teller.

THE TELL-TALE NECKLACE;

—OR—

The Soldier of Fontenoy.

A Tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

CHAPTER VI.

ADRIENNE'S VISION.

In the year 1757, there stood on the road to Toulon, a large, handsome chateau, the front windows of which commanded a fine view of Toulon and the sea; the gardens of the chateau were beautifully laid out, and were kept in elegant order, presenting here and there a wilderness of flowering plants, thrown into bright relief by miniature forests of orange trees and dark clumps of magnolias. Paths winding mysteriously out of sight, ended at small rustic summer-houses, or led the curious pedestrian into a walled enclosure, containing a small orchard, where he could satisfy his hunger, according to the season, with the largest of cherries and reddest of currants, or with luscious apricots, pears, plums, or peaches.

Within, the chateau was a marvel of taste and beauty; its owner being the Duke d'Aubretot, who for many years had held the position of Governor of Province. His family was small, consisting of his duchess and his only child, Mademoiselle d'Aubretot, a lovely girl of seventeen.

One pleasant afternoon in early summer, the two ladies sat, with their embroidery, in the open air, watching for the duke's return from Toulon, whither he had gone that morning, on business connected with state affairs.

"Oh, Adrienne," said the duchess, with a long-drawn sigh, "how delightful it is to have you home again with us! I do not know how we ever consented to part with you for so many long years!"

"Long years! mother; why I was at the College d'Hyeres just four years and one day precisely," said Adrienne, laughingly.

"I cannot help it; to me it seemed a lifetime, I missed you so much."

"Well, and I missed you and father terribly, and poor O'Rourke. I often wondered why you sent me away from you; of course the chanoinesse was kind to me, and I soon loved her dearly; and then Valentine—you know my Valentine was there; and there is no one in the world like Valentine. Still it is so strange to be away from you all. Raoul, I suppose, has forgotten me."

The duchess laughed, and nodded at Adrienne.

"Oh, no doubt. The dear fellow is just the one to forget his little sweetheart. Ah, no, Adrienne. We parted with you, my darling, because your father was moving constantly from place to place, and I wished to be with him. Sometimes I feared that my daughter would grow up, and find that in their great love for her society, her parents had forgotten her education; and then Raoul would want his little wife to be as learned and as clever as other young ladies. The chanoinesse was an old friend of the family, and we knew that she could watch over you better at that period than we could, with our heads and hands full of political troubles. Besides, you have made a friend for yourself while at school, and that may prove a great blessing to you, Adrienne. By the way, who is your Valentine? Valentine de what?"

"Oh, mother, she has no name but Valentine. There is some mystery about her family. She does not know or remember anything about any one, but the chanoinesse. And the chanoinesse does not wish to be questioned about the matter. She tells every pupil that Valentine is a lady, and under her charge, and that is quite sufficient for the scholars to know. Valentine is the most clever girl there. She has never been away from the College d'Hyeres. She does not remember ever being in any other house. Oh, mother, if Valentine could only come and stay with me!"

"Write and invite the chanoinesse to come and bring Valentine with her. Once she is here, we will try and keep her with us."

"You are so good, mother; kiss me and then I shall go and write my letter."

Rising quickly, Adrienne hugged and kissed her mother, indifferent to powder, puffs, and laces, and then hurried away to her own room as fast as her hoop and lengthy train would allow of.

The duchess sat some time gazing at her frame, but not putting a stitch in the canvas. "A young girl with a secret clouding her name. Dear me! And Adrienne, of course, must be attracted by this stranger, as if some magic spell bound together those who suffer under similar misfortunes. Ah, well! Adrienne has outlived all her childish sufferings; everything is now bright before her."

Footsteps and voices in the direction of the road put an end to these reflections. The duchess rose as her husband and a much younger man approached from the shadow of the trees.

"What Raoul, is it you?"

The duke looked quite delighted as the young man threw his arms around the duchess, and kissed her on each cheek.

"Yes, Aunt Claire, and I am with you now almost as a fixture. The duke has had me exchanged to the detachment of our regiment now at Toulon, so I can see you every day. Where is Adrienne?"

"Turn around," said the duchess, smiling.

Raoul did so. Coming along the inclosed terrace he saw a tall, slight girl, dressed in a white satin petticoat, with a light blue Watteau over dress and long train. Her hair was raised in puffs over her forehead and powdered to a snowy white, as was the fashion of the day. Her large, dark blue eyes, however, were unaltered, and met his with the bright smile that he had never forgotten.

"Adrienne!"

"Raoul!"

He would have embraced her; but she put out a little hand, extended a tiny white satin shoe, and dropped him a low courtesy. With a bow matching her own, Raoul took the little hand, and kissed it with fervor.

"So, Adrienne, that is what you learned at d'Hyeres, eh? To be dignified with your old playfellow, and wear a hoop, powder, and train?"

"And you, Raoul, have learned a military step, and you are so tall that I have to bend back my neck to look in your face. But, indeed, we are the same Adrienne and Raoul, in spite of our fineries."

Raoul smiled as Adrienne glanced over his tall figure. He wore the blue coat faced with white, the uniform of the King's Guard, blue velvet breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with diamond buckles, and carried his hat under his arm.

All at once Adrienne's eyes changed; a strained expression replaced the bright smile.

They all noticed it; no one understood it.

"It seems so strange; that coat is like something I have seen in a dream. I cannot remember."

"My darling, you are thinking of O'Rourke's old uniform. He wore a blue coat when you were a little creature, and you recollect his appearance in it. Come, Raoul, you and the duke must need refreshments after your dusty ride. It is very warm, I think."

The duchess put her arm in her husband's, and walked toward the house, leaving the young people to follow.

"How tall you are, Raoul! How you have grown! You could carry me easily still, as you did when I was a little girl. Would you have known me, Raoul?"

"Known you, Adrienne!" He took a locket from his white satin waistcoat, and, opening it, showed her a little miniature of herself, painted by a fine artist, who had gone into raptures over the beauty of Mademoiselle de'Aubretot in her twelfth year.

"I could carry you now, Adrienne, as easily as ever, if that hoop and that long train were out of the way. Are there any woods here to go nutting in? Any streams to fish in? I wish we could sometimes forget our height and our new dignity, and play together as we did in our old garden in Paris."

"Every one in the neighborhood would be very much shocked. But at school we had lovely times. Valentine and I wore short skirts and went fishing and took long rambles around d'Hyeres with the chanoinesse. She is coming, and she will bring Valentine."

"Valentine? Who is she?"

"My dearest friend, Raoul."

"Your very dearest, Adrienne? I played with you before you met Valentine. If she is your dearest friend, she is not your oldest."

"Oh, Raoul, you are just the same dear, old, jealous boy you always were." She put her hand on his. "Can I not have two dearest friends?" Her eyes met his in soft pleading. Raoul relented a little, and took her hand in his.

"How can two be dearest, Adrienne? Which do you love and trust most?"

"I cannot answer; it is a different feeling. I can trust Valentine; for four years I have told her all my thoughts; she would do anything for me."

"And would not I, Adrienne? It is true that for five years we have been separated, but before that I knew all your thoughts. You trusted me. Surely you cannot have changed so much that your thoughts and confidence are no longer for me."

"Oh, I do not know. Perhaps it is you who have changed, Raoul. Five years, you know, is a long time. Tell me, where have you been—in Paris, or with father?"

"Most of my time has been spent in Paris. The duke preferred me to remain there with my regiment. As you are home again, however, he has had me exchanged into the detachment now stationed at Toulon."

"Are the Parisian ladies very handsome?"

"Yes, under their paint, I suppose they are. I am glad that you do not use it, Adrienne. You have not gained any color in your cheeks; just the same fairness I always associate with my mental pictures of you."

"But I want to hear of the court-beauties that mother tells me of—those she used to visit."

"I am ashamed to confess that I know but little about them. I should have paid my respects to them frequently had it not been for Henri."

"Who is Henri?"

"My favorite school companion, and now my dearest friend, Henri de Calonne."

"Oh, so you, too, have a dearest friend."

She turned away and gazed at the distant clouds flying over the sea. Raoul watched her in silence for some seconds, then he said, gently:

"Cannot one have two dearest friends?"

Adrienne did not answer, and, leaning forward, Raoul saw tears glistening on her long dark lashes.

"Adrienne!" He took her hands in his, and, bending quickly, kissed her eyes. "There, let me kiss away your tears, as I did long ago, when we were children, and no dearest friends, only each other. Shall it not be so still, Adrienne? Why should strangers come between us? We can love and trust them, but we are still true to one another."

Adrienne smiled at his earnest words, and drawing her arm in his, they went slowly toward the chateau.

"I will tell you, Adrienne, we must manage to have our dearest friends meet. I was about to explain to you that Henri de Calonne is poor and proud. He would not go into wealthy society in Paris, and I preferred to remain with him. He is my age, handsome, well-educated, in fact, a gentleman, worthy of the name he bears. The estates, however, are sunk in debt, owing to the extravagant habits of his uncle, who had no child, and I suppose thought it best to leave nothing after him. Henri is at Toulon. I shall ask Aunt Claire's permission to present him to you, and when Mademoiselle Valentine arrives, the chateau will be quite a gay place. Henri is charming among a few persons whom he respects. By the way, he already admires you, not only from seeing your portrait, but from what I have told him about our old companionship in Paris. He wanted to know what your disposition was like. I told him that you were the most generous of creatures, and at the same time the merriest, most tantalizing elf in the world."

"Oh, Raoul! what a character to give me! Now, I suppose your dearest friend will be quite disappointed if I do not exhibit the qualities you have ascribed to me. You forget that four years have passed since I was all that you say. Perhaps, while at the College d'Hyeres, I have learned, among other things, to be very dignified, and to give up teasing my best friends."

"I doubt it. To-day you would not look glad to see me, although I have been looking forward to this meeting for months. Yet I think you were glad."

"I see, Raoul, I have only to be disagreeable to answer to your description."

"Oh, you must be as gay and bright as a butterfly—just your own old self."

"But, Raoul, I am not always gay."

"And why not, Adrienne? You have everything to make you so—health, wealth, and your parents, besides many true friends."

"And you forget, Raoul, I have you."

"You little witch! of course I did not mention myself. Every one knows that I am your devoted slave; whether to add to your happiness or not, remains to be proved."

"Yet, Raoul, sometimes I am very sad. I will tell you all, but you must promise me not to mention what I say to my father or mother; it would only make them anxious. Valentine knows every thing. She had to hear what terrified me, for we roomed together at the college, and I used to rouse her from sleep with my cries and moans."

"My darling, you alarm me! Try and tell me calmly. Sit down, Adrienne." He placed her on a stone seat under a great tree, and, kneeling at her side, watched her face, now white with fear, and startled with the dread of what is mysterious and inexplicable.

"It always comes to me at night," said Adrienne, fixing her eyes on Raoul, and letting him take her hand in his strong clasp.

"Yes, Adrienne."

"A figure, a man in a soldier's dress; he kneels at my feet; his eyes seem to pierce my soul; he draws me to his heart; and, then, a deep, sad voice speaks to me, always the same words, always. I know them now by heart."

"Yes, yes, Adrienne; what are they?"

Raoul's face was almost as white as her own; his voice was low and uneven, but Adrienne was too excited to notice the change in him. Unconsciously she imitated the haunting voice:

"You have *killed me*, my child; but I pardon you, and I love you!"

"Oh, my God!" The cry came from Raoul's lips, as he suddenly turned away his face.

"Oh, Raoul, indeed it is not a dream. It comes when I am lying awake in the still nights. It used to frighten me; I would scream aloud at his touch and sob with terror. But now I am not afraid; the face seems all kindness and love, but oh, so sad, it thrills me. I feel my heart throbbing with sympathy. It is a reality. I long to put my hand on his poor face—Why, Raoul! what is the matter with you?"

Raoul had covered his face with his hands, and his strong frame was shaken with suppressed grief.

"Can you feel thus for me?"

"Adrienne, I cannot explain what it is that moves me. Oh, my darling, you are right not to fear this vision, but try and do not think of it; recalling it makes it more vivid. You were right not to speak of it to your parents; they could not help you, and the knowledge of it would make them anxious. You say that your friend Valentine is trustworthy; she will keep your confidence?"

"Oh, yes; she has known it for years, and never mentioned the matter, not even to the chanoinesse."

"She must be a wonderful girl, to keep another's secret."

"She is a model of prudence and common sense. I know that you will be charmed with her."

"Adrienne, I will promise to admire any one who is kind to you. You are recovering your looks. You startled me."

"And you startled me. But what shall we do? I hear them calling us."

"I will go and have O'Rourke bring out a tray to us. I have not seen you for four years, Adrienne, and that fact will excuse everything. They will observe our happiness from the windows, and will not think of disturbing us."

He went toward the house, leaving his little sweet heart more puzzled than ever.

As Raoul supposed, the duke and duchess were enjoying the sight of the young people's happiness, and perhaps recalling their own youthful days and the old dreams of love and the future that had once absorbed them.

"Did I not tell you that you would find our child prettier and more charming than ever?" said the duchess, as Raoul entered the dining-room.

"And you were right, dear aunt, as usual. Adrienne is lovely. Sometimes I fear that you will not care to trust her to me; but, indeed, if she were mine, I would be very careful of her. I would make her happiness my first object."

"Why, Raoul, we have never changed our intentions with regard to you and Adrienne; for reasons which we will not mention, you are better fitted than any one else could be to guard her from any grief or trouble. Then, again, you have always known and loved each other, and we understand you, Raoul, and appreciate the nobility of your character. I see O'Rourke has gone out to his young mistress; his watchful attentions are unfailing. I think the poor fellow would die if anything should happen to Adrienne."

"Yes, I notice that he lingers within call; I am glad that she has such a devoted guardian; and no doubt he is silent."

"As the grave, Raoul. O'Rourke put on my livery for the child's sake, and has made it his business to think of her first. It was a good move for us, coming here to Provence, so far away from old associations; there is no danger here of unpleasant meetings, no chance of hearing old stories. Then, we are so near D'Hyeres, and Adrienne is very much attached to the chanoinesse, and to a young girl who was at school with her, a Mademoiselle Valentine d——." He turned to the duchess, who shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"You must ask the chanoinesse, Armand. Adrienne's friend is not only very beautiful, accomplished, and exactly seventeen, but she is also nameless. A mystery is attached to her. She has no parents, remembers none, and has no home but the college. For these reasons, I have sent an invitation to the good chanoinesse, asking her to bring her charge here and leave her with us. The poor girl is isolated from society at D'Hyeres; here she will have Adrienne; they will entertain each other when you are absent; and, Raoul, perhaps you know some agreeable young man whom you would like to join our little party. Adrienne needs young company."

"Aunt Claire, there is one young friend of mine, Henri de Calonne. I have wished for a long time to present him to you."

"With pleasure, Raoul. Now run off where your heart is. You and Adrienne have four years' thrilling incidents to relate to each other, and we know that an audience of one is most appreciative."

Raoul quickly took the unnecessary advice, and joined Adrienne under the pleasant trees. Here they took their lunch very comfortably, waited upon and watched over by the faithful O'Rourke, whose admiration for Raoul was only surpassed by that for his young mistress.

Adrienne was still very pale, but was anxious to think and talk of other subjects.

"What a delightful view of Toulon and the sea, you have here!" said Raoul, letting his gaze wander from Adrienne's charming figure to the distant landscape.

"Yes, lovely. When Valentine comes we are going to walk and ride about a great deal. She has never visited Toulon; and, indeed, I have forgotten how it looks; besides some things there I never saw—the galley ships, for instance, and the galley slaves at work."

"Yes, Adrienne," said Raoul, dropping his spoon and bending to pick it up. "And in the neighborhood here, have you explored everything?"

"Oh, no, indeed! There is an old chateau quite near us; the grounds join our park. It has been shut up for years; I have had a peep at the towers and into the garden from our orchard wall, but I would not go in there alone for the world!"

"Why, Adrienne, you little goose you used to be as brave as a lion; you would go anywhere."

"Yes, I know, Raoul; then you were with me. Lately, I have told you how frightened I have been. I dare not go by myself; but when Valentine comes, you must promise to explore the old place with us. We may happen upon a mystery."

"In the shape of some worm eaten tapestries, moldering wainscots and tumbledown furniture. There are few mysteries left, Adrienne. This is a very practical age."

"And, the chanoinesse says, 'a very wicked one.' I do not know what she means. I think the world is beautiful. Do not you?"

"My world—yes, Adrienne; for you are my world."

"Oh, I did not mean to condense the universe into one small individual. Tell me—you have traveled since you have grown up—is not Paris charming? I should like to see it. If it so delightful here, what must it be there?"

Raoul seemed uneasy.

"My darling, you could not compare Paris with the south of France. Here the vegetation is lovely; you have oranges ripening in the open air, and roses blooming at your feet. Then, the scenery is here more picturesque. Paris is very well, but for a really enjoyable climate and bright surroundings, give me Provence. You know my largest estate is in Provence; the one where I have always anticipated spending the greater part of the year. One of these days we must visit it."

"And will you take me to Paris, Raoul?"

"We will talk of that at another time. I do not like Paris."

"You are like the chanoinesse, then."

"Yes, in that particular. Does the likeness extend any further, Adrienne?"

"No, it does not. The chanoinesse never refused me anything."

"That was fortunate for her. Perhaps your demands were always reasonable, in conformity with her ideas of what was right and best."

"Now, Raoul, you are not at all nice. That is just the way you used to speak to me when I wanted one thing and you preferred another. You know, you always had to give in—in the end."

"Did I? I certainly never made a promise, knowing that I did not intend to keep it, and I am not going do it now. Ask me something else."

Adrienne rose and made him a deep courtesy, then drew herself up, and gathered her long train over her arm.

"I think I will go back to papa and mamma; they always say, 'Yes, my daughter, as you please!'"

She walked away, haughtily tossing her head, and Raoul, secretly amused at her proud little ladyship, took up his sword and hat and followed her to the drawing room.

Adrienne was ensconced behind her embroidery-frame, so he took refuge with the duchess, who read the two faces with perfect ease.

"A lover's quarrel," was her mental comment.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHANOINESSE.

Adrienne decidedly had not forgotten how to play with Raoul's heart. She knew that she filled it, large as it was, and so she gave her caprices full sway over her quick, impetuous impulses. Raoul had refused her an expressed wish, something quite new to this spoiled child, whose slightest word was law in the household. Raoul could do penance now for his firmness; he could watch his idol from a distance, and look the admiration and love that she would not hear in words. During the remainder of his visit Adrienne devoted herself to her father's comfort. She hung around his chair, opened his papers for him, dipped his pen in the ink, and was so graceful and pretty in every attitude she assumed that Raoul rode away more in love with her than ever. She dropped him one of her lowest courtesies as he was taking leave, and he had to content himself with this act of condescension for the present. Although quite sure of his own feelings for her, Raoul now began to question the real character of hers for him. He tortured himself during his homeward ride with these painful doubts; and the more he reflected on her extreme youth, their long separation, and the possibility that she might now prefer another to him, the more hopeless seemed his love for her.

The Viscount Raoul de Langey, in spite of his noble name, large estates, handsome person, and agreeable manners, felt himself utterly unable to read the girlish heart whose entire love he coveted. Adrienne had only grown into a larger, more beautiful Adrienne, the same lovely, capricious, haughty problem that had won his youthful heart, and kept it ever since. Even the consent and approval of her parents, which he had long since begged for and received, did not much reassure him. They would never interfere with their darling's happiness. Now that she was in a position, as emancipated from school duties, to meet the numerous young gentlemen who surrounded her father and attended his receptions, to say nothing of those whom she might see during future visits to Paris, Raoul considered his own chances of winning her woman's love as rather hanging in the balance. Of course, she had been pleased—nay, delighted—to see him that afternoon. True, she had been gentle and confidential with him, and had even tacitly admitted the existence of a mutual love and understanding by making a request which he had at once refused. But no open betrothal had ever taken place. While permitting him to worship at Adrienne's shrine, the duke and duchess had stipulated that Adrienne should make no promise through them. When old enough to make a choice, she should decide for herself.

Thus the affair stood. Raoul feared to lose by being too hasty in his efforts for securing his treasure. Still, to watch it in its beauty, attracting other new, covetous admirers, was to be in a condition of mind bordering on madness. Raoul felt that such suspense would be unendurable. Yet, what to do? There was one resource. He could return to Paris, and in absence seek forgetfulness.

Troubled with these misgivings, Raoul sought refuge in his friend's society and sympathy, and for several days he did not visit the duchess. Strongly suspecting the cause of his non-appearance, that lady amused herself watching her daughter's moods now as variable as the clouds floating over her imperious little head.

The first day she was quite silent in regard to Raoul, but on the alert when visitors were seen approaching. The duchess also noticed that Adrienne wore pink rosebuds in her powdered tresses, and had a little knot of them in the lace on her breast. But no Raoul. O'Rourke also was aware that his young mistress was hard to please, and disposed to find fault even with him, something so unusual as to cause general remark among the servants.

Another day, and no Raoul, with his gay smiles, smart dress and faultless manners, his sweet voice uttering fond speeches, his loving eyes following her every movement with proud admiration.

Adrienne threw aside her book, and took up her embroidery, put that away after a few hasty stitches, and left the terrace where the duchess was helping the duke with some of his voluminous correspondence. They looked after the little figure going quickly along one of the garden paths, and then their eyes meeting, both smiled meaningly.

"Adrienne evidently misses her slave. No one pets her as Raoul did, and there is no doubt that the child really loves him," said the duchess.

"If she does, why not let them be happy? I, for my part, can see no reason why Adrienne should meet a number of new faces, and be thrown in contact with strange characters whom she could not possibly understand as well as Raoul's, simply to test her love for him. I think our daughter would be all the happier if she never again saw Paris, but just settled down to a peaceful, domestic life here in Provence, away from the excitement and scandals that disgrace our capital."

"I agree with you, Armand, the life that we once pictured for ourselves is possible for Raoul and Adrienne; but they should find out how much they love each other for themselves. I think the discovery will be all the more delightful if no one assists them in making it."

"You are right; it would not be kind to deprive them of the privilege which the poorest peasants may enjoy. But what has become of the lover? Raoul has not been here for two days?"

"No; a little quarrel, I presume, which may lead to a thorough understanding."

Meanwhile, Adrienne, having taken refuge in her favorite summer-house, a pretty retreat overlooking the road, was giving her whole mind to one subject—Raoul.

Surely, if he loved her he would come and make up their little quarrel. Never had he remained angry with her a moment longer than it took to explain his meaning and beg for pardon if he had offended her, which he never did with premeditation. Adrienne found herself recalling the old days in Paris, their merry pranks together, their frequent misunderstandings, their very rapid and very tender reconciliations. He was twenty and she thirteen when they had parted, and now she remembered how the merry boy had changed into the courteous, manly youth, her devoted knight and staunch defender, who had made her, just entering her teens, his ideal of what was lovely and charming in woman. She thought of his kindness only within a few days, his agitation at her distress, his sympathy with the emotions which others would pronounce silly in the extreme. He had neither ridiculed her fears nor attempted any absurd explanation of them. He had, as formerly, been interested and tender with her. There was no one in the world like Raoul, and Adrienne longed for an opportunity to make up for her disdainful indifference after his manly affection. She was indulging in a few tears of contrition and humiliation, when the sound of carriage wheels attracted her attention. Looking down over the road, she felt her heart throb with delight. There was the well-known carriage and sleek, black horses that the chanoinesse always used when she made her visits to her pupils, and Adrienne forgot all her woes, and hurried toward the large entrance-gate of the park.

In a few minutes she had embraced the chanoinesse, and was kissing a girl of her own height, with all the warmth of her own impetuous nature.

Meanwhile the duke and duchess were exchanging salutations with the chanoinesse, and then the three turned to observe the two girls.

"When you have finished embracing each other I should like to present Valentine to the duchess and the duke," said the chanoinesse, affecting irony.

At this the girls came forward, Valentine going though the ceremony very gracefully, although introduced as "Valentine, one of my pupils."

When seated on the terrace, the duchess could not help gazing at Adrienne's friend. The girls were walking up and down, arm in arm, interchanging confidences in low tones, their rippling laughter breaking pleasantly upon the graver conversation of their elders.

"You call her simply Valentine," said the duchess, dropping her voice, her eyes fixed on the girl's slight figure.

"Yes, for the present. She is the daughter of a noble but proscribed family. She was committed to my care when but five years old, and now she is more like a child to me than a pupil."

The chanoinesse was a tall, dignified lady, who wore the quiet dress of her order, made in rich velvet and satin, like an imperial robe. She looked with fond pride at Valentine while speaking.

"There is something familiar to me in her face," said the duchess. "Have I ever known her parents?"

"I cannot say. I think you met her mother in former years."

"She has a remarkable face for one so young. Such power and firmness are expressed in her features! Has she as much character as her face indicates?"

"Yes, quite as much. Valentine is the most clever girl I ever had under my charge. She is a perfect logician, very cautious, too, and very sensible. She never acts without forethought."

"A perfect contrast, then, to my child, who acts first and thinks afterward," said the duke, who was a quiet listener.

The chanoinesse smiled.

"Excuse me if I differ with you. Adrienne's rapid impulses very often make her appear heedless, even daring. You will find her so in trifles; in any serious matter, Adrienne can be as cautious and as determined as even—I will say, Valentine. In a few words, Adrienne is careless as to speech, but careful as to actions. Valentine is guarded in both."

"You surprise me, my dear chanoinesse. Still, you would probably know more of our child's disposition than we, as you watched her when she was really developing from childhood into womanhood. She loves you and Valentine so dearly! I would like to ask you to leave Valentine with us as long as she cares to remain. She is a lovely child, as dark as Adrienne is fair; they make a pretty contrast. No doubt you, as Valentine's guardian, will wish to establish her well; a suitable marriage would be the best arrangement you could make for her?"

"You are, perhaps, right," said the chanoinesse, thoughtfully. "To tell the truth, I had not taken the subject of Valentine's marriage into consideration."

"There is, however, no real objection to such a proposal?" said the duke.

"There is this: Valentine has no fortune, and I cannot suppose that she ever will have one. For twelve years I have heard nothing of her family. It is all a blank."

"Then all the more reason, my dear chanoinesse, for leaving her with us. Her beauty will win admirers of rank and wealth, and you can vouch for her family. It will be only justice to her to leave her with us in a position to meet and mingle in society. At the college she will be isolated, deprived of all the advantages that a young lady of rank should have secured to her," said the duke, decidedly.

"Well, you are very thoughtful and very kind, generous, indeed. I will see if Valentine enjoys society."

"Absurd! a lovely girl of seventeen cannot be on bad terms with a world whose attractions are just opening before her. Let her develop a little in this pleasant atmosphere, and, believe me, she and Adrienne will appreciate what is most delightful and valuable."

The duke rose and gathered up his papers.

"I wish that boy would make his appearance. He could save me a long ride to-morrow. He and Adrienne must postpone these little tiffs until they affect only their own comfort."

The duke bustled away, calling on O'Rourke and Joseph, and stopping to be kissed by Adrienne, while he exchanged a few words with her dark-eyed, clever friend. The duchess and the chanoinesse had much to say to each other. The former explained Raoul's long years of devotion, and Adrienne's capricious method of viewing a love so passionate and sincere.

The chanoinesse smiled and looked after Adrienne.

"They will learn to read each other's heart. Adrienne is very young, very childish."

"You are quite right, and for that matter, we do not care to press matters between our lovers. We have only just received our daughter from you: we are not at all anxious to part with her."

"The Viscount de Langey and the Marquis de Calonne," announced Joseph, appearing on the terrace; and the two young officers approached.

The chanoinesse rose quickly, her features beaming with pleasure.

"What, Henri! You Here?"

The marquis took the offered hand, and, bowing, pressed his lips upon it.

"Yes, Marami, but only within the week. Raoul and I left Paris together."

The chanoinesse explained as she presented the marquis to the duchess:

"This is my godson, whom I have not seen for years. How delightful to have you with us! This is an unseen pleasure. I see the young ladies coming. Raoul, go and meet them; you and Adrienne can make the introductions much better than we can."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

Use of Anthracite Coal in the Manufacture of Iron.

Boston Transcript.

There is living near Catasauqua, Pa., in a hearty old age, the man who discovered how to use anthracite coal in the manufacture of iron. His name is David Thomas, and the story of his discovery he thus narrates: "One winter night, in the old country, I sat with Crane, a brother Superintendent of a blast furnace, over a grate fire of hard coal. We had talked of the recent invention of the hot blast, just patented by Mr. Neilson, a Scotchman, and our conversation had carried us pretty well along into the evening. The fire had burned low, and we were about to separate, when I picked up the bellows and began to blow it. 'You will put that fire out,' said Mr. Crane. As he spoke it flashed over me that if my bellows gave a hot blast it would bring the grate full of coal to a bright glow, and with the thought it came like an inspiration upon me that the hot blast was all that was needed to utilize the rich beds of anthracite under our feet for making iron. I dropped the bellows and gave utterance to my thoughts. Mr. Crane smiled, then grew attentive, and as I went on thinking out my theory as I spoke, he became interested. When I concluded, we grasped hands over the dead coals of anthracite fire and separated. Little sleep we got that night. To me it was one of restless anxiety. When I read an account of the night before the execution of the condemned man I always think of my night with my new idea. The next day I posted up to Scotland, and on my return I brought with me the plans of a hot-blast furnace, which we at once proceeded to build for the purpose of making iron with anthracite coal. It was a great success and attracted capital to the development of the anthracite coal beds of Wales, and the attention of the scientific world. Before that, for our furnaces we had brought coke from the distant bituminous coal fields, thereby increasing the cost of our product over establishments more favorably situated. The very hills beneath our feet were filled with rich deposits of anthracite, and the discovery of means to utilize it was like a mine of gold to the country around. Our experiment was a success. Of course the scientific discussion carried on in the papers in that country provoked attention in America, and the few scientific journals published here took up the matter, and thereby the iron workers of the region came to know of its great value. At once they set to work on my plan. It resulted in great losses to the capital invested, and many cases of financial failure and bankruptcy."

"The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company watched these experiments with ardent hope of success, for they saw what a great advantage to them must result in carrying to perfection in this country what we had perfected in Wales. They waited and hoped in vain and finally concluded to send for Mr. Crane or me. Their representative visited me in the person of Erskine Hazard, of Philadelphia. I had often thought of coming to America, and my wife was strongly in favor of it, so we received Mr. Hazard's propositions with favor. Terms were fixed upon; it was arranged that my expenses out were to be paid, and that if I did not wish to stay after five years I was to be sent back with my family at their expense. I arrived here early in the fall of 1839, and Catasauqua being selected as the place to build the first furnace, I at once set to work. The population, which, at that time, was only that of a hamlet, was composed entirely of Germans, and my greatest difficulty was to get skilled labor. I picked up an old countryman here and there, and on the Fourth of July, 1840, I started the first blast, and on that day made the first iron. There is the furnace, sir, just below my house. It has been in blast ever since until within a few days. The success was so complete, as shown by the work turned out during the following six or eight months, that another was started, which I built in 1842. I built the third in 1846, and the fourth and fifth in 1849. For 40 years we have averaged 40,000 tons of iron a year from those furnaces, or 1,600,000 tons in the aggregate. Then furnaces sprang up all over the anthracite region. The way to utilize the hard coal in the manufacture of iron was the only thing needed to completely develop the great mineral wealth of the country, and this fact being recognized there was no lack of money to take the preliminary steps."

A Sagacious Dog.

Col. George E. Waring in Harper's Magazine for October.

Some one at the British Association's meeting at Dublin read a paper on the intellect of animals. He cited no case so remarkable as that of Cuchino's dog, which lives on this boat. This, and the steamer which runs to Desenzano—15 miles away, at the southwest corner of the lake—start from Riva, at the north end of Garda. The dog was familiar with the crews of both, and with the other craft, but he had never made a trip by boat. For a long time he watched her course down the other side of the lake, and saw her drawing farther and farther away, until she was hidden by the projecting point. One day, his mind fully settled to its theory, he proceeded to verify it. He marched deliberately over to Desenzano, took passage, came safely to Riva, and went back to his familiar kitchen with an air of entire satisfaction. He could not be induced to make another trip by that boat. He had "done" it, and had no more worlds to conquer in that direction. He had reasoned out a plan of action, and had found his reasoning correct.

A young man of Sioux City went out courting his girl, made a misstep and fell down a hill a distance of 300 feet, but was not fatally hurt.—*Ex.* Falling, in love, is rarely fatal.—*Phil. Bul.*

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE.

Meeting of Alfonso with his Future Bride—A Sad King's Wooing—How It was all Brought About at Arcachon.

New York Herald.

This is how they met, the sorrowing young monarch and the Australian Archduchess, chosen to be his bride, at Arcachon, Bordeaux's Brighton. The presentation was not wanting in the ceremonial for which the House of Hapsburg is famous. "His Majesty Alfonso XII., King of Spain," said the Duque de Tetuan, approaching the imperial ladies. "Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Elizabeth," "Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Marie Christine," said the Baron von Scholossing, addressing the King. With this presentation, however, the formalities ceased. A sign from the Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of the Princess Marie Christine, sufficed for the noblemen in attendance to retire, and King Alfonso remained for nearly an hour with his future bride. On his return to Villa Monaco, His Majesty summoned the Duque de Tetuan, with whom he conversed long and earnestly. The following morning the King received the Marquis de Molins, and was about to visit the Villa Bellegarde one more, when he found the street in front of his house crowded with people. "What is to be done?" he asked of the Duque de Tetuan. "I hoped that I should be totally unobserved and quiet." Thereupon the Duque led His Majesty to the end of a long corridor opening on the garden at the back of the villa, and the King thus reached the Villa Bellegarde unperceived by the villagers. Here he, together with the Austrian Archduchess, had breakfast. A drive followed, and afterwards the King and the Princess Marie Christine, accompanied by her mother, enjoyed a row in a six-oared boat. Every account alludes to the young sovereign's good spirits and apparent affection for his *fiancee*.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S ACCOUNT OF THE COURTSHIP—A ROMANTIC PRINCESS—WOOING IN THE GARDEN IN THE GLOAMING.

The pretty French watering place on the Bay of Biscay, where the King of Spain and the Austrian Archduchess Christina are passing their brief courtship, is one of the most picturesque and thriving towns along the Atlantic coast. The villa where the King is staying is a small, unassuming residence nestling in the quietude of the pine forests behind the town. According to a correspondent of the *Truth*, Alfonso and the Archduchess were companions at the time when he was studying at Theresa College, in Vienna, and the young lady, a willful, frolicsome damsel, fell in love with him, and was consequently much piqued when she found that Mercedes was the King's sweetheart. So, when a short time ago Alfonso proposed for her, she tossed her head and replied "If he wants to win me, let him come and woo me. It is his place to court me, and not mine to go and pick up the handkerchief which he condescends to throw down." And he would have done so, being the soul of chivalry, but the death of the Infanta Pilar and the accident at La Granga, where the King severely sprained his wrist, obliged him to give up the trip to Vienna, and the Archduchess relented.

A ROMANTIC PRINCESS.

According to the same authority Christina, who is very romantic as well as willful, wanted to be courted like the heroine of an old-fashioned novel. She proposed that the first interview should take place in the Casino, and be ostensibly a chance meeting. It did not dissuade her when she was informed that no subscriber could be excluded for her convenience, and that many of the ladies subscribing were of *le monde comme il n'en faut pas*. Alfonso put an end to the difficulty she had raised by, the moment he had had time to dress after his journey, hastening to the Villa Bellegarde to pay a visit. He represented himself as being in too great haste to see the object of his affections not to in this instance disregard her will. In making her this assurance he bent low over her hand and kissed it. This handsome behavior dissipated all reserve and pique. It was dusk. The King proposed a turn in the garden. The Archduchess consented, and her step-mother and all the Austrian and Spanish courtiers, as had been, no doubt, agreed beforehand among them, remaind in the drawing room. The delights of love's young dream the King enjoyed again amid artificial bloom and aromatic shrubberies. He and his inamorata were seen walking hand in hand. A tender speech, doubtless, was made, and a corresponding answer returned. When the happy pair re-entered the villa, Christina, who had an engaged ring on her finger, led the monarch to her step-mother, whom she thus addressed in French: "I have the honor, madame, to present to you my future husband." Alfonso gallantly kissed the hand of the Archduchess Charles, who, he hoped would accept from him the duty of a son. He then took his leave.

As to the appearance of the Archduchess, a French lady describes her as "*a une taille assez jolie les cheveux chatains, et portent sur sa figure les traits d'une haute intelligence*." She is amiable and an excellent linguist, speaking French Italian and English, and is now rapidly learning the language of the people over whom it is to be hoped she may reign for many happy years.

A Curiosity.

Quite a curiosity was found a few days ago near the camp of the workmen on the new toll road, near Yankee Fork, Nev. It is a mountain ram's head deeply imbedded in a pine tree and about six feet from the ground. The right horn is outside, and curls partly around the tree, while the front of the skull and most of the left horn is covered with the growth of wood. The tree is a thrifty pine, 15 inches through. How that ram's head came there will always remain a mystery to scientists, but men of the mountains, who are familiar with the fighting propensities of the wild buck, can easily explain it. The ram whose head is now a part of the tree stood on the upper side of the hill, while his enemy stood near what was then a pine sapling. When the present relic made a rush at ram No. 2 the latter stepped to one side, and the old warrior's head coming in contact with the young tree split it wide enough for one horn to enter, and he was left dangling at the mercy of his foe. The rest is easily guessed. The survivor of the fight deliberately butted his unfortunate adversary until there was nothing left of him but the skull and horns fast in the wood. Fred. Myers, one of the proprietors of the toll road, will have the part of the tree containing the ram's head sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

A Parisian Tragedy.

Paris Paper.

A tragedy in one act and two minutes. Scene: A sitting-room, with a sofa and a door L. Dramatis personæ: On the sofa, a lady with his arm around her waist, a gentleman. The door opens. Enter L., a second gentleman, with a practical carpet bag in his hand. Perceiving the two lovers he raises his hands to Heaven and for a moment is frozen with horror; then drawing a revolver aims at the guilty pair. The revolver—Bang! bang! (goes off, L.) The lady—"Oh!" (dies). The gentleman—"Ah!" (dies). Second gentleman, rushing forward and examining the corpses—"Great Heavens! I mistook the flat; this is the newly married couple's room down stairs." (Quick curtain.)

MAUDIE MULLER AND THE JEDGE.

N. Y. World.

Maudie Muller on an August day
Took the Fever of the Hay.

Sneezing she went, and her shrill Ah-chee!
The mock-bird echo from the tree.

The Jedge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his chestnut horse's mane,*

And drew his bridle in the shade
With a sternutation to greet the maid.

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
The pollen from which makes sufferers sneeze,

And Maudie forgot her swollen nose
And even her graceful bare, brown toes,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her watering, hazel eyes.

At last, with a wild Ah-chee! Ah-cha!
Ah-choo! Ah-choo! † he rode away.

Maudie Muller looked and sneezed, "Ah-chee!
That I the Jedge's bride might be!

He would dress me with silks and diamond rings,
And take me up to the White Mountings.

And I'd use the finest cambric *mouchoir*,‡
And never have the Hay Fever more."

The Jedge looked back as he climbed the hill
And heard her sternutations shrill.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Rid of this dab Fever of the Hay!"

But he thought of her sisters,¶ and clearly saw
Her mother would be his mother-in-law.

The baby would smear his broadcloth coat,
And her brother borrow a $5 note;

So, closing his heart, the Jedge rode on,
And Maudie was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
When they heard him lustily ah choo-in'.

And the young girl sneezed beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.‖

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
With an aquiline beak of ten Roman-power.

And oft when the wine in his nose was red,§
And he knew the old woman was safe in bed,

The proud man sighed with a furnace' force,
"Ah, could I only get a divorce

And marry the girl I saw that day
When I had the Fever of the Hay!"

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And they had twins every twelvemonth—sure;

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
She wished she could drown the pesky lot.

Again, in the shade of the apple-trees,
She saw a rider draw rein and sneeze.

As she looked down, because she knew
Her nose was big enough for two.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls.

And for him, with a pipe in his ugly mug—
Oh, if she had him by the lug!—

A manly form at her side she saw,
And there was no estival catarrh.

Then she took up her burden of life anew,
Sighing only, "Ah-chee! Ah-choo!"

Alas! for maiden; for Jedge, alas!
For household drudger and gray-haired ass.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, "Hay-fever time again!"

Ah! well for us that a region lies
Where the infusoria never rise:

And in the hereafter angels may
Find a cure for the Fever of the Hay!

Brooklyn, September, 1879.

NOTES.

*In the original it is "horse's chestnut mane," but "chestnut horse's mane" is more natural and truthful.

†The Jedge may have intended this for Adieu! Adieu!

‡Pronounced *moushore*.

¶In the original it is "his sisters" and "his mother," which is ridiculous; it is the girl's relatives that count in such cases.

‖The folio of 1836 contains a third line:

"And her father came out and gave her fits."

This line, as Longfellow says, is "extremely natural and adds to the pastoral verisimilitude of the piece," but "fits" and "fell" do not rhyme; besides all the other verses are couplets, hence I reject it.

§In the original "the wine in his *glass* was red." But if the wine had been still in his glass he would not have been affected. "He has it 'in his nose'" is a vivid, familiar expression employed when a man is inebriated. Solomon speaks of "wine that maketh red the nose of man." For all these reasons the amended reading is insisted upon.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

"Good Thing for the Boy, and I Thought I'd Come and Tell You."

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A boy, apparently very much agitated, rushed into a house yesterday and said to the lady:

"I don't ter alarm yer, but I've got big news. The man sent me up from the livery stable to tell yer."

"Good heavens, what is it?"

"Why, you know your little boy Aleck, what the man can't keep outen the livery stable 'round the corner?"

"Yes, well?"

"I told Aleck just now not to go inter the stable among the horses, but he wouldn't mind me—"

"Oh, dear! What has happened?"

"He said he wanted ter see what a mule 'ud do when yer tickled its heels with a straw."

"Oh, heavens!" gasped the lady, and clung to the mantel for support.

"Well, sir, yer boy Aleck got a straw, snuck up behin' a sorrel mule, tickled him on the heels, an'"—

The lady started for the door.

"An' the blamed critter never lifted a hoof," called the boy. "Never as much as switched its tail. It's a mighty good thing for Aleck that he didn't, too; and I thought I'd come up and tell yer." And he dodged out at the side entrance.

How He Got His Shoulder Straps.

It was during the siege of Wagner, and the Union parallels were but a few hundred yards away from the line of grim black tubes that ever and anon "embowelled with outrageous noise the air—disgorging foul their devilish glut of iron globes." A line of abatis was to be built across a clear space in point blank range of the rebel gunners and sharpshooters. "Sergeant," says the officer in charge, "go pace that opening and give me the distance as near as possible." Says the Sergeant (for we will let him tell the rest of the story), "I started right off. When I got to the opening I put er like the devil in a gale of wind. What with grape, canister, round shot, shell, and a regular bees' nest of rifle balls, I just think there must er been a fearful drain of ammunition on the Confederate Government about that time. I don't know how it was, but I didn't get so much as a scratch, but I *did* get powerful scared. When I'd got under cover I couldn't er told for the life o' me whether it was a hundred or a hundred thousand paces; I should sooner er guessed a hundred thousand. Says the captain, 'Well, Sergeant, what do you make it?' Soon's I could get my wind, says I, 'Give a guess, Captain.' He looks across the opening a second or two and then says, 'A hundred and seventy-five paces, say.' 'Thunder! captain,' says I, 'you've made a pretty close guess. It's just 171.' 'And that,' added the Sergeant, after the laugh had subsided, 'that's how I got my shoulder straps.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Chicago Justice.

Chicago Tribune.

A Chicago jury the other day found a man guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. This is something unusual for Chicago jurors to do. They are generally actuated by the principle of letting every guilty man escape, but here they have convicted a gentleman who seems to have amply deserved it. What is the matter?—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

The "matter" was that the person on trial for his life was an American and a Protestant, and had no powerful organization and no Judge to defend him.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1879.

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We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the Blade and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage pre-paid):

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As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

The Afghans are a very bad people, but we do not think that any of them sneaked around and shot a member of the British Embassy in the back.

Middletown *Transcript:* Americans pay more for teeth than any other nation on earth, and yet they do nine-tenths of their chewing with their stomachs.

Nothing but a capacity for effrontery rising to the proportions of genius would enable the party that supports Yazooism to prate about love for freedom of the ballot.

Sen. McDonald considers the rupture in the Democratic party in New York as fatal to the Democracy of that State in the coming election. The war is still raging as bitterly as ever, and there is no hope of concession from either faction.

Gully may receive the ovations of his fellow Mississippians, but for all that he will go the execration of all coming generations as the first to debase the name of American manhood by the cowardly murder of an innocent girl for political purposes.

A lady in Armenia died August 15, who could say of her oldest son: "O, he's a giddy, thoughtless fellow; but then he is only 100 years old now. Perhaps age will steady him after a while." She was married at 14, had a son at 15, who survives her, with 50 other descendants.

Cincinnati *Star:*

"Oh, youth, with smooth, sand-papered pate,
The night is dark, the hour is late,
Why do you linger on my gate?"

"I stay to help your daughter hold
This gate upon its hinges old;
Go in, old man, you're catching cold."

The old man sought his little bed,
And on it laid his patient head;
"I think my gate is safe," he said.

Russia has discovered a way to put an end to horse stealing. The Government will establish a system of horse passports which will give the possessor a legal title to the animals. As the thief would find it difficult to get hold of the passport, he could not maintain his right to the stolen horse.

The Clevelend *Plaindealer*, with the true Democratic desire to exalt everything Rebel and Southern, says that the late J. B. Hood was "the beau ideal of a soldier." On the same principle the man who in chess gives away his pieces rapidly, and without getting anything for them, would be a beau ideal of a player.

McClellan only had the colic, but he thought that some disease with more syllables in its Latin name than there are links in a long chain, had tackled him. This is an old failing of his—the same mental habit that used to magnify one of Lee's skirmish lines into the whole Army of Northern Virginia.

One cause of the great number of destructive fires in the United States is the inflammable nature of the materials used in building. This is evident from the fact that the Cities of Continental Europe enjoy a comparative immunity from them, and also those of South America, where they have learned the importance of safe construction.

It was proposed at the Institute of International Law in session at Brussels, that all countries should regard the destruction of ocean cables as an offense against the law. This would make a considerable change in modern warfare, since to cut the telegraph wires has been considered perfectly legitimate—indeed, a necessity. Probably the proposal will not be accepted, though they may reach an agreement to respect that kind of property belonging to neutral nations.

An immense amount of flunkyism has been exhibited by England in its treatment of the affair in which Eugenie's son came to his death. All the evidence goes to show that the Prince was in command of the expedition and gave the orders that governed the party, and that it was an error of judgment that led to his death. So far as can be seen Lieut. Carey was not to blame, and it is well for England's reputation for justice that the court martial's verdict was set aside.

The country conquered by Col. Gordon in Central Africa covers a territory as large as the valley of the Mississippi. He took it in the name of the Khedive of Egypt and established a sort of proconsulate government with autocratic power in the hands of the Khedive's representative. It is, however, rapidly running into debt, the principal expense being the army that is kept up for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade, which it has pretty nearly broken up, owing to the excellent management of Col. Gordon.

LEGISLATING ON WATER.

The members of the Fiat Money party, both in and out of Congress, have presented during the past few years some wonderful plans for the reversal of the laws of finance. Many of them are of precisely the same nature as a resolution that at certain season of the year all water should be compelled to run up-hill. The observer ventures to remonstrate. It is impossible that water should violate one of its fundamental laws at the mere passage of a resolution. Whereupon he is assured that water, if left to itself may tend to seek its level, but that under the all powerful influence of a well-worded resolution, all this may be changed—and the resolvers propose to change it, for the general benefit of the community at large and their own immediate personal advantage.

The recent silver legislation affords as fine an illustation of legislating on water, as could well be advanced. Those who believed that water should be made to run up hill at certain season, committed the Government, through the remonetization bill, to the coinage of "not less than two nor more than four million dollars per month," of the standard silver dollar. It would have sorely puzzled the wisest of the party to devise a method of putting this addition to the currency into general circulation, and therefore none was attempted. The several mints of the United States were to "coin" the amount of silver stipulated, and the Treasurer was authorized to compel people to whom it was offered to accept it in payment of all debts. But by the same act he was also instructed to receive it again for all duties, taxes, and other debts to the United States. The consequence of this highly ingenious arrangement was that notwithstanding the edict that had gone forth, the water refused to run up hill. The silver dollars were coined in compliance with the law, but they accumulated in the Treasury, and even in cases where the Government succeeded in paying them out, they came tumbling back again so rapidly as to make the supply on hand a constantly increasing one. For the legislators, by dint of hard work, having forced a part of the water up-hill, omitted the very necessary precaution of passing another act to keep it there. The Secretary of the Treasury might have resorted to the payment of interest on the bonded debt in "coin" of standard silver dollars, and had the wisdom of the inflationists reached so far, they would have so instructed him, and thus have effectually secured the depreciation of the bonds and blocked the refunding operations.

Washington dispatches of this morning state that the number of silver dollars which will be got into circulation this month will for the first time probably equal the monthly coinage. It remains to be seen whether with great pains and labor having been compelled to run up hill, this portion of the currency will not straightway proceed to run down again.

A WORD TO THOUGHTFUL MEN.

The election of the infamous Dr. Blackburn to be Governor of Kentucky by the Democracy of that State, and the ovations paid to the murderers of the Chisholm family in Mississippi, by the same political fraternity, suggest to the thoughtful men of the country the peril of the country at this hour. The men of the North have been slow to believe what has been told them over and over again of the barbaric intolerance of the Democrats of the South. There is no parallel in Northern society to the condition of things which exists in the strongholds of the Democratic party. Here peaceable methods for settling disputes are insisted upon, and men of violence and blood are held in abhorrence. Criminals are punished, and crime is never justified on the plea of political necessity. But in Kentucky and Mississippi crime in aid of Democratic candidates and policies is considered meritorious, and those who commit even the most shocking atrocities in that interest are advanced to the highest honors and welcomed without a blush or scruple to the most conspicuous stations.

The Democracy of the Northern States, we freely grant, do not pursue their political opponents with shotguns, nor select the disseminators of yellow fever or small pox as candidates for office in their own States. They can not afford to do that, and we are not disposed to charge them with the disposition to exalt cowardly assassins to the place of heros. But they are bound up in the same bundle with those who do such things, so far as national politics are concerned. The Democratic party can not dispense with the men who do resort to assassination and the diffusion of pestilence as methods of political propagandism. The success of the Democratic party is the success of the Blackburns and the Gully's—of the shot-gun and yellow fever policy for diffusing political opinions and regaining power for the Democratic party.

To state these facts is to prove them—or rather to demonstrate their existence. The news of the day tells the story, and our inference from the facts is obvious. If, therefore, the people of Ohio would place proper reprobation upon political crimes and villanies of the most damning turpitude, the political associates and allies of the Blackburns and Gullys must be defeated. If men do not keep good company, they must be judged accordingly. Men who are willing to accept party success attained by such methods are partakers of the crimes of the assassins who fire the guns and pack up the fever-infected garments to scatter loathsome disease and horrible forms of death in Northern Cities. The voters of Ohio ought not to fail in placing the seal of condemnation on a political fraternity which is willing to accept power under such conditions.

A New York banker has found a new way of doing good. When coal was cheap in the Summer he bought and stored a large quantity. He now advertises tickets to be sold to poor people at the various prices of 5, 15 and 25 cents apiece, "good for coal delivered." For the 25 cent ticket he will deliver 100 pounds at any place in the City below Fourteenth street. When it is considered that coal in the Winter is $9 and $10 per ton, a little calculation will show that he is really helping the poor, while, at the same time they preserve their independence.

No account of as mean a coward as Henry J. Gully yet appears in the account of the Afghan assassins.

THE BONAPARTIST PRINCE.

Jerome Bonaparte, the representative of the Bonapartist party, now that the young Prince has gone, has, like Napoleon III., maintained much of his influence by his capacity for holding his tongue. No matter what the occasion, little or nothing could be extracted from him in the way of opinion as to the result of passing events. Lately, however, according to a correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, he has opened his mouth and given utterance to certain ideas bearing upon the present and future. After declaring that his seeming insult to the Empress in not going to see her when in England was dictated by regard for her, who, under the influence of a great grief, might have placed him in a most difficult position, he goes on to give his reasons for not clearly defining his right to the throne of France. It would place him in the position of a pretender, who would be considered dangerous to the Republic, and compel his expulsion from the country.

Nothing could be gained and much might be lost. A discussion of his rights, which are undeniable, would be impolitic, until such time as they could be exercised. Many of those who had been most opposed to him had given him their submission. The future would show the wisdom of his course and also whether he deserved the name of coward so freely applied to him. Affairs are so shaping themselves that a struggle in Europe is inevitable, a struggle which will make changes not now regarded as possible.

He also declared himself opposed to the admission of the clergy into politics, and the preponderence of the church in the State, Priests he regards as a danger to government but an element of moral progress in society. He would always constitute himself the defender of religious liberty. He believes in the ultimate restoration of the Empire because the imperial regime is the best suited to the French people, but he will not hasten the hour by any plot or conspiracy against the Government. Waiting quietly until France is tired of the Republican experiment, he will endeavor to win the confidence of both upper and lower classes and hold it, but not as did Napoleon III through fear by the former, and license to the latter. Both despotism and license he will banish forever.

Such briefly are the utterances of Jerome Bonaparte reported by the *Figaro*, and important only as showing how the representative of the family regards present events, and how possibly he may act in the future. Evidently he lives in the expectation of a change, not only in France, but among European Nations, which will affect the former, and he means to take advantage of any chances that may arise.

LAW OF LOVE VS. YAZOOISM.

There is a certain class of persons who claim that they are not influenced by party considerations or political prejudices in any way, but who are constantly prating about the wrong of keeping up sectional strife, of waving the bloody shirt, instead of endeavoring to keep the peace. The real meaning of all of this talk is that the North should sit supinely down and allow the same influences to govern as obtained before the rebellion. Having one cheek smitten, they would have the other turned also to the smiter. Perhaps not consciously, yet none the less truly are they apologists for the terrible Chisholm massacre and the brutal Dixon murder. They would forgive such outrages as these, because punishment would only further provoke the lawless mob who are ever ready for deeds of violence. They would see every law of the country broken without resistance; would receive insult upon insult without resentment; would watch the growth and ebulitions of the same traitorous spirit as deluged the country with blood, without one effort to avert evil consequences. They are the same old copperhead utterances only altered to suit the times.

Experience is sometimes a hard teacher, but it gave the patriots of this Nation a lesson which will not soon be forgotten. It has taught the necessity of placing the heel upon the serpent's head ere it can make ready for a spring. With a powerful party of Confederates and their Democratic allies in Congress nursing the old doctrine of States rights; with a people at the South, the active majority of whom are as rebellious to-day as when the first gun was fired upon Sumpter; with mobs who are determined not to allow the freedom of the ballot, it is time to wave the "bloody shirt," that perchance any further steps in the traitor's path may be hindered.

The killing of Judge Chisholm, his son and daughter, was just as clear a case of brutal, unprovoked murder as ever took place North or South. The assassin, as we know, has recently been brought to trial after the lapse of so many years. The evidence was as direct and convincing as could be brought. The crime was proven if ever one was, and yet the murderer is acquitted, goes scot free. The result is not unexpected, but it shows that law in Mississippi is a mockery. It shows that Kemper County is still in a state of barbarism. It shows the social condition of a State where such things are possible. It shows as did the shooting of Dixon, a determination to rule or ruin on the part of Southern desperadoes.

Talk about moral suasion, kindness, and the law of love. These have been tried in vain. Witness the generous outpouring from the whole North into that very region, the hot bed of Yazooism, during the Yellow Fever panic of last summer. Life, money and supplies were poured out like water, and the same heart breaking cry for help from the afflicted comes this season. What effect had the generous reply to the sufferers in their distress? Did it abate one jot or tittle of the bitterness with which the North is regarded? Actions speak louder than words. Let them answer, although words have not been wanting.

The following statement, emphasized by italics, made by the Cynthiana (Ky.) *News*, shows how passion will get the better of reason, and render men utterly reckless in their assertions: "Before and at the beginning of the war this yellow fever question was agitated all over this broad land, and Dr. L. P. Blackburn is no more responsible than any other individual in the Confederacy, for the proposition to fight the Federal Army with yellow fever; nor is there any difference between the prohibition of medicines to the non combatants—the women and children of the South—during the war dying with malarial fevers, than diffusing Yellow Jack among the Union soldiers."

SHALL WOMEN BE ORDAINED?

Some of Chicago's Methodist ministers, having concluded that too many women were forcing their way into the ministry and asking for ordination, had a meeting Monday to deliberate over the matter. Judging from some of the arguments used, it is time that a part of the Chicago pulpits should be filled in some other way than they are now, if the brothers and sisters are to be instructed how to live in this day and generation.

The essay that drew out the discussion of the matter was read by a Rev. Zimmerman, who expatiated feelingly upon the duty of woman to confine herself to what Betsy Bobbitt would call the "domestic spere." As the gentleman elegantly expressed it, "he didn't want to draw multitudes of young women away from their natural duty of increasing Church membership by the process of parturition, by offering them regular ordination." It would indeed be sad to think of the race dying out by such an untoward step on the part of the Methodist Brethren. If they feel that such would be the dire consequences, it is indeed their duty to discourage the change. To have the world, that is the Methodist part of it, become a howling wilderness because the women all rush into the pulpit would be deplorable. Thus far in the history of the world Methodist ministers have done their part nobly in preventing the extinction of the human race. Now when such a danger threatens, it is their manifest duty to stand firm as a rock in their opposition.

It is barely possible that another element enters into their consideration of the matter. Some of them, indeed, did admit to a fear of being crowded out of the pulpit, if women were admitted. Concerning this the Chicago *Times* well says:

> If all that they say about the existence of strong domestic instincts in women be true; if nature constructed women exclusively for maternity, then the gates to the ministry may freely be opened; no such hordes of women will clamor for ordination as will threaten the existence of social order and the Methodist church. If nature has done all that it is said to have done to confine women to the nursery and the kitchen, then it is idle to add to nature's work by ecclesiastical legislation. If, on the other hand, the offer of ordination to women is going to create a social revolution, leaving husbands and babies to dress themselves and the water to boil out of the potato kettle, then it will be evident that man's selfishness, and not natural law, has kept women chained to the cradle, the wash-tub and the cook-stove.

The objection that another brother made to the ordination of women was that they had not the capacity for steady work that men have. Concerning this, the same paper says:

> The idea of Mr. Axtell, that men have greater "staying" powers than women, and that nature has endowed men with a capacity for constant and persistent work which is denied to women, will only excite laughter on the part of persons who have given this subject any unbiased attention. Probably there is not a Methodist minister in the Rock River Conference who works as many hours in as dull a routine of common place duties, and does his work as faithfully and cheerfully and with as little regard for any reward, except in the sense that virtue is its own reward, as his wife does, provided she has as many children as Dr. Boring and Dr. Hatfield think she ought to have.

A few of the younger ministers took the other side of the question. One, the Rev. T. P. Marsh, was disposed to let the matter take care of itself. He did not believe in putting up bars in the way of women's preaching, and he thought if it was a bad thing for society, God would make it so appear, and it would die a natural death.

Of course there are two sides to this question, as is always the case, but it seems that practical, intelligent men should have advanced stronger reasons for taking the negative than any that appear in the report of the meeting. To believe that any considerable number of young women would give up their natural desire for a home life to go into the pulpit is arrant nonsense. To imagine that society is to be shaken from its center to circumference by according women permission to preach and be paid for it, is absurd. Let the brothers bring up better and stronger reasons for their action or else allow their "sisters and their cousins, and their aunts," to have the same liberty which they claim for themselves, to do the work they feel they can best accomplish, and earn their living in their own way.

THE MORMON PROBLEM.

It is difficult for people in the States to understand why the Mormon problem is so difficult of solution. The law of the United States having pronounced against plural marriages, it would seem only necessary to enforce that in order to bring order out of confusion. Even if the Mormons offered armed resistance, a thing which they have not the slightest intention of doing, the struggle necessarily would be a short one between forces in which so great a disparity existed.

In 1862 it was made a penal offense for a man already married to contract another union. But in order to convict him of breaking the law, it was necessary to bring proof that the ceremony was really performed. As Mormon marriages can only take place at the Endowment House in the strictest secrecy, it is next to impossible to obtain such proofs. Constant cohabitation is not taken as an evidence of polygamy as in most of the States, hence there is really no way of reaching the greater part of the men in Utah who have a plurality of wives.

Another thing, only the polygamous marriages contracted within the last five years, can be reached by the Court, owing to the statute of limitations, by which a person cannot be indicted unless within five years after the commission of the crime. This practically puts out of the reach of punishment the greater part of the Mormons, and since it is possible to have the ceremony performed in secret, most of those lately contracting a plural marriage can go free.

These are a few of the hindrances in the way of settling the Utah troubles, which will have to be brought before Congress at its next session, for consideration.

The victory in Maine means something more than appears to the superficial observer. That State has suffered from the hard times more than almost any other, because her people as an entirety depended upon manufacturing, lumbering and ship-building for subsistence, and these industries were long in reviving. Under such circumstances, it would be natural for the people to desire a change, and their discontent led them into the vagary of last year, but good sense has returned again, and the Republican triumph is so much more to be rejoiced in.

Boston *Commercial Bulletin:* Now is the time to put up your stove pipe and get your fall soot.

SOUTHERN BARBARISM.

The Vigorous Views of an Independent Paper.

Chicago Times, Sept. 13.

The *Times* has spoken, generally, of the Southern people as barbarians. The characterization is not complimentary; it is not respectful: and of course is the reverse of agreeable to those whom it impleads. But it is true. Not in the meaning that every inhabitant of the South is an uncivilized creature, for the fact is not so; but in the sense that society at the South, by comparison to society at the North, is still in a relatively barbarous state. There are some educated, refined and civilized men and women of the South, some in whom the savage nature is well subordinated to the social nature; but, taking the former slave-holding section as a whole, these are not a majority of Southern men and women, nor of Southern white men and women. The character of society is that of its dominating part, modified by such negative influence as its dominated part may be able to make effective. The dominating part of society at the South is not yet advanced from conditions of ignorance and savagery that give the character of barbarism.

When African slavery was one of the "peculiar institutions" of the Southern section, no other proof of the barbarous character of its dominant class was requisite. For, in no country, in no age of the world, has human slavery ever existed among a people that could properly be called civilized. Though there are many barbarous countries in which slavery is not found, its existence in any country is a certain mark of a barbarous state of society. It is proof of a deficient moral sense in the average man, causing a defective understanding of the equity principle which is the foundation of all civilized polity. Its existence is but a strong manifestation of the predominance of the savage nature of man, which denies to his fellow-men the liberty he asserts for himself, over the civilized nature, which admits the equal right of all rational beings in their claims to natural liberty.

The abolition of slavery was not an index of the advance of the slaveholders in civilization; for it was effected by force, against their will. It has no doubt been followed by some degree of advancement from the state of barbarism that slavery indicated. There are many ex-slave-owners that are glad of the change, and would not re-establish slavery if they were at liberty to do so. This is some evidence that the South is getting more civilized than it was. But there are in many portions of the South thousands of men who still think there was no iniquity in slavery, and who, if they had the power, would remand the negros to bondage.

More generally the barbarous nature of the Southern people if manifested in the notion that the negro is a different kind of animal from themselves, whom it is not a crime to slay; at least not so great a crime as to slay a white person. The same notion is peculiar to savage tribes elsewhere. The wild Sioux who wreaks his savage vengeance upon the slayer of a member of his tribe deems it no offense, but rather an evidence of bravery, to slay the man of a different tribe. The difference between the Sioux barbarian and the Yazoo barbarian is one of degree only.

Another index of barbarism is the disposition to regard and treat as enemies men who hold opinions contrary to their own. The savage idolator is moved by the strongest of human feelings, the religious feeling, to destroy the man who comes preaching a different religious belief. The Southern barbarian cannot plead a religious motive for the intolerance he manifests in hating, proscribing, and shooting to death the man who holds political opinions contrary to his own. A candid and impartial Northern observer in Mississippi writes:

"People in the North have formed no idea of the bitter, burning, unrelenting hatred that the Democrats have for the Republicans. There are now 250 white Republican voters in this county, not one of whom is a Northern man. They are avoided by the Democratic whites, despised, detested, ostracized. They are called 'Radicals,' and that word contains all the significance of hatred, horror, and infamy that the word 'infidel' used to contain in the Christian world."

What is here said of society in Mississippi is true, with some modification, in almost every part of the South where slavery existed. It is one of the clearest manifestations of a barbarous state of society.

The affectation of what, at the South, goes by the name of chivalry, is the same sort of chivalry travelers everywhere observe among barbarous tribes. It is seen in the paint and feathers of the Indian "bravo;" in the braggadocio of the Oriental bandit; in the readiness for quarrel and blood-letting of the Arab. There is no creature so sensitive of what the Southerners call "honah" as the semi-nude savage, who vindicates it in the Southern fashion by committing murder.

Disregard of the rights of persons looked upon as enemies, and contempt for the rules which civilization makes for their security, are unfailing indices of barbarism. Everywhere in the South these marks of a barbarous people are more or less conspicuous. No respectably civilized American can peruse the evidence taken upon the trial of one of the savages implicated in the horrible Chisholm butchery in Mississippi without feeling a sense of shame in being a citizen of a country in which such barbarism is suffered to exist. The proof is perfectly conclusive that in Mississippi the laws of civilization are ineffectual to restrain or punish barbarism, as savage, cruel and lawless as any that ever infested a South African jungle. It is not in the Chisholm butchery, nor in the Yazoo murder, nor in the hundreds of murders and maimings for political opinions that every year are committed in that section, that the most conclusive evidence of a barbarous state of society appears, but in the fact that society there hardly ever attempts to restrain such horrible practices of barbarians. The murderers of political opponents are seldom apprehended, or if apprehended, are seldom brought to trial, or even committed to jail. An indictment by a grand jury in such a case is a farce; the conviction of an offender an unknown occurrence. It is established by most conclusive proof, beyond any shadow of doubt, that the savage, Henry J. Gully, murdered Miss Chisholm; yet it is said that not one man in all Mississippi has the least idea that the murderer will be found guilty. Public opinion in that country would not justify the conviction of a man holding the prevailing political opinions for deliberately shooting to death a political opponent or the daughter of that opponent. Such is the state of society in Mississippi. It is a State of barbarism. Society in its controlling part is composed of barbarians. This is the fact, established by ample evidence, not only as regards Mississippi, but generally in the region where the barbarous character of society was so long manifested in the upholding of African slavery. Society in the South is still in a state of barbarism.

A Brief Litany.

New York Express (Dem.).

From the control of corrupt rings and bad men, *Good Lord deliver us.*

From the chains and slavery of party; from the decrees of a packed and purchased convention; from the demagogues who seek power at the expense of the people, *Good Lord deliver us.*

From the regularity that insures the defeat of a great party, and the overthrow of beneficent and time honored principles, *Good Lord deliver us.*

From the evil machinations and intrigues of Samuel J. Tilden and all his minions, *Good Lord deliver us.*

From the power of Lucius Robinson and all other enemies of good government, and the rights and welfare of the people, *Good Lord deliver us.*

He Dares Not.

Cleveland Herald.

If Jay Gould really wants to test the gratitude of the South for his magnificent gift to Memphis, let him go down to Yazoo County and run for Sheriff on an Independent ticket.

PRESIDENT HAYES.

Extracts From an Interview with Him.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Do you think the revival of business is solid, or it is only a false indication of coming prosperity?" queried the *Enquirer* scribe.

"I know it is solid. We have reached the bottom and bottom prices in almost everything, and now that confidence has returned to the people of the country everything must go up. You see, now that we have resumption, confidence is restored among the people, and a season of prosperity must result."

"But has not resumption been the cause of much hardship among the great mass of the people?"

"That may be, and to a certain extent is the case, but there would have been less hardship had resumption been enforced five years ago."

"Then you believe that it is resumption that is bringing about a season of prosperity?"

"I think resumption has helped it. Still, I believe in the point made by Judge Thurman in his speech, that the resources of this country are so great that even under bad management it would never be entirely ruined. Of course, that is not looking at it from a partisan or political view. Still, I think such is the case."

"Then you think the financial question is settled?"

"Almost so. If you Democrats should elect Ewing, and the Greenbackers and Democrats in Maine had elected Garcelon or Smith, it might take a little longer to kill your inflation doctrines, but if they are not elected their principles will die a natural death very soon."

"How about the national bank question?"

"I don't think we have come to that fight yet. The people are not ready for it."

"But the Democrats have made it an issue?"

"I know; but we have not come to that fight yet. There are other issues before the people just now."

"I suppose you mean the question of National supremacy?"

"That is one. But this is an old issue, though it is one that I like to see kept alive; it is wholesome in its discussion. It will last as long as the Government. Whenever the States want to usurp too much power the Nation must step in and prevent them, and whenever the Nation arrogates too much to itself the States must step in and assert their rights.

"To come back to the question of the issue of money, don't you believe the right should be vested in the Government?"

"If you take the right of issue away from the National banks the Government would not then issue the money of the country. It won't do to get rid of the National banks. They will exist so long as our Government exists. The banking system is a part of the progress of the age, and to abolish our National banks, or curtail their powers to any extent, would be taking a step backward. But, as I have said, we haven't come to that question yet. The doctrine of State-Rights and the inflation question are uppermost. However, we are converting the people away from the idea of inflation, and not only that but we are converting the leaders. Thurman and Ewing, for instance, are not preaching inflation as strongly as the formerly did."

"Yet the Republicans call Thurman and Ewing rabid inflationists?"

"So they were, but they are flopping over. We are converting them back again."

The *Enquirer* reporter touched finally on the Presidential candidate question. Mr. Hayes fought shy of any reference to the Republican candidates, but did not have the same diffidence about discussing on the merits of the Democratic Presidential aspirants. He wanted to know why the Democratic party did not put forward Sen. Pendleton. He claimed that Pendleton was stronger than any of the other prominent candidates. Speaking of Tilden, he said he did not think Uncle Sammy should be a candidate, and smilingly added, "But perhaps I am prejudiced." He seemed to think that the Gramercy Park statesman would be an easy candidate to defeat. Concerning Grant, Mr. Hayes said he thought he would be warmly welcomed home. The honors the ex-President had received on his trip were, he thought, extended through him to the entire American Nation. He did not think Grant had been spoiled any by the honors he received. During the conversation the President chatted in an easy, pleasant way, and the scribe attentively listened, every now and then putting in a word to change the current of talk and direct it into an interesting channel.

A STRANGE STORY.

A Wife Held in Partnership Fifty Years With Two Husbands.

Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Near Prospect, a station on the Chautauqua Lake Railroad, about eight miles northeast of Mayville, resides Mr. Alpha Barns in the old Fish-and Barnes homestead. Alpha Barnes, until the last few years, was always known as "Fish-and Barns," from the fact that his mother lived as wife of Hiram Fish and James Barns. Born late in the last century, in Connecticut, Hiram Fish came with his parents to Oneida County, New York, and lived there until 1813. Becoming infatuated with a beautiful young girl named Amanda Nobles, and his youthful affections being crossed by friends, he determined to go West and secure a home, and then return and claim the hand of the object of his affections. He came to Chautauqua County and settled on a large tract of land, about 600 acres in extent, and made preparations for living. Being an active, energetic and industrious youth, he soon made an inviting home. He started for Rome to claim his plighted beauty. When little more than half the journey was over he was captured by the Indian allies of the British and taken to Canada, where he was detained as a prisoner until the Fall of 1817. What his anxiety must have been these years no one can know. The chafings of confinement, the insolence of captors, were heightened and intensified by fears of the loss of the object of his heart. Immediately on being liberated he hastened toward Rome, arriving there late in the day, January 26, 1818. No word having been received from him for nearly four years, and supposing him to be dead, Amanda had given her hand to James Barns, and on that day (January 26, 1818), but a little while before Fish arrived, the indissoluble union had been made. His appearance at that time created the greatest confusion. Amanda declared that she loved Fish and could not live with Barns. To make the best of an unfortunate circumstance, Barns and Fish agreed to both live with her as their joint wife. In pursuance of that agreement the three, in August, 1818, moved on the Fish lands in Chautauqua County, and there lived together for 50 years, until the death of Barns, which occurred January 2, 1865, and she and Fish lived together until his death, December 20, 1876. Of a long life but 12 years were devoted to the object of her heart, but those years were of perfect joy. Since Fish's death she has resided with her children. She is now in her eighty-second year. The children were always known by the neighbors as "Fish and Barnes." In everything a community of interest was had, valuable improvement made, a large fortune accumulated, all of which was willed by the respective decedents to the wife and four children, according to the letter of the agreement made January 26, 1818.

It is said that through this long and strange life never the want was felt in the home, never a domestic misunderstanding, not even a rash word. The mother always called and spoke of Barns as "Mr. Barns," and it is said never mentioned the name of "Mr. Fish," and she never spoke of him save with tears. Until Fish's death her affections remained unchanged, as intense and exclusive for him as in youth, nor did she conceal her feelings. The children, too, bore Fish all the affection that an indulgent father could ask.

DEMOCRATIC SUPREMACY.

Likelihood that It is Lost in the House of Representatives.

Chicago Times.

The loss of their party majority in the House of Representatives by consequence of the California election, and the popular condemnation of their Southern reactionary program forecast by the outcome in Maine, incite a feeling of great uneasiness among the captors of the Capitol. Their situation is extremely precarious, and the outlook is the reverse of agreeable from their point of view. In the Forty-fourth Congress, they numbered 179 Representatives, an excess of 71 over the Administration members, of 66 over the Administration and Independents combined, and 33 more than sufficient for a quorum. In the Forty fifth Congress, their number in the House was reduced from 179 to 156, a loss of 23 members; but they still had an excess of 19 over the Administration side of the chamber, and nine more than the necessary quorum. In the 46th Congress, they found themselves still further advanced on the downward road. With six vacant seats, their party, at the opening of the extra session, was only 145, a loss of 11, leaving them barely a quorum. Five of the vacancies have been filled, and the sixth (12th district, New York) will be filled by an administration member in November, when the party which in the 44th Congress had a majority of all of 66, and in the 45th a majority over all of 19, will be reduced to dependence on the apostasy of some members elected to represent another party organization, in order to command even a quorum of the House. To this strait has been brought, by its stupid reactionary tendency, the party which, in 1874, took possession of the House of Representatives, with a majority exceeding all opposition by no less than 66 members.

Reduced to a minority in the House, and dependent on the votes of expected apostates even to prevent the loss of an organization effected before all the seats were filled, the Opposition begin to realize that they are in a bad predicament, and to consider what they can do to get out of it. As there is no further hope for recruits by elections, there evidently is only one way to recover their lost majority. That is the Louisiana way. It is to "count out" some of the Administration members and "count in" Bourbon contestants of their seats. All eyes are accordingly turned to the Illinois statesman, Mr. Springer, upon whom, as chairman of the House Committee on Elections, this high duty of rescuing the party from the impending danger by recovering its lost majority devolves. Not only is it necessary that Mr. Springer's committee should discharge this duty to the party, but it is all-important that the business should be done without delay. As a Washington organ of the captors put it:

"We do not see how, in justice to the party and the country, the majority can delay much after assembling in December the work of seating those Democratic Representatives elect who are now kept out of the offices to which they were elected last Fall by the Radical usurpers. So foul an injustice ought to be quickly remedied."

The "foul injustice" to which the organ alludes is exhibited in the cases of Dr. Loring, of Massachusetts, Mr. Orth, of Indiana, and Messrs. Young and Butterworth, of Ohio. These men are all guilty of the foul injustice of receiving more lawful votes for seats in the House than were given for their rivals. Mr. Yocum, of Pennsylvania, one of the "National" party holding the balance of power in the House, is guilty of a like foul injustice, seeing that he has shown no inclination either to apostatize or to sell out. There are two ways by which the foul injustice in these cases can be removed. One is for Messrs. Loring, Orth, Young, Butterworth and Yocum to forswear their obligation to the constituencies they were chosen to represent and go over to the Opposition camp. If they will do that, the *Times* will guarantee that Mr. Springer's Committee shall report that their election, instead of a foul injustice, was in every case just, legal and every way proper. But if they will not do that, the other way to remove the foul injustice will be for Mr. Springer's Committee to unseat them, and seat in their places men whose votes will rescue the party from the awful danger in which it is placed, and the *Times* risks nothing in saying that Mr. Springer's Committee will be found equal to the emergency. What is the Committee on Elections for, if it be not to devise and report what is necessary to prevent the party from losing its majority in the House? What is it supposable that Mr. Springer was made Chairman of that Committee for, if it was not to exert his skill and ability as a preserver of the party majority to remedy the foul injustice done by electing too many members of a different party trade mark?

There is also a contest before Mr. Springer's committee involving one of the Florida seats. The present occupant of the seat is Mr. Noble A. Hull, but the person who received a majority of the lawful votes given at the election is Mr. Horatio Bisbee. *Prima facie*, Mr. Hull's occupancy of the seat which lawfully belongs to Mr. Bisbee is a foul injustice that ought to be quickly remedied. But when one considers the fact that Mr. Hull, though not lawfully entitled to the seat, is one of the 145 members on the right of Mr. Speaker, and that to unseat the man who was defeated and seat the man who was really elected would be to reduce their number to 144, the foul injustice disappears, and no immediate action of the Committee on the Florida case seems to be requisite. And the *Times* risks nothing in saying that Mr. Springer's Committee will not act without delay in the Florida case. "Justice to the party" does not demand it. It is not necessary to save the party from the loss of its majority in the House. On the contrary, to save the party from that loss, it is very important that Mr. Springer's Committee should not be in any hurry to take up the Florida case. It will not be in any hurry. A report from the Committee on that case need not be expected before the last week of the last session of this Congress.

It is not the function of Mr. Springer's committee to remedy the foul injustice of seating Mr. Hull, who was not elected, by seating Mr. Bisbee, who was elected. The function of that committee is to do "justice to the party" by seeing to it that its majority be not lost by the election of too many of its adversaries. What is the use of having such a committee if it do not perform its function? Nay, considering the perilous predicament of the party by consequence of the recent elections, what is the use of having such a committee if it do not perform its function without delay?

A Funny Performance.

Neil Burgess, the famous impersonator of female characters, who is playing the "Widow," in Nasby's "Widow Bedott, was pressed for time to catch a train at Lafayette, Ind., last week. Having but 10 minutes to make the train, after his performance, and it requiring not less than 20 to change his habiliments, Mr. Burgess threw himself into his carriage in his stage female garb, took his seat in the train in the most approved feminine fashion, and so traveled to the end of his route. The passengers regarded the queer bonnet and the old fasioned dress with some merriment, but no one supposed that it was any other but a woman wonderfully and fearfully made. He entered into the spirit of the thing completely, improving the opportunity to determine whether his personation would do as well in broad day-light, as under gas. It was said to have been a very funny performance.

An Opportunity for De La Matyr.

Cleveland Herald.

Now De La Matyr, here is your chance. See Jeff Davis and go him one better. Come out in a neat little card, and state that, "having the interests of the country at heart," you hereby resign your seat in the Forty sixth Congress. That would be the greatest effort of your life, oh! Honorable Brother.

LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in Their Newspapers.

Sunday World.

They asked a crier in one of the courts if he did not find it difficult to while away the time during the hearing of dry cases.

"Oh, no," was the prompt reply; "I just lean my head back and sleep the sleep of the judge."

⁂

He was an actor whom his fellow comedians made the butt of their pleasantries. Finally, the other evening they carried their persecutions too far, and boiling over with noble rage he cried:

"Now, gentlemen, this has got to stop—this thing has gone far enough. I will allow no one to take such liberties with me. Here I have been playing comic parts for the last 30 years and no one has ever dared to laugh at my acting, and I won't stand it from you—there."

⁂

In a casino at a seaside resort where the play is notoriously high a smug and cleanly shaven bourgeois enters and sits down at the *ecarte* table, pronouncing the solemn worlds:

"I'm going to risk five francs."

Seeing a smile upon the countenances of the assembled gamblers, the old gentleman continues vehemently:

"I mean business—I shall play as earnestly as if, instead of five francs, I had risked six."

⁂

A short sighted lover passes the object of his affections upon the street without saluting her, wherefore she takes him to task at their next meeting.

"What weight should I attach to your professions?" she says, severely; "yesterday I met you on the street and you passed on without ever looking at me."

"Madame," replies the offender gallantly, "if I had stopped to look at you I should never have passed on."

⁂

M. X. and his spouse dine together. The meal is almost over when he takes the bottle of Bordeaux, in which is left a scant half glass of liquor, and prepares to empty it into his own tumbler.

"Don't, darling, don't," cries his wife, who is superstitious; "if you drink the last drop of that wine you will be married again before the year is out, and I love you too much for that."

And she emptied the wine into her own glass and tosses it off.

⁂

Three princes of science meet in consultation to pass upon the puzzling case of their distinguished patient, Gen. X.

"Well, Thomas," says the General to his faithful valet, when the doctors have gone; "what did they decide upon? Tell me the truth, now."

"Well, General, each one of them had a different opinion, and that stout, good humored gentleman with the ribbon in his button-hole said they must have patience a little while longer—the autopsy, whoever he is, would be able to set them all right."

⁂

A dame Mexican, strongly rich, commands at her a pianist very in vogue.

"Mister, I have Saturday a large soiree and I should be happy to make listen my inviteds an artist of your reputation."

"Ah, madame."

"Whats would be your conditions?"

"Seven hundred francs, madame."

"Very well. To Saturday, then. Oh, one last word; I will pray you to play very softly—very softly, for to not impede the conversations.

⁂

A butcher enters the office of a lawyer.

"Sir, I want your advice. Is the owner of a dog responsible for any damage the animal may do?"

"Certainly."

"Then your dog has run away with a leg of mutton from my stall and I will trouble you for 10 francs."

"Very well, my friend; have you five francs change?"

"Yes sir." (Produces them.)

"That just makes it square; my fee for advice is 15 francs."

⁂

A tradesman of the Naturalistic school has added to the customary signs "Ici on parle Francais," "English spoken," "Se habla Espenol," etc., the following "On jaspine argot."

Slang Slung.

⁂

Balaudet, than whom there is nobody more close fisted, has to fight a duel and begs one of his friends to act as his second.

"Certainly," replies his friend, "but before we go out you'll have to deposit the money to foot the breakfast bill—it would be just like you to get killed so as to avoid paying it."

⁂

"What is the matter, Alfred? What do you find so interesting in the river that you stare at it so fixedly?"

"My wife is in bathing and took a dive from that boat out there, and she has been under such a time that I'm getting uneasy."

"How long has she been under?"

"About two hours—it wasn't quite 3 o'clock when she went in."

⁂

An Italian and a Greek are discussing the glories of their respective fatherlands.

"Greece is the bos country," exclaims the Grecian; it was from Greece that all the sages and philosophers came—wasn't it?"

"It was—all the sages and philosophers came from Greece, and so you haven't had any since."

⁂

Pressed by a pitiless creditor into whose hands a note for 2,000 francs has fallen, a hapless debtor goes to a friend and tries to borrow the sum.

"What is this Shylock's first name?" says the friend.

"I don't know him from Adam except by his dress—he's some stranger who has bought my note."

"And you would, to fill the pockets of a bloated and total stranger, rob a friend you have known since boyhood! Ah, Pierre, I never thought that you would stoop to such a thing."

⁂

They were talking of Mme. X., a brilliant and dashing woman.

"She is going the pace," said Jules Sandeau; "I'd like to know at whose expense all this is."

"At the expense of her own reputation," said Emile Angier.

⁂

A veteran who fought at Austerlitz gazes at his military medal at St. Helena to the portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte that hangs above his chimney piece, and says with tears in his eyes.

"Alas, my Emperor, that thou shouldst have died a captive in a distant land too soon to have an opportunity of wearing this decoration! For truly if ever a man had a right to the St. Helena medal, thou wert that man!"

⁂

The young artist's actuals:

A youth most genteel presents himself at one of our great painters, a canvas in the hand, demanding him the honor to be admitted in his workshop.

"Well," says the master, "behold there a sample I suppose of that which you know to make in this moment?"

"Yes, master."

"I do not see not well that which that is—would—you mean me it explain?"

"It is—a rough draft at an idea for a sketch."

⁂

"Now, young man," said the fond mother to her son, aged four, "you've got to get over being such a cry baby, and I want you to understand that if I see a tear out of your head again to-day I wont take you to the matinee—understand?"

The young man promises to abstain from tears, but in less than half an hour they are chasing each other down his innocent nose.

"Is this the way you keep your promise?" says his mother. "No matinee for boys that cry."

"O ma'" he responds, promptly, "I aint crying—these ant tears—I'm boo-hoo—I'm laughing—boo-hoo!"

As is the golden tress of hair to butter so are unkind words from the ripe lips of a beautiful woman.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the Blade. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The Blade's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the Blade entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

Orr, Smithfield, Pa.—We do not answer anonymous inquiries.

Rev. W. H. F., Laclede, Mo.—We do not handle the book you name.

Mrs. C. E., Millington, Ill.: We believe the magazine you name is out of print.

E. O. G., Lecompton, O.: We regret to say we do not handle the book you name.

T. A. Buell, Fairmont, Mo., wishes to obtain the address of Edson N. Pratt, Co. G, 12th Ills. Cavalry.

F. W. Mason, Lonsdale, R. I., wishes to obtain the postoffice address of Lieut. Edward P. Doherty and Boston Corbett.

L. V. B., Askam, Pa.—Address Principal Mt. Holyoke Seminary, Mt. Holyoke, Mass. 2. Your writing is fairly good.

L. E. Waters, Catawba, Mo., wishes to learn the present postoffice address of August Oberpillar, as we read the name.

T. H. R., Breckenridge, Mo.: We do not vouch for the firm you name. You do not give the author of the poem for which you inquire.

S. B. McCoad, Pomeroy, Kan., asks: "Can any of your numerous readers give me the address of Joseph A. Cox, Captain of Co. H, 5th Illinois Cavalry?"

Rev. Thos. R. Jones, Watson, Mo., wishes to learn the address of Dr. Stephen E. Euler, Surgeon in charge of Hospital No. 14, Nashville, Tenn., in March, 1865.

T. W. A., Rossville, Ills.: We have no trace of Col. Baber the last few years, and cannot tell you where he is now to be found. Perhaps some of our readers can.

S. K. Gaskill, Sugar Creek Mills, Ia., wishes to know the address of B. Ferrell, who left Tipton, Cedar Co., Ia., about eight years ago. The last heard from him he was in Kansas.

A Reader, Plainfield, Ill.: A typesetter ought to have a fair English education, and may have as much more education as he can get. The work of a compositor is in itself an excellent education.

F. L. M., Barnum, Colo.: 1. There is no passage from the Mississippi or Missouri to any of the great inland lakes. 2. The Amazon is probably navigable for a greater number of miles than any other known river.

J. L. W., Five Forks, Pa.—We do not sell the article named in your note, nor do we know anything regarding it save what is stated in the advertisement. We must refer you to the dealers who advertise the article.

C. P. W., Griffin, Ga.: For Wilson's Slave Power in America address Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston. Similar books are Debates on Slavery and Wrong of Slavery, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

J. McA., Larkinsville, Ill., asks: "Can any of the readers of the Blade inform me of the whereabouts of Wm. McAllister, who, when last heard from was in St. Louis, Mo., in 1864, and belonged to the Schofield's Hussars.

T. P. H., Somerton, O., asks: "Will you print, for the benefit of some of your late readers, the Rice Pension bill; also, the name of the author of the present Arrear Pension bill?"—See the Blade of September 11 for full particulars.

A. H., Bedford, Ioa.: We do not at present know of any place where you can get counterfeit money. We admire greatly the stupendous assurance which leads you to ask such a question, and expect an honest man to answer it.

W. H. C., Genoa, O., asks: "Please give in next Saturday's Blade the present postoffice address of the Hon. H. J. B. Cummings, of Iowa, the originator of the pension arrears bill?"—Hon. Henry J. B. Cummings, Winterset, Iowa.

R. M. F., Granville, Pa.: The book entitled "Flirtations" is a very sprightly and entertaining society novel, written by a popular author. We can hardly give space here for a full description of the plot of the book, but think you can hardly fail to be pleased with it when ordered.

T. J. W., Chauncey, O., asks: "What is the penalty attached to desertion from the regular army?"—The penalty is death, and in time of war it would be strictly enforced. In time of peace, it is probable that the deserter might escape with his life.

J. C., Stanton, Mich., asks: "Can a man swear to what he sees by lightning, the room being dark, and the flashes brief but vivid?"—We should answer affirmatively. Brief as is the lightning's flash, it is yet lasting enough to fix an image upon the eye, and convey a clear conception to the brain.

K. M., Pleasant Hill, Ind., asks: "When articles are sent to magazines or papers for publication, will the publisher illustrate the article free of charge? 2. Why are the tropic and polar circles situated where they are?"—1. Certainly, if they see fit to illustrate the article at all, they do so at their own cost. 2. Consult your geography.

H. W. C., Ferris, Ill., writes: "We have the best crop of corn and oats that we have had for four years. The only objection we have to the Blade is that it gives too much politics and not enough of grain reports."—Thanks for the suggestion. We should like to accommodate all our readers, if possible, and will do all we can toward it.

M. O. C., Nettleton, Mo.: For particulars regarding the murder of Judge Chisholm and the persons concerned, we refer you to the reports of the trial of Henry J. Gully, as contained in the Blade of September 11th. 2. We presume the reports of the committee named will be published, but have seen no notice of their appearance as yet.

S. E. H., Danville, Ill., writes: "There have been built through this county four towers, said to be built by the government. I hear they are being built all over the United States. Will you please answer through the Blade for what for what purpose they are built, and if by the Government?"—It is probable that they have been built for the use of the Signal Service. We know of no other purpose for which the Government would be likely to construct towers of this kind.

J. W. W., West Co., Pa., asks: "Could any of the subscribers at Plymouth, N. C., inform me through the Blade of the correctness of the report that the company of Union troops raised in and about that place was, after being captured, selected from the other prisoners and shot? I saw them hunting them out from among the other prisoners on our way to Tarborrow, and heard that it was for that purpose. It would gratify me and others very much to know if that story was correct."

S. C. R., Neillsville, Wis., asks: "Are there any land warrants issued for the fund known as the soldiers' additional bounty of 80 acres? Are they transferable? Can they be used to enter Government land in large tracts? 2. How is it there is no Government land in Texas? 3. What is the State debt of Texas?"—1. We never heard of any such warrants. There must be some mistake about them. 2. Because when Texas entered the Union she retained the public lands herself. 3. The debt of Texas, Sept. 1, 1878, was $5,073,881.

H. C. G., Lineville, Ioa., asks: "Is there any premium on the United States one cent coppers of date of 1857 and 1858, or any other date? It has been reported here that they (the ones with the small flying eagle on) were part gold and very valuable. I sold seven of them for 10 cents each but can't find anybody willing to buy since then."—A good authority quotes the cent of 1857 as scarce at 3 to 10 cts. each. The cent of 1858 is not worth any more than its face. Stories about these coins containing gold are all moonshine.

Brickwall, Broadwell, Ills., says: "The water in my well is not good. After it stands in the pail it has an oily appearance and smells very bad. I had it cleaned out, but seems to no avail. Please inform me, through the Correspondents' Columns of your paper, the cause and what is best to do."—The probabilities are that your well is fouled by the water from some drain or sewer. The best thing you can do is to examine carefully and thoroughly all the surroundings of your well.

Theo. S., Greencastle, Ind., asks: "1. Will you please give me some account of Tom Thumb and his family? 2. Has he any children, and if so, what is their physical growth? 3. Are they (the children) dwarfs, or are they full size? 4. Can you give the price of the 'Index of Heirs for 150 years,' published by Reeves & Turner, London, referred to in the Blade some time ago? 5. Can it be had in this country?"—1. Tom Thumb is married, but has no children. His wife was Minnie Warren. 4 and 5. We cannot give you the price of the book you name.

T. J. W., Chauncey, O., writes: "In reply to the gentleman in Virginia who wanted a recipe for tempering mill picks, I would tell him to use saltpeter and alum, each 2 oz.; sal ammonia, ½ oz.; salt, 1½ lbs.; soft water, 3 gals.; heat to a cherry red and plunge them in and draw no temper. The steel must never be heated above a cherry red, and in working and drawing the picks there ought to be quite an amount of light water hammering done, even after the steel is quite cool. If you have any trouble, it will result from over-heating."

J. C. Kendall, Jefferson, Pa., asks: "Can any reader of the Blade tell me where I can get a copy of 'Aunt Angeline's Key to Geography?' It is written in rhyme, and has been seen by a Mrs. Newton, living somewhere in Ohio. It commences thus:

> "'When the great Architect did first
> Our earth from chaos call,
> He gathered up the fragrant dust
> And formed it in a ball.'

This work was written by my grandmother, several years ago; was sent by her to the publishers, and shortly afterward she died, without informing any of the family where she sent it for publication."

J. T. L., Sadorus, Ill., writes: "My son pre-empted 160 acres of land in Harper County, Kansas, after having lived on it six months he sickened and died, without making any will. Please answer what course to pursue to secure the place. He was unmarried. He had not filed his intentions. He had not had time to make the necessary improvements, but his friends have since his death put a house on the place."—By proving his residence the heirs of your son would be allowed to pay for his land, and would receive a title for it precisely as though he had completed the operation himself.

J. L. T., Canadice, N. Y., asks: "1. How are the Congresses numbered, or by what? The last Congress was numbered 46, I believe. 2. Why is an interrogation point used when no question is asked, or in the middle of a sentence?"—1. They are numbered from 1789, the date of the organization of our present form of government, and each Congress embraces a period of two years. 2. Although you do not give an illustration, we presume the case you mean is one in which the writer in quoting, or making a statement or using a form of expression, encloses an interrogation mark in parenthesis to show that he questions or doubts what has been written. Thus: "This great scholar (?) asserts that the moon is inhabited."

P. B., Metamora, O., asks: "1. In what year was coal first mined and used in the United States? 2. Who was the oldest and youngest President of the United States on the day of inauguration? 3. Who were the Seven Wise Men of Greece?"—1. The first settlers who came to this country from Europe brought with them a knowledge of the use of soft or bituminous coal, and doubtless used it wherever they could find it. Anthracite coal is said to have been used by blacksmiths as early as 1770, and it was first used to warm a private house in 1804. 2. Zachary Taylor, who was 64 at his inauguration, was the oldest, and U. S. Grant, who was 46, was the youngest. 3. The gentlemen who are usually mentioned in that connection are Solon, Chilo, Pittacus, Bias, Periander, Cleobulus and Thales.

J. W. A., Jeffersonville, Ill., asks: "1. When was the mode of electing Vice President changed, that is, from the highest number of votes cast next to President to the present mode? 2. What are the national resources of this Government? 3. Who will be Queen Victoria's successor? 4. What is the mode of passing laws in England?"—1. In the campaign of 1800 Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr received the same number of Electoral votes (73), owing to the intriguing of the latter, who was really the candidate for Vice President on the Democratic ticket. The twelfth amendment to the Constitution subsequently adopted provided that all voting for President and Vice President should be by distinct ballots. 2. We do not understand this question. 3. Her eldest son, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. 4. By parliament, subject to the approval of the Queen.

Colo. (no address), writes: "We wish to build a new house, and have a choice of two sites, one on the river bank, with a bluff between 150 and 200 feet high inclosing the place on that side of the river, and the other on the top of that bluff, where is spread out a beautiful prospect of hill and dale, and open to the breeze. The question is can we get water by any machinery, hydraulic ram, or any way from the river up there? It would be three-eighths of a mile from the river. If it could be done, can you inform me who to apply to for the apparatus? I don't suppose you would wish to puff any dealer gratis, but this may lead him to advertise in the Blade. I should be glad of the information soon."—We know of no way in which you could raise water that distance without greater expense than you would care to incur. Your best plan would be to bore an artesian well, and if you do not strike a flowing vein, put in a pump.

E. S. W., Marion, O., asks: "Will you please tell me how cameos are made, and what is the difference between stone and shell cameos?"—The term cameo is popularly applied to precious stones and shells, the surfaces of which are covered with raised figures, mostly of different colors from the ground, and mounted as brooches, bracelets, pins, ear-rings, finger rings and other personal ornaments. Stone cameos are the most valuable and durable. Fraud is often practised by unprincipled artists, who cut out the figures separately, and attach them by cement to the flat surfaces of stones prepared for them. There are antiques, to produce which the chemical skill of the artists had to be exercised. A species of enamel was made, and with this cornelians of the requisite grain and density were covered by the application of fluxes and intense heat, thus forming, artificially, the much-desired layer of clear, hard substance, out of which to cut the wished for design. Shell cameos are chiefly of two sorts, some having a reddish ground, others a brownish ground, both with white or whitish figures. Those with a vivid reddish tinted ground and pure white figures are best. There are antique cameos which are very expensive. Many modern pieces with classical subjects are also costly, though when of inferior materials and finish they are afforded at low prices.

G. P. L., Eastport, Me., asks: "1. What is the amount of coin and bullion in the United States, as compared with leading European countries? 2. How does the paper circulation of this country compare with that of the principal European countries?"—1. The amount of coin and bullion in the United States, October 1, 1878, according to the estimate of the Director of the Mint was $358,443,947; of currency (paper), $666,838,137; against which there was a total bank reserve of $175,000,000, January 1, 1879. In Great Britain the Sub-Director of the Mint estimates the gold and silver circulation at $750,000,000, and the paper at $232,106,856, against $210,000,000, of which there are in the Banks of England, Ireland and Scotland a coin reserve of $163,000,000. In Germany the paper circulation is $152,000,000, and the banks keep a coin reserve of $116,420. The paper circulation of the Bank of France is $443,155,046; its coin reserve, $414,849,000. No recent official estimate has been made of the amount of coin circulating in France and Germany, but it is not far from $1,000,000,000 in each. Taking the last census, the ratio of paper money per capita would be substantially as follows: United States, $17 per head; England, $7; France, $12; Germany, $4. The estimated increase in population reduces our per capita to $15, and that of the other countries named a little, but not much.

J. H. D., Paris, Ia., writes: "I have a $10 silver certificate, endorsed by the Government. Please give its history. Is it as good as a greenbacks or the gold? 2. How old are Blaine, Sherman and Conkling?"—The silver coinage act passed by the Forty-fifth Congress provides that any holder of the coin authorized by this act (i. e., the standard silver dollars) may deposit the same with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in sums not less than $10, and receive therefor certificates of not less than $10 each, corresponding with the denominations of United States notes. The coin deposited for or representing the certificates shall be retained in the Treasury for the payment of the same on demand. Said certificates shall be receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues, and when so received may be reissued. That is to say, the legal-tender silver dollar which by the same act is made a legal-tender for all dues, public and private, is also made exchangeable for silver certificates at par, and these certificates are redeemable at any time on presentation to the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States. This is simply a convenient and expeditious way of putting the silver dollar into circulation, and affords the inflation which our Greenback friends so anxiously demand. 2. Blaine was born in 1830; John Sherman in 1823; Conkling in 1828.

U. P. D., Manistee, Mich., asks: "1. Will you please inform me through your paper how I can get into the detective service? 2. There are parties here who have taken up homesteads; I think all that they have taken them for is to get the timber off and then let the land go back to the Government. Could anything be done with them, and who could I write to about it?"—1. You do not say what detective service you mean, but we infer that you have in mind the private detective companies that make such glittering offers to persons throughout the country, holding out the inducement of large salaries for little work. We regret to say that the majority of these companies are fraudulent, and the offers they make designed for the sole purpose of getting a small sum of money for bogus certificates of membership, etc. Detectives in the service of cities and other corporations do not hold especially desirable positions, nor is their pay a matter of very great consequence. 2. We hardly know how you would reach a case such as you mention. When a man takes a homestead on Government land, he makes oath that he has not settled upon such land for the purpose of selling it on speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his own exclusive use; and that he has not, directly or indirectly, made any contract or agreement whereby the title which he might acquire from the Government of the United States should inure, in whole or in part, to the benefit of any person beside himself.

Charles H., Paris, Ark., writes: "There are a great many people in this country who do not believe that the world is round, and also inhabited on the other side. I would like to see some proof of it in different ways; also how many people, and who, have actually gone clear around the world. 2. And is not Gen. Grant going around?"—1. Conceding that the sun is stationary, then it must follow that the earth has a regular revolution which produces the changes of day and night. But if the earth were flat, the sun would burst upon us in the morning in a single instant, and at night we would be enveloped in equally instantaneous darkness. If the earth were flat, a ship sailing toward us on the sea would first show her hull, but as the surface of the sea, like the surface of the earth, is convex, the masts are seen first. Again, suppose three poles or masts of equal height be placed on floating surfaces and at equal intervals of half a mile or more along the surface of a lake or river. Now, if the earth were flat, the tops of all these poles would be in exact line. But the facts are that the top of the middle pole will seem higher to the person looking from either end than the two other poles. This test, which has been made several times, is conclusive proof of the convexity of the earth's surface. Others might be given, but these ought to be sufficient. We could hardly pretend to say how many people have sailed around the world, but it is by no means an uncommon feat. 2. Gen. Grant, who sailed eastward from New York, returns eastward to San Francisco. In other words, he has virtually accomplished the circumnavigation of the globe.

W. A. J., Georgetown, Colo., asks: "1. Please state the steps necessary for a foreigner to become naturalized, and the time he has to reside here before becoming a citizen; also if the naturalization law is the same in all the States? 2. What was the penalty placed upon Marshal Bazaine for the charge of betraying France? 3. Was the young lady who was betrothed to Robert Emmet ever married? If so, to whom? 4. Please state the vote that was cast for and against female suffrage in Kansas, in 1867."—1. The law under which foreigners acquire the rights of citizenship is a United States law, and hence its provisions apply equally to all the States. A foreigner who desires to become a citizen is first required to make a preliminary oath or affirmation before a United States or State Court three years before his admission to citizenship, that is his *bona fide* intention to become a citizen of the United States and to renounce all allegiance to any foreign power. At the time of his admission he makes further oath that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and that he renounces all allegiance to any foreign power, particularly that to which he had been previously subject. The Court admitting him to citizenship must be satisfied that he has resided within the United States five years at least, and within the State or Territory where such Court is held for one year at least. He must also show that during his residence in this country he has behaved as a man of good moral character. 2. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life on the island of St. Marguerite, but made his escape from there with the aid of outside confederates, who carried him away in a small boat. 3. We believe not. 4. The total vote in Kansas in 1867 for female suffrage was 9,070; against, 19,857.

Concentrated Food for Horses.

It is known that the Russian and Prussian Governments have adopted a kind of biscuit for horses containing much nutritive matter in small volume. According to *La Nature*, the biscuits are formed of the meal of oats, peas and linseed. The various combinations have been studied with care, and a mixture has been obtained such that one kilogram of it is equivalent to five kilograms of oats. It has been found that horses bear fatigue better and are more vigorous when fed with these biscuits than when fed with oats. The biscuits can be threaded together by means of an iron wire; thus a horse may carry its own food for four or five days. During the late war with Turkey, Russia used 20,000,000 of these biscuits, and the results were so good that the authorities have continued their use in time of peace.

A Dog Drowned by a Coon.

Portland (Oregon) Bee, Aug. 28.

On Tuesday last a very valuable dog belonging to Mr. White, of Sauvie's Island, while strolling around through the timber near the slough, came upon a coon's trail, and followed it to the animal's hiding place. After considerable digging and barking, the coon was routed and took to the water, and after it went the dog. The fight was a life and death struggle, but the coon was too cunning. As the dog approached him he seized him by the nose and sank beneath the surface, pulling the dog's head under the water. The process was repeated until the dog was drowned, and his coonship swam to shore and disappeared uninjured.

Just the Same.

Detroit Free Press.

A small boy with a big cent in his hand stood before a Michigan avenue grocery for a long time before making up his mind to enter. When asked what he desired, he inquired: "If a boy should come here and get trusted for a stick of gum how much would it be?" "One cent," was the reply. "And if a boy should come here with the cash how much would it be?" "Just the same." "Then I guess I'll get trusted," quietly remarked the financier, as he slipped the cent down in his pocket.

Sure to be Sick of Her Bargain.

Boston Journal.

If San Francisco chooses to elect a Mayor for no more substantial reasons than that he has an unsavory record, and has been shot at for making an indecent and scurrilious speech, she has a clear right to do so; but she is pretty sure to be sick of the bargain before the year is out.

The Sunday School.

Our Great High Priest.

LESSON 1, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1879.

Golden Text.—Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.—Heb. 7: 25.

LESSON TEXT.

Heb. 4: 14-16; 5: 1-6.

14. Seeing then we have a great high priest that is passed into the heavens, Jesus, the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. 15. For we have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. 16. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. 1. For every high priest taken from among men, is ordained for men in things pertaining to God, that he may offer both gifts and sacrifices for sins. 2. Who can have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; for that he himself also is compassed with infirmity. 3. And by reason hereof ought, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins. 4. And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron. 5. So also Christ glorified not himself to be made a high priest; but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, to-day have I begotten thee. 6. As he saith also in another place, Thou art a priest forever after the order of Melchizedec.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Seeing then that we have a great high priest . . . let us hold fast (v. 14.)—There is comfort in the thought that one who is able to help in an emergency has a peculiar interest in us; that in a sense he is ours, living for us, ready to act instantly in our behalf. We have this feeling concerning all those on whom we are accustomed to depend in little matters or in great. We talk of our milkman, our grocer, our market man, our physician, our lawyer, our minister. When we want anything in their line we know that they are glad to supply it; that they recognize our right to call on them accordingly, and their duty to give the desired assistance. This assures our confidence to the extent of their ability and our need. It is very different from what it would be if we merely knew that there were persons of this sort in the world, who had no reason for desiring to help us more than others. This sense of possession in the loving service of another is a source of continual joy and strength. "Seeing then that I have a friend—one who is peculiarly and pre-eminently my friend—let me hold fast my confidence now that I need the best offices of a sympathizing, devoted, helpful friend." Seeing then, that Jesus Christ is the Savior all men, especially of those that believe, let those of us who believe hold fast our profession of trust in him for all things.

Touched with the feeling of our infirmities (v. 15.)—It is one thing to know of another's infirmities, it is quite a different thing to be touched with the feeling of them. It is easier to inform 50 acquaintances that the rheumatism has been tugging away at one of your arms for the past six days than to bring your best friend to understand now that pain feels after all these restless days and nights. One man will be touched with the feeling of another's infirmity in the direction of extravagance; but for the life of him, he can't understand how anybody can be close fisted and miserly. Your next door neighbor could sympathize with your infirmity if you were so cold-blooded and unimpressible as never to seem enthusiastic and hearty, but how you can be so quick tempered and impulsive is a mystery to him. None but a keenly sensitive nature can have any conception of the tortures of a morbid sensitiveness. It is a very rare thing for any of us to be so well understood, so thoroughly appreciated, so sympathized by another, as to be able to say of even the best and truest friend, "He knows me just as I am. He understands my peculiar trials. He has a realizing sense of my struggles and weaknesses. He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Every child of Jesus can say that of the Friend of friends.

In time of need (v. 16.)—There is a vast difference between a "time of need," and a time of want. We want a great many things we don't need. This oughtn't to be so but it is. Most of our wants are of things that we would be better off without than with. A child doesn't commonly want to go to bed or to get up, to go to school, or to come in from play when he needs to. At his meals he is more likely to want what he doesn't need, than what he does. His parents ought to look to his needs rather than to his wants in all his control and supply. And as we grow older our wants are by no means conformed to our needs. In our homes, in our business, in our friendships, in our Christian life, our wants are often of things that would be the ruin of us; but we are never in need of anything of that sort. We cannot always come boldly to the Lord for whatever we want; but we can for whatever we need. And the comfort is that our Father knoweth what things we have need of before we ask him. His love is shown in refusing to give us other things, however much we want them.

For that he himself also is compassed with infirmity (v. 2.)—Unless a man has personal experience of sorrow, or weakness, or trial, or need, he cannot put himself in the place of another who has; he cannot be touched with the feeling of the other's infirmities or requirements. No old bachelor understands precisely how a husband and father feels, or what is the pressure of his responsibility for wife and children. Nor can any but a wife and mother appreciate the real perplexities of another's every-day life in those loving relations. If a man thinks he knows everything, and is not troubled with a sense of imperfect attainments, he is by that very assurance unfitted to be a sympathizing and considerate teacher. He will inevitably lack "compassion on the ignorant," and be impatient with a stupidity which he cannot comprehend. It is while he realizes how much he himself has yet to learn that he is readiest to aid those who know even less than he does. When a physician has been kept on his bed for a few weeks with a fever he has a new sense of the trials of his patients in a similar state. Some of the best mechanical helps in surgery, or substitute appliances in missing limbs, have been invented by those who through being compassed with infirmity had need of them in their own case. The man who has battled successfully with an appetite for strong drink has through his experience an advantage in dealing with those who are still in the struggle. "I know just how you feel my friend," he can say to the tempted one. There is always power in that assurance—when a pastor can say it in time of severest trial to any one of his people; when a friend can give similar expression to a friend who thinks himself misunderstood by all. Whoever has been compassed by any infirmity ought to make his experience a source of sympathy and cheer to those who now are compassed similarly. It is a source of peculiar encouragement to us, as we go to Jesus confessing our weaknesses and trials, to remember that he was himself in the flesh, that he knows all about it, that he was in all points tempted like as we are, and that he can have compassion on the ignorant, for that while in the flesh he himself was compassed with infirmity.

No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God (v. 4.)—No man can be a messenger unless he is sent. No man can be an agent unless he is appointed. No man can be an ambassador unless he is duly authorized. No man can rightly speak for God unless God has told him what to say. Yet a great many men are declaring as God's truth that which has no "Thus saith the Lord" back of it. They tell what political party God favors, what amusements he approves and what he condemns, and which of the denominations has his peculiar sympathy. Or they are impressed with a sense of duty to leave a work to which they were providentially set, that they may take hold of a great reform, or that they may win honor in some distinguished service elsewhere. The world is full of trouble to-day, from men who are putting their own surmises for the truths of inspiration, or who are claiming to represent God in a sphere to which he never assigned them. "I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them yet they prophesied," is God's word about this sort of preachers and teachers. But when a man is called of God he ought to respond; and when and where God sends him that man ought to go. Every parent is called of God to be a good parent, to do all the duties of a parent faithfully; every friend to be a good friend; every lawyer to be a good lawyer; every shoemaker to be a good shoemaker, every servant to fill his place fully and well. And there is a message of invitation which every hearer of the gospel is called of God to repeat as well as to respond to. "The Spirit and the Bride say Come; and let him that heareth say Come." No man taketh unto himself this honor of representing God; but he that is called of God to take it will fail of duty if he refuses the honor.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Sensible Hints.

Boston Transcript.

Give your poultry double rations, in view of Thanksgiving. If intended for market, keep them well supplied with gravel. It helps to digest their food. There is nothing that so liberally repays investment. Gravel can be got for the hauling, and brings a shilling a pound when sold as poultry. The farmer who sells a chicken with empty gizzard has mistaken his calling.

PITH AND POINT.

In speaking of the De Land matter, the *Courier-Journal* says everyone knows how De Land lies.

The clams begin to feel as if their little noses were being put out of joint.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

"A Fraud in Silks" is the startling head line in an exchange. Ah! Went back on you, did she?—*Rockland Courier.*

"It's cool to-day," said a mother to her little son. "Yes, it's school five days out of the week," replied the embryonic paragraphist.

"By their fruits shall ye know them" was written long before the small boy carried home apples in the legs of his trousers.—*N. Y. Express.*

Mr. Tilden is said to be suffering from super orbital neuralgia. He has been keeping his weather eye open too long.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Where is there a greater satire upon man than in the game of chess, where the Queen has to do the work and the King is the one to be protected?—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Talmadge, when he looked at Mount Vesuvius, and the mountain straightway subsided into silence, as became one who had been outdone.—*Jersey City Journal.*

Very innocently an Irish newspaper concludes its account of an imposing ceremony: "The procession was very fine, being nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of the Rev. Mr. McFadden."

A young lady's hat blew off Saturday morning and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest Fall shape.—*Norr. Herald.*

The world is growing better. Miss Belle Fry was married to Mr. James Church in New York a few weeks ago, and no puns have been made on the Church-Belle Fry wedding.—*Norristown Herald.*

It was an unfortunate mistake of a compositor to put under the head line "Reduction in the Price of Gas" the statement that Mr. —— receives only $50 for a lecture now instead of a hundred, as formerly.

Two men meeting in the street recently one inquired, "How are you?" The other replied with astonishing promptness, "How do you do?" Strange how quick some people are with their answer.—*Boston Transcript.*

Marie Christine to Alfonso—"You mistake, my dear. This is not to be a funeral, but a wedding. I pray you brush away those tears and assume the look natural to an expectant bridegroom."—*Buffalo Express.*

At a funeral service in Slawson last week, the minister, in his remarks, was dwelling upon the loss to the husband of the deceased, when that worthy spoke up: "Never mind me. Just throw your heft on the corpse."—*Danbury News.*

The Boston *Transcript* says Miss Anna Williams, of Philadelphia, has a dollarous face. But is it a very cents-ible one.—*Nor. Her.* That's right; speak gently of the poor orphan. She knows not what it is to have a par.—*Boston Transcript.*

Bridget (to caller): "Will ye kape still a minit while I look at ye!—No, missis haint to home. She told me if a woman come with a wart on the end of a red nose to say she want to home, and there's no mistaking that wart."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

A young man who went from Bloomington to Leadville six weeks ago, writes cheerfully back to his friends: "I have gained three pounds since I came here, and gained it all in half-ounce instalments. Haven't been shot in the head yet."—*Andrews' Bazar.*

"I'll subscribe for that paper," said Vanderbilt, laying down an agricultural journal he had been reading; "its editor is a man of high attainments." His eye had caught an article headed, "Water your stock regularly."—*Des Moines Register.*

A Momentous Interview.—"Good evening?" "Good evening." "This is a pleasant evening." "A very nice evening." "May I see you home this evening?" "Well, not this evening." "Good evening." "Good evening." Thus evening matters all around.

"It is a satisfaction to come across a name of a City which has no duplicate in the world," said our boss editor as he wrote, "There is only one Chicago in the world." "Praise Heaven!" echoed the combined voices of seven reporters in the adjoining room.—*Jersey City Journal.*

A Beaver Brook father told his boy to go into the village on an errand. The boy didn't want to. The father told him that he should be whipped if he didn't. A moment later the boy went to his father and said, "Father, I'll take the whipping." That's the kind of stuff New Englanders are made of, by gracious.—*Danbury News.*

The Rev. Penstock offered a resolution to the effect that his desk be furnished with a 12 shilling inkstand, but the club voted down the proposition almost unanimously, the President saying, "Benjamin Franklin he used an old pepper box fur an inkstand nigh onto fo'teen y'ars, an' I don't believe dat any member of dis club am a bigger man dan he was."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sailor bathing off the shore near Cherbourg, and with the water up to his chin: "What are these things I feel at the bottom with my feet?" A marine from the shore: "Nothing serious. An inventor is only trying some experiments with torpedoes." The feelings of the aquatic can better be imagined than described.

Mrs. Goodington has been shopping. "The clerks," she says, "treated me with the outermost condemnation. 's long's they could git anything out o' me; but no sooner had one of 'em found out that two yards of caliker and a hank of yarn was all I wanted, than he began screeching out, 'Cash!' afore he'd half done 'em up."—*Boston Transcript.*

A negro who died recently at Oxford, N. C., was famous for his great strength. He could lift a barrel containing 30 or 40 gallons and drink from the bung; could throw an ordinary anvil 25 yards, and could pull down four men with a handspike at one time. He once killed a deer with a rock, overtook and despatched a bear with an axe and caught and hamstrung a ferocious bull.

"Here, Sergeant, arrest me!" exclaimed an excited individual, as he rushed into the nearest station house. "I have shot a man; he is, perhaps, dead by this time, and I have come to give myself up." "Well; if this isn't too much," said the indignant officer. "Now you go home, I tell you, and mind your own business, and wait till we find you."—*Andrew's Bazar.*

Tact. Admiring Friend—"What, another picture! Why, that's the second you've finished this week!" Pictor—"The third, my boy, the third!" Admiring Friend (wishing to be pleasant)—"Ah! wonderful! That's what I always say when I hear people abuse your pictures. 'They may be bad,' I always say; 'but just look at the lot of them he turns out!'"—*London Punch.*

A young gentleman from St. Louis was walking along the shore at Lake Michigan with a Chicago girl when he saw on the sands what he supposed to be a devil fish, with its long tentacles spread out upon the submerged soil of Illinois. He was awakened from his dream by the young lady, who said, "I have just dropped my glove."—*Libelous Paragrapher.*

A very tedious old actor, whose "Hamlet" occupied four hours, was once playing the part in a Town in the Potteries, and, with plenty of emphasis and no discretion, was "lading out" the celebrated soliloquy, "To—be—or—not—to—be," when an irreverent gallery boy called out to him, "Oh, toss up for it, mister, and don't preach."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A stinging repartee was administered in a game of billiards that took place in Richmond, Va. An awkward young fellow struck and severely hurt the eye of a man engaged in the game with him. The young man was profuse in his apologies. "My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons; I am so very sorry I have hurt your eye." "Oh, no matter," returned the sufferer with a scathing resemblance of politeness, "I have another."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A worthy doctor of divinity approached "Paddy" Ryan near the City Hall yesterday, and placing one hand on the athlete's shoulder said: "My dear sir, any one blessed with such a physique and such shapely proportions ought to be a good man." The clergyman was startled by Paddy's reply: "A good man! Well, you can bet your life I'm a better man than Dwyer." It is needless to add that the assertion was not contradicted.—*Troy Times.*

There is some humor in Texas. The other day a man brought out a forlorn, spavined, ring-boned, and addressed the sports thus: "Fellow citizens, this is the famous horse Dandy Jack. Look at him. He's perfect. If he were sent to the horse maker nothing could be done for him. What shall I have bid for the matchless steed?" "What will you take for him?" yelled the crowd. "Two hundred dollars." "Give you $5." "Take him. I never let $195 stand between me and no horse trade. That's business."

As he was ascending the pulpit steps one of the elders button-holed him to whisper an additional caution: "The liquor dealer has just come into church, and he gives us a lift sometimes. I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whisky business or the temperance question." The young minister getting frightened to see the moral ground thus steadily narrowing before him, inquired: "Whom or what shall I preach against?" The elder's reply came like an air of triumph: "Preach against the Mormons; they haven't got a friend in town."—*Indiana Paper.*

New York Tribune.

THE CALIFORNIA ELECTION.

Dirge Chanted by the Average Democratic Voter of the Period.

Ah! Woe is me!
Let Nature's self the weeds of mourning wear,
Let flowerets fade and nightingales forbear
To pipe with glee.
The clouds of sorrow shall
Obscure the day;
We're badly scooped in Cal-
I-for-ni-a.

At dewy morn
The red convolvulus its cup shall fold;
The Honorable Bilks are laid out cold;
Our hopes are gorn,
The Sun of Summer shall
Withdraw its ray,
For we are dished in Cal-
I-for-ni-a.

This is too much!
But yesteryear our Western allies tied
How they would gobble up the land of gold—
It beats the Dutch!
What can we think? What shall
We do or say?
They've cooked our goose in Cal-
I-for-ni-a.

From cheerful songs
Let Indiana bobolinks refrain;
Let sad whales blubber on the coast of Maine
About our wrongs;
And Buckeye bantams shall
Their crow delay;
Our cake is dough in Cal-
I-for-ni-a.

The songful sea
Should wail of sadness; starry worlds should drape
Gone up are we!
Our hapless party shall
No more be gay;
We've bunged its eyes in Cal-
I-for-ni-a.

O, mocking bird!
Droop o'er thy shady perch and shed some weeps;
From thy soft bosom's melancholy deeps
Let grief be heard!
The Bourbon jackass shall
No longer bray;
That's cut cold in Cal-
I-for-ni-a.

The White House.

Puck.

We don't believe that Mr. Tilden will get into the White House next year; but he can paint his Summer residence up the Hudson, and make believe, which will probably amuse him just as well.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City.

HOP BITTERS.

$500 VALUABLE TRUTHS. $500

If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for Hop Bitters will Cure You.

If you are a simple ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will Revive You.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties; or a mother, worn out with care and work, Hop Bitters will Restore You.

If you are a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case, Hop Bitters will Relieve You.

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, Hop Bitters is What You Need.

If you are old, and your pulse is feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning, Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.

Hop Cough Cure is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

One Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect. Ask Druggists.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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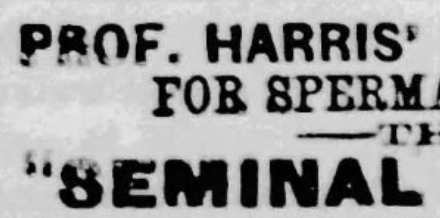
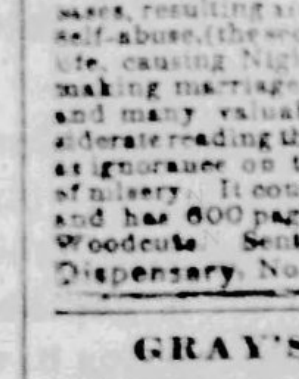
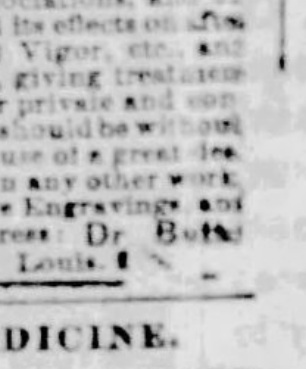

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TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.
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THE BLADE,
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The BLADE boom still continues with unabating vigor. We add this week nearly one thousand new subscribers over and above the number removed from our list by expiration. The figures given at the head of this column, under the ordinary usage of newspapers, might readily be stated at 100,000. We prefer to give them just as they are. The paper is its own best recommendation to its readers, as its advertising columns speak for themselves to business men who advertise.

ATTENTION, EX-PRISONERS!

The Grand Reunion of Survivors of Southern Military Prisons, to be held in Toledo October 1st and 2d, promises to be one of the most enjoyable affairs of the kind ever held in the country. Assurances come from comrades all over the West that they will be present, and that they hope and expect to meet many of their comrades from other sections. Let all come who can. The more that come the greater the prospect of meeting old friends and fire tried comrades. The years are passing swiftly away. Death is making sad havoc in the ranks of those who miraculously escaped him in Southern prison pens. The chances of again meeting old friends diminish rapidly each year. Such an opportunity as this may never again present itself.

The arrangements at Toledo embrace cheap rates at the hotels, and low fares on the railroads. There will be many good speakers present, and a number of distinguished soldiers. Efforts are being made to secure Col. INGERSOLL as one of the orators of the day. Col. A. D. STREIGHT will certainly deliver an address. But the greatest pleasure anticipated is from the social re union of many long separated comrades and friends. This is a pleasure none but they who have passed through such experiences can measure. Again we say let all come who possibly can.

THE Rev. Dr. THOMPSON is dead. The journalistic assassins who have thus ended a busy and useful life, and hurried a venerable scholar into the grave, are, we trust satisfied.

THE demoralized Democrats are again turning toward Utah as a forlorn hope. They need the electoral votes of the Mormons and seriously contemplate the admission of Utah into the Union.

You can save money in renewing your subscription to the BLADE, by sending for a copy of the BLADE book catalogue and availing yourself of the special rates there offered for the books named and the BLADE one year. Our catalogue is sent free to any address on application.

CONTRACTION has taken a new shape among some of the Towns and Cities of New York, which are contracting their corporate limits and cutting off some of their poorer suburbs, which cost much more to light, police, and support their poor, than they pay into the Treasury.

"THE Secret Service in the late War," is a book of nearly 400 pages, by Gen. C. L. BAKER, the famous detective. It contains a full history of the most important secret missions of the Government during the rebellion, and is one of the most intensely interesting books ever offered the reading public. We will send a copy to any BLADE subscriber for $1.50, although the regular price is $2.

A RELIGIOUS journal in Boston has gone into hysterics about the freedom that is allowed young girls in this country and protests that unless some system of more closely guarding them is adopted, their morals and manners are, in a general way, in great danger. It is too bad that puritanical Boston has no better influence over her maidens. Other Cities do not seem to be so much alarmed concerning the future of their youthful fair.

WE give this week a new list of books offered in connection with the BLADE, many of them being of a most desirable character. Our readers are especially requested, in making selections from this list, to order in all cases from the current issue of the paper, and to make a second choice. These books go so rapidly that we cannot fill orders from old numbers of the paper.

> The London *Truth* gives a very piquant sketch to-day of Lord Lyons. The best anecdote is the account of his reception by President Lincoln, when he had to announce the birth of Prince Albert Edward of Wales. "Go thou and do likewise" said the irreverent "Abe." Lord Lyons went off in high dudgeon. He is a confirmed bachelor.—*Exchange.*

This is a very pretty story, but unfortunately for its truth, Prince ALBERT EDWARD was a man, married and a father when LINCOLN was President of the United States.

"THRILLING Stories of the Great Rebellion" is a book that cannot fail to prove of the most absorbing interest to old soldiers. It contains a record of heroic adventures and hair breadth escapes of soldiers, scouts, spies, etc., an account of the murder of Lincoln and the execution of the murderers, the capture of JEFF. DAVIS, and much other interesting matter. It will be sent by mail postpaid on receipt of only $1.50.

CURRENT EVENTS

The recent enormous influx of gold into this country has filled the vaults of the Treasury to overflowing, and made the Secretary desirous of adopting some course which should bring the metal into more general circulation. The Secretary at first expressed his determination to pay out gold in redemption of legal tender notes at all United States sub-treasuries. Upon examination, however, that official came to the conclusion in which he was joined by other members of the Cabinet, that the existing law would prevent his paying out gold in exchange for legal tender notes at any other than the Sub-Treasury at New York. A circular was accordingly issued authorizing the Treasurer at Washington and the Sub-Treasurers at all the branches of the Treasury throughout the country to pay out gold coin as well as silver coin and notes upon current obligations of the government, and upon advances to disbursing officers. The same document covers an arrangement whereby gold coin will be shipped from the mint at Philadelphia, to any person depositing legal tenders with the assistant Treasurer at New York. This arrangement, it may be remarked, removes the last existing objection made by the Greenbackers against the effectiveness of resumption.

The BLADE last week announced the nomination of BEN. BUTLER for Governor by the Greenback party in their Convention in Boston. The so called Butler Democrats held another Convention at Worcester on the 17th and supplemented this action by placing the name of BUTLER at the head of their ticket, the remainder of which is as follows; For Lieutenant Governor, A. C. WOODWORTH; Secretary of State, MICHAEL S. DONOHUE; Treasurer, D. N. STAULLINGS; Auditor, D. T. KING; Attorney General, WILLIAM D. NORTHEND. BUTLER has thus become the standard bearer of the bolters and disaffected members of all parties in Massachusetts. At the same time it is conceded that the Republican party of the State was never so unanimous or so well organized as now, and there is little probability that the Butler combination will succeed in carrying the State. A vigorous canvass of State issues will be made in Massachusetts.

The "Independent Convention" in the interests of the BUTLER party, met at Worcester on the 18th inst., and re-nominated the ticket put up by the Democrats of the preceding day. The platform adopted prates loudly of reform and the rights of labor. BUTLER having been adopted by three conventions, is in the position of the calf that sucked two cows, and is likely to be correspondingly inflated. It may be said to his credit that he did not on this occasion take possesion of any of these conventions by fraud and force as he did during the last gubernatorial campaign.

On the 16th inst., Kansas celebrated the quarter Centennial of the State. The exercises pertaining to the celebration were a complete success, and it is estimated that fully 20,000 people were present. The principal event of the day was an oration by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, and shorter addresses were made by D. R. ANTHONY, GEO. JULIAN, of Indiana, Gen. POPE, J. W. FORNEY and others. A barbecue dinner was served, and an old settlers' love feast held in the evening.

President HAYES and Gen. SHERMAN visited Detroit on the 18th inst., where the former delivered a valuable address on the business condition and prospects of the country. The President cited a number of business statistics as affording evidence of the improvement that was already going forward, urged the importance of an early reduction of debt, both public and private, and cited figures to show that the country was in a better condition financially than it had been at any time since the panic. The President spent Monday in Chicago, and on Tuesday went westward, via Quincy, Ill., to Fort Scott and Neosho Falls, Kans.

Our California exchanges have returns of the members elected to the Legislature of that State, sufficient to show that both branches will certainly be controlled by the Republicans. Of the 40 Senators, 23 are Republicans, 9 Democrats, and 9 Workingmen's candidates. Of the 80 members of the House, the Republicans have certainly elected 41, the Democrats, 13, all others, 24, not heard from, 2.

The official vote of Maine for Governor, with the exception of a few small towns, shows that the total vote this year is 136,512, or 10,687 larger than the vote in 1878. The Republicans have gained 11,452 votes, the Greenback men have gained 5,644 votes, and the Democrats have lost 6,691 votes. The scattering vote is 280 larger than in 1878. The Republicans have 20,920 more votes than the Greenback men, and 46,789 more than the Democrats, but they lack 572 votes of a majority over all. Last year they lacked 12,789 votes of a majority.

Ex-President GRANT arrived at San Francisco by the steamer "City of Tokio" on Saturday evening. His reception was of the most enthusiastic character, and it is safe to say no such ovation was ever given to a private citizen on the Pacific coast. Notwithstanding the hour was somewhat late when the vessel was first signaled, the program of the reception was carried out as fully as was possible. During the day following (Sunday) the General remained in comparative seclusion, but the remainder of the week is entirely occupied with plans for his entertainment. The General will remain for an indefinite time on the Pacific Coast, and expects to visit Oregon, the Yosemite Valley and other localities of interest, before coming East.

BACKS UP HIS OPINION.

The following letter from an old prisoner, inclosing a check for $5, shows the spirit that is prevailing everywhere in regard to the forthcoming Re union:

> SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 18
>
> DEAR COMRADE: I am happy to learn through the BLADE of this week that the Re union will take place. I can not attend, owing to the distance and want of time, but I inclose you my check for $5, to assist in defraying the expenses. I hope you will publish in some shape a full account of the proceedings, speeches, etc., and if you do, please send me a copy.
>
> Go on with the good work. I wish it were so that I could be with you. You may enrol me a member of your Association, and I will forward membership fees.
>
> Yours truly and fraternally,
> EZRA H. RIPPLE.

THE RE-UNION.

> A "re-union of prisoners of war" of the rebellion is to be held in Toledo on the 1st and 2d of October, to which are invited pretty nearly every general officer in the army, including Gen. Grant, who will arrive in San Francisch in a few days, but who will very likely not care to hurry across the continent for this express purpose. By the way, why should "prisoners of war," who ceased to be prisoners of war 15 years ago, hold a "re-union" at this late day, and in Toledo? Has not there been enough anger and hatred stirred up about Libby and Andersonville? Have not the North and South called each other hard names enough about those old sores? Can any one take pleasure in tearing them open again, and exhibiting a museum of them to the world? This sort of thing once excited sympathy, but there is danger that if carried too far it may excite disgust. Even the necessity of electing Mr. Charles Foster, who, by the way, took no part in the war, over Gens. Ewing and Rice, who did, does not justify this meeting.—*Detroit News.*

This is of the weak and sniveling style of talk that only comes from the mouths of whey-blooded fellows who never did anything, or made a sacrifice for anything in their lives. They, and selfish, small potato politicians are the ones from whom such language is possible. The coming reunion of prisoners-of-war has not even the most remote connection with politics. Several thousand men, who had an eventful experience together some years ago, who had very much in common then, and who endeared themselves to each other by mutual services, and the undergoing of hardships in company, who recognized each other's sterling qualities when the fierce light of adversity beat upon them, desire to meet again, after a lapse of 15 years, and talk over not only old times, but what has been each man's fortune since then. Each of them remembers what a rare, unselfish, generous, loyal fellow JOHN SMITH, we will say, of the First New Jersey Infantry, was. Each would like to see JOHN SMITH again, to see how his present condition compares with his old self; take him by the hand, and hear him tell how life has gone with him, since the separation in 1865. To the survivors of those prisons no pleasure in the world can equal this,—nothing can be looked forward to with so much interest. But the moment they attempt to come together a pack of snarling little pugs and feists set up a yell of spiteful disapprobation. This is simply contemptible. The prisoners' re union does not endanger any of the bones of petty offices which these pettier mongrels covet. It has been in contemplation several years; there has been general expression among the prisoners of the West that it should be held. It is held this year because it is believed that it has already been delayed too long. Greedy Death makes rich harvests of the survivors every year. If there were political reasons for not holding it this year there would be still stronger ones next year, and the year following is a great ways off to men who are all now in middle life,

Supposing that it was a political move in the interest of the Republican party of Ohio, how absurd it would be to call it in one corner of the State, where the great majority of those in attendance will be from other States! There will be more men in attendance from either Michigan, Indiana or Illinois than there will be from Ohio. Again, no effort has been spared to divest it of every possible political aspect.

Every prominent Democratic soldier in the country has been invited. Gens. HANCOCK, CORSE, COBURN, EWING, RICE and many others, have been pressed to come. None of these—no Democratic or National soldier—believes the re-union to be for political effect. They understand that soldiers may want to see each other for other reasons than those connected with politics. They understand and feel the spirit of *camaraderie*, which a civilian, a stay at-home, a draft-sneak, can not.

KEMPER COUNTY.

The BLADE publishes to day a portion of the story told by Mrs. CHISHOLM concerning the circumstances leading up to the murder of her husband and children, and also the details of the terrible deed. It was written when her health was failing and she feared she should never be able to relate them in Court. The manuscript was left with the New York *Tribune* just before she started South, and published in that paper Saturday.

MRS. CHISHOLM'S narrative is told simply but vividly. None can read it without being convinced of its entire truthfulness, and only those who are utterly without feeling can avoid a thrill of horror as the whole barbarous picture comes before him. Simply and earnestly was the revolting crime described to the jury who sat at the trial of HENRY J. GULLY, the accused man, and it was said some of them shed tears as they listened, but in the face of all they pronounced him "not guilty."

Kemper County has disgraced itself in the eyes of the civilized world. That party feeling should run so high as to render such a deed possible was bad enough, but following as it did an excited state of public feeling, a part of the obloquy would have been wiped out had justice been done in the present. No one doubts the guilt of GULLY. Not a citizen of Kemper County to day believes in his heart that he was not a cold blooded assassin. There is not one who, if he spoke the truth, would not acknowledge that he richly merits punishment. But because he belongs to the Democratic party, because party ends must be served independent of all considerations of right or justice, the "best citizens" of Kemper lend themselves to the defence of as brutal and savage an outrage as was ever committed by the wildest barbarian.

It would seem as if this exhibition of the animus of the "Solid South" would rouse the North to a keen appreciation of the work to be done at the polls at the coming election. The spirit of Kemper County is elsewhere than in the limited locality which bears that name. It has shown itself in various ways,—by acts of violence and by words full of bitterness and hate. That spirit must not be allowed to control our country. It has sent its representatives to Congress where they have labored faithfully in behalf of men who can excuse just such deeds as the CHISHOLM and DIXON murders. The only thing to be done is for the Republican party to present an invincible front from this time onward. See to it that good men are elected to every public office in the country. Defeat a party which can, either North or South, countenance such outrages as this one which has made Kemper County notorious for all time to come. It is time to work.

RATS never deserted a sinking ship any more rapidly than the Democratic leaders are falling away from EWING.

THE FINAL ANSWER.

It was Sen. THURMAN who, in a recent campaign speech at Columbus, undertook, as he said, "to point out the graveyards through which we have passed in our dreary march toward Resumption, so-called." This utterance has a fine sound to the ears of the men to whom it is addressed, although it is nothing more than a re-echoing of the cry that has gone up for the past two years from the inflation party. The inflation argument presented by the party to whose doctrine Sen. THURMAN is a late, if not a thorough, convert has been of a twofold character. They first labored to prove that resumption was an impossibility, and this proposition they demonstrated to their own entire satisfaction. Confronted on the first of January by the commingling of coin and paper currency on the same level, they promptly changed front and assumed a new position. The resumption of the Treasury Department we were solemnly assured was a technical, not an actual one, it was merely a forced depreciation of the value of the gold dollar, and it could not last. It was merely resumption so called. Gold *could* be obtained, doubtless, by sending to the office of the United States Sub Treasury at New York, but no one desired to undergo the trouble and expense of sending to New York. They ingeniously ignored the fact that New York is the money center of the country, and that since the prices ruling there fix those of the minor monetary centers, no one could expect to sell at a premium in the West that which only brought par in the country's metropolis. Meantime the banks throughout the country began to exchange greenbacks for gold as an accommodation to their friends and customers, whenever it was desired, although the cases where any man in ordinary business had actual use for gold were few and far between. But the anti-resumptionists were still unreconciled, and mourned over the falseness of "resumption so called."

It remained for the Secretary of the Treasury to give a final and conclusive answer to these carpers, and this he has done in a circular issued from the Treasury Department on the 19th inst. This document states that gold coin beyond the needs of the Government having accumulated in the Treasurer, the Treasurer of the United States and the several Assistant Treasurers at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco are authorized to pay out gold upon current obligations of the Government, and upon advances to disbursing officers. The Treasury of the United States in Washington, upon receipt by him of a certificate of deposit issued by the United States' Assistant Treasurer of New York, stating that there had been deposited with him legal tender notes, in the sum of $100, or multiples thereof, will also cause to be shipped from the mint at Philadelphia to depositors, at his risk and expense, a like amount of gold coin."

There is the plain specific statement, most astute protester against "resumption so called." Produce your currency as provided, and let us hear no more prating about a technical resumption.

MONOPOLY OF THE PULLMAN COMPANY.

The Pullman Car Company, with its legal guarantees, and exclusive privileges and luxuries, has become one of the great vampire monopolies of the United States, against which the victims are beginning to rebel, and will soon wage war. Some years ago the Pullman Company was organized with a capital of $100,000 to commence the new enterprise. Now the Company owns property worth $12,000,000. How could this enormous sum of money have been raised legitimately?

It was made through the sanction of the law, it is true, but by a slow and sure process of extortion, by taking advantage of the wants and necessities of the traveling public. President PULLMAN, the chief of the concern, receives $10,000 a year salary, has all his traveling expenses paid, and has an income of $100,000 a year from his stock, and lives, and moves in a style that many a Prince over the water never has chance of. The porters in these magnificent Pullman coaches receive $10 a month, and are expected to beg and humiliate themselves, (for these fellows have some feeling, occasionally some pride,) to extort money enough from the passengers to make up the difference between *half* and *full* wages. They expect to get from 20 50 cents for blacking a pair of boots. They have to support themselves, on $2.50 a week, buy clothes and food, and they can not live without they can get from the passengers extortionate sums for small services rendered. The Company charges $2.00 for a night's lodging, after the full fare is paid to the railway company to whose trains these Pullman coaches are attached, and is 50 cents more than was charged during the war.

The salaries of the employes have been cut down to the very lowest notch possible: all but those of the officials, who still draw inflation salaries upon which to support their dignity—for certainly it is not to be expected that their work is very hard, either in a physical or mental way. Two dollars a night for a bed, sometimes damp, and not always spotlessly clean, and obliged to breathe bad air; $2 for such a bed, and this sum is twice as much as the laborer on the road gets for 10 hours' hard, unremitting toil, and as much as the skilled mechanic gets for his 10 hours of close application to business. We are in favor of all organizations that give employment to labor, skilled and otherwise, but we are opposed to all men and all enterprises that rob labor, all extortions that take the bread from the mouths of the laboring man and his needy wife and children. We have no personal ill-will to gratify in calling attention to this subject, but we think the "laborer is worthy of his hire," and should be *paid* for services rendered, and not be kept down at starvation prices by any sort of organization or business monopoly.

GRANT'S SPEECH.

Gen. GRANT has not yet entirely overcome the taciturn habits of former years. This was his speech at San Francisco in reply to the Mayor's address of welcome

> FELLOW CITIZENS OF SAN FRANCISCO: After 25 years' absence, I am glad to meet you, and assure you of my cordial thanks for the kind greeting you have given me. I shall stay in your City long enough to greet you more fully.

DEMOCRATIC UNDERTAKING.

The Democrats are laboring very hard in certain localities to show that the doctrine of repudiation, so peculiarly a child of their own fostering, also belongs to the Republican party. It is an undertaking that requires a good deal of hard work even to make it wear a resemblance of truth, and the falsehood is always easily proven.

One of the late efforts of the kind is to show that Illinois is guilty of this kind of dishonorable debt paying and that the Republican administration is responsible for it. There is in fact nothing of the kind. The State debt is very small and there is money enough in the Treasury to pay every cent of it. Years ago under Democratic control, there was some trouble, and repudiation was talked of, but it never took place and later under the Republicans the financial condition has been most prosperous. The tax for State purposes is exceedingly small, notwithstanding the great amount of money that is annually spent for public purposes.

A St. Louis Democratic journal asserts that the spirit of repudiation exists in many of the counties of Illinois, and gives a list of them and also of the debts contracted.

Concerning this the *Globe-Democrat* says, "unfortunately for the partisan character of the attack the counties mentioned are mainly under Democratic rule," and then goes on to show the "true inwardness" of the matter in several instances, giving facts and figures which cannot be gainsaid. Concerning the debt of the City of Springfield, about which so much has been said, and so much capital made, the following is the true history:

> The citizens chose to strive with Peoria for the possession of the capital, and thereby incurred an immense debt in lavishly entertaining the Legislature and endeavoring to satiate the rapacity of legislative cormorants and lobbyists. To meet this outlay and others, long-time bonds were issued, drawing exorbitant rates of interest. Profligate Democratic municipal administrations levied taxes which the people found themselves unable to pay. They resisted. Led by able tax fighting counsel—an ex-Democratic Attorney General, and the distinguished gentlen an who was President of the National Tilden Convention in 1876—they were successful in so far that the City was "put under the judicial heel," and the Supreme Court decided the tax levy to be invalid as to the excess. A tax, then, to pay excessive interest and at the same time producing enough money to meet current expenditures, can not be legally levied or collected. The people are able and willing to fund their debt at a lower rate of interest, and that will probably be the only issue left them out of their financial afflictions. They are not repudiators, and can readily pay the present legal rate of interest on their debt.

These journals will have to try again, if they expect to win even a shadow of success.

ADULTERATIONS.

At the meeting of the Social Science Association at Saratoga, a paper was read by Mr. G. T. ANGELL, of Boston, upon dangerous adulterations of articles in common use. It is almost appalling to know to what extent this tampering with what we eat, drink, and wear is carried. Although much has been said and written upon the subject, yet it has rarely been brought before the public in so complete a form and so fully verified as now by Mr. ANGELL, who has given much time and thought to the matter.

Concerning the drugs used he says:

> One of the largest wholesale dealers in Boston declares that the adulterations of drugs are now so great it is almost impossible to make a living by selling honest goods. A doctor orders a medicine for a patient in extreme danger. The article has only a quarter of the strength it should have, and the patient dies. This is the case as put by an eminent Boston physician: "The amount of arsenic imported into this country during the year ending June 30, 1875, was 2,327,742 pounds, each pound capable of killing 2,800 adult human beings. It is sold almost as freely as wood and coal, at a wholesale price of 1¼ to 2 cents a pound.
>
> "Prof. Nichols of our Massachusetts institute of technology found eight grains of arsenic to each square foot of a dress. Another chemist found ten grains of arsenic in a single artificial flower. A child in Troy, N. Y., some time since, died in convulsions by taking arsenic from a veil thrown over its crib to keep off flies. A case has been recently brought to my knowledge of a Boston gentleman so severely poisoned by wearing poisonous underclothing that for several days he could hardly see. It has been estimated that full three-quarters of all wall papers now manufactured contain arsenic. The Michigan State Board of Health has recently published a book containing 75 specimens of these papers, and it has been put into every important public library of Michigan. This book advises (1) to use no wall paper at all; (2) never to use wall paper without first having it tested for arsenic; and (3) if arsenical paper is already on the walls, and cannot well be removed, then (as some protection) to cover it with a coat of varnish. There can be no doubt that thousands of people in this country are now suffering, and many have died, from the effects of arsenical wall paper."

Mr. ANGELL concludes with the idea that there should be protective health associations organized to put an end to these adulterations. Arrangements should be made for a chemical analysis of articles, and when those which are impure are found, the makers who put them upon the market should be compelled to receive them back again and pay damages. Only in this way can society be protected and this increasing evil checked. "Honest merchants will then be able to sell honest goods and not be undersold by dishonest ones."

WALKING CLUBS.

It would seem as if the walking matches, of which there are so many all over the country, and in which so much interest is taken, would arouse enough excitement to cause the organization of walking clubs for physical benefit and development. Wherever they have been tried the members have derived great pleasure as well as profit. It is exercise in the open air that gives health and strength, that invigorates the weary brain and prevents that over exhaustion that saps the powers of so many people and causes the numerous sudden deaths that fill communities with sorrow for the loss of useful citizens. Out of door amusements are too rare in this country. Business men give themselves no time to breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the beauties of nature. Walking clubs would call them out, and in the exhilaration of numbers, fatigue would be unthought of.

In Winchester, New York, some three years ago, a club of this kind was organized. It has taken 23 walks, averaging 20 miles each. The average pace is four miles per hour. The club has now walked about 460 miles, and its members have obtained more solid pleasure out of it than from any other undertaking for the same purpose that they have ever entered into. Clothed in garments adapted to any kind of weather, with heavy walking shoes, and unmindful of rain, wind, or dust, they go tramping along, gathering in at every jaunt a whole world of hitherto undiscovered enjoyment. It is a great pity their example could not be followed all over the country.

THE Missouri Republicans are claimed to be solid for GRANT.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Gives Plain Directions for Conducting Joint Discussions in the South During the Next Campaign, With Other Hints.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,
September 22, 1879.

The next election is liable to be eggstremely eggscitin, and there shood be in the South a unity uv ackshen and a uniformity uv meens to be yoosed, that our success may be ashoored. We must hev a Solid South, that the votes uv the States now groanin under Federal despotism may be throwed for a candidate wich will recognize the fact that the South hez rites, and is reddy to maintain em.

In all jint discussions in the Southern States these rools shood be observed:

1. When a radikel shows a desire to discuss, the rifle shood never be yoosed. The revolver is better, for there are six loads in a navy, and the second may accomplish what the first failed to do. But the shot-gun is the proper weepin, for shot scatters, and no matter how shaky a shivelry's hand may be, the tother discusser can't get out uv range uv a charge uv shot.

2. Never depend upon a single-barrelled gun. It may take two charges to finish a obnoxious discusser.

3. Alluz yoose the old-fashioned muzzle-loader. The cartridges that yoo hev to yoose with the breech loader are loaded with small shot, which won't alluz do. And besides the breech-loader is a Yankee weepin, and no troo Southerner will yoose anything uv Yankee make, onless he kin git it on credit.

4. Load with a heavy charge uv buck-shot, and alluz put in two or three slugs. Slugs is more convincin than buck-shot, ez they tear a bigger hole.

5. Alluz aim at the button on the back uv the coat. The charge then penetrates the kidneys and liver, and the disturber dies on the spot. It is crooelty to prolong their sufferins.

6. Be keerful to observe the law. The moment the disturber quits kickin, go afore the neerest Justis uv the Peace and deliver yooreself up. He will immejitly admit yoo to bale, and the infamus charge that the Southern citizen is not law-abiding will be disproved.

7. Free speech is the bulwark uv our civilizashen and everybody must enjoy it, but ez disturbers can't be allowed, let it be understood that only Dimekrats kin enjoy that privilege. Meetings uv Radikels, bein incenjary, must be sternly suppressed.

8. A speeker shood never be shot while on the stand. Lay for him when he hez got through. It will be found that after a few uv em hev bin silenced, none will vencher on it.

9. Nigger meeting-Houses, and Sunday-skools cannot be permitted ez they are the hot beds uv radikelism. One Methodist preacher will offset the good work uv a dozen groseries.

10. Postmasters shood see to it that no Radikel papers are permittid to be cirkelatid. Noosepapers is a noosance, and ef the Radikels are perventid from taken em, they will be entirely suppresst in our seckshun, ez the troo Dimekrat don't take to em at all. The less noospaper the better the Dimocrat.

There are other things that mite be recommendid, but ef these is followed out ther is no doubt uv a glorious Dimekratik victory next yeer. With Tilden's barl in the North and the shot gun in the South, we kin elect the next President. May the Lord favor us.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Dimekratic Organizer.

THE LUSCIOUS BIVALVE.

Now that the oyster season has come again, the lovers of that delicious bivalve will be interested by some facts in regard to their taking. The consumption of this article of food has largely increased during the last few years, and seems to keep pace with their production.

Some of the beds from which the greatest quantities are taken and of the finest quality, are situated in New Jersey and Delaware and are largely under the control of the Philadelphia Oystermen's Association. The oysters are planted between the 15th of April and the 1st of July, and left to grow and fatten until the 1st of September, when the law allows them to be taken for the market. When the boats run regularly they take to Philadelphia, whence shipments are made, from 75,000 to 100,000 prime, and from 100,000 to 125,000 cullings, each trip. Concerning the quantities which are sent away, the Philadelphia *Ledger* says:

> Besides extensive shipments to interior points, principally surrounding cities and towns, where the consumption is yearly increasing, the trade is extending as far West as St. Louis, that City vieing with Pittsburg and others further East in the amount consumed every season. These shipments, along with those that went to Europe last season nearly every departing steamer taking out from 75 to 100 barrels of oysters in the shell, for which good prices were obtained, reduced the home supply about one-half; but yet it was adequate to meet all demands. About three-fourths of the boat-owners are engaged in shipping, some very extensively. The City trade, though good, is not near so large as the country, where the consumption of oysters is increasing every season, the people seeming to be cultivating a taste for them in proportion as their wants can be supplied.
>
> By the middle of next week it is expected there will be as many oysters at the wharf of the Philadelphia Oyster Company as purchasers may desire, the first instalment arriving in a couple of days and being succeeded regularly throughout the season, which lasts until the 1st of May, before which time the boats begin to drop off. The season last year was not a profitable one on the whole, the heavy storms in October causing much damage and loss to shipping. About 70 boats were washed high and dry ashore, many of them a mile and a half inland, costing in some instances as much as $500 to get a boat afloat, and four or five were stripped and abandoned, the cost of floating them being more than the vessels in their disabled condition were worth.

It is said that the oysters this year are in an excellent condition and unless storms set in there will be a large supply. This is good news to the majority of people, who esteem them as something no longer a mere luxury, but almost a necessity for the table.

THE Democrats are "unalterably opposed to every form of nepotism,"—not practised by Democrats. In Delaware, according to the Washington *Star*, every male member of the SAULSBURY family—and they are very many in Delaware—who is more than 21 years of age holds a public office of some kind.

CYRUS W. FIELD is still after TILDEN, and TILDEN wonders why it is that laying of ocean cables, and building elevated railroads should breed such a disposition to pursue and persecute an innocent well-meaning old gentleman.

ORIGON'S MAMMOTH CAVE

Exploring a Wonderful Hole Under the Ground.

A Series of Subterranean Chambers Filled With Petrifactions and Exhibiting Geological Eccentricities of the Most Marvelous Description.

San Francisco Call.

Prevailing upon Mr. Davidson to act as guide, we soon set out, Indian file, for the cave, taking a steep and circuitous foot trail. Plunging down through burns, or neck deep in thickets, over the shaggy ridges we wound, just keeping in sight of our nimble-footed guide. Finally we found ourselves standing before a huge moss-grown cliff, in a lonely canon, whose massive bosom entombed the cave.

We entered from above, though the cave has a second portal, from which a small brook issues below. One after another we fed ourselves into that black yawning gullet of Avernuz, Al Smoker bringing up the rear. Now our terminal friends, laboring under the disadvantage of Falstaffian build, stuck like a stopple in the hole above, incontinently bundling down a moment later upon the devoted heads beneath. The disaster not proving serious, we now struck our lights and followed the guide down the Plutonian paths before us, some 20 paces perhaps, and entered the vestibule. A rude roomy hall rose in the gloom above us, full of crannied nooks and shadows, with curiously incrusted walls of gypsum, white and pure as Spencer's Una. Here all forms of fruit and the most delicate and ornate of rock carving walled us in. This vestibule, with the long gallery leading from it, rises into the graceful pointed arch of the Orient, and is profusely moulded into every imaginable form of raised filigree work.

The cavern here divides into two branches: a great sombre gallery to the left and the beautiful avenue directly ahead. We now entered into the very crystalline heart of the hills. What a world of enchantment, as if moulded from a fay's wildest fancy, opened before us through that springing portal! Stalactites in every stage of formation reflected the glare of our lights like a million of minute prisms. Bizarre and wonderful forms, white as alabaster and blossoming with creamy efflorescence, multiplied with our advancing steps.

Threading a low passage, with a floor like porcelain and crisp with frostlike asbestos, we next entered the Crypt of the Gnomes. Fluted curtains hung in heavy folds from the walls. Jewelled alcoves here and there flashed through the half light with a starry lustre. Nondescript forms, outlined in the weird glamour of the cave, rose around, brown, chrome or creamy white. The variety was endless.

Turning to the right, a few more steps brought us to The Lady's Boudoir. Against the wall rested the plushy-topped workstand, fringed and rainbowed with glittering stalactites. Above, the walls, daintily laced with stony embroidery, revealed a shadowy niche canopied with pendent and sparkling forms of carbonate of lime.

Wandering on we next came to the organ loft. This chamber is so named from a number of thick stalactites bearing a resemblance to organ pipes, that give forth a melodious sound when struck. To my fancy those chimes, tinkling through the silence and loneliness of the cave, bore a peculiarly uncanny cadence.

Further on, relieved against the wall, hangs a startling semblance of the human figure, encased in white robes. It is the Nun's Effigy. Here and there small stalagmites rose from the floor as we proceeded, lending a novel feature to the cave scenery—miniature monolites and caning Towers of Pisa.

When we came to the end of this avenue, an abrupt corridor to the left led us down a rude descent to the Tobacco Barn. There hung, tier after tier, to all appearance, the veritable "weed" above our heads. Then came the Grapery, with its remarkable mimicry of vine and fruit. Finally the Grotto of Pomono, hung, as were the fabled Gardens of the Hesperides, with crystal apples, concluded this series of subterranean chambers.

Retracing now our steps, we touched on passing the iron-voiced Village Bell, and a little beyond stopped to squeeze through a small opening we had noticed in the wall while entering. I cannot attempt to describe the brilliancy and beauty that suddenly gleamed upon us from within that hidden penetralia of that wonderful cavern. It was the rarest room of all. I could think of no comparison but the royal treasure vaults of Dresden. As if conjured up by a magician, here glinted and glittered a maze of stalactitic forms; and a floor, carpeted with rock moss, sloped backward, irridescent with the inburst of light. Because of its form and delicate beauty, we named this secluded recess Cleopatra's Bedchamber.

Starting at the vestibule again, we now entered the second great division of the cave elsewhere alluded to. It is called Brook avenue. The passage in is not altogether unattended with danger. I still carry the ugly abrasions I got by an unlucky misstep there. A rude stairway would be well at this point.

Echo Hall is the first room of importance. It is an immense roomy gallery, through the floor of which we passed to the labrynthian regions beneath by means of a natural trap. Here, becoming bewildered, Mr. E. went forward alone to reconnoiter, and we heard his footsteps die away in the long passage. At length we called. A mocking echo answered. We were lost here, like Thesus of old, deep in the bowels of the rock, and no Ariadne to help us out. Something must be done and no time lost. Selecting a hub man, we radiated like the spoke of a wheel, opposite ways, and after repeated bewilderments and recalls, happily found the trap in the rocks above. A line fortunately left in the cavern, took us thence nearly to the vestibule. In a few moments thereafter the gladdest sunshine I ever saw gleamed over us.

We now instituted a search for the guide, entering the cave at the brook and marking the windings with twigs. Leaving the little stream moaning among its fissures, we came in a short time to where the passage tapered off into impassable clefts, but by climbing up through the roof we found a narrow exit to a series of chambers above. At the far end of one of these glimmered a faint light, and the next moment the dazed guide, hearing voices, came towards us as if walking in a dream.

Commissioner Raum's Letter.

New York Times.

Commissioner Raum's recent letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, calling attention to the fact that all the collections on account of internal revenue have been turned into the Treasury, does not please some of the Democrats. The fact that these large sums are honestly taken care of, accounted for, and paid into the Treasury, ought to gratify every citizen. But as the officers engaged in this work are, for the most part, Republicans, Democratic politicians fancy that they see in the publication of Commissioner Raum's letter a campaign document, the force of which must be broken somehow. Accordingly, it is claimed that it can not be true that the revenues are paid in, as reported, because the Commissioner last winter complained of frauds upon the revenue. That is to say, it can not be true that the Collectors have accounted for their collections, because illicit distillers and other dishonest persons have evaded the laws. It is very true that the United States has been cheated by "moonshiners" and others. But it is also true that the Republican officers have done their whole duty, and have honestly accounted for all they have collected.

Tilden's Chance.

Cincinnati Commercial (Ind.)

Now, if Tilden can elect Robinson, his triumph is complete. If he cannot, he can throw the responsibility of defeat upon Tammany, and hold his force for next year.

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A Good Book Free

To Every Subscriber Under This Offer.

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THE WAR IN THE UNITED STATES, a report to the Swiss Military Department, by Ferdinand Le Compte; 148 pages, price 1.00.

HISTORY OF THE INTERNATIONAL, a French Workingmen's Society, by Edmond Villetard; 258 pages, price 1.00.

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Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

The Fruit Season—The Best Method of Canning Jellies and Sweet Meats.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

NEW YORK, September 20.

I shall offer no excuse for making this a housekeeping letter. The good housekeepers all over the country are busy over preserving kettle and fruit cans, bowls of sugar and baskets of ripe fruit, and much home interest for the next month is concerned with putting up stores of fruit and food for winter. The high pitched sisterhood will grieve and groan over the time spent on pickles and preserves that might be given to higher matters than feeding "these mere bodies"—time that might be spent reveling in æsthetic flights of daubing china, or scrawling in worsted, pressing ferns, or scribing wretched little sentimental letters to the county papers, in which the "we think" and "we hold" flourish as grandly as if from the throne of St. James, or the editor of the London *Times*, or writing religious effusions that string together all the old phrases of "the better land, "striving for a higher plane of existence," etc., that are so worn out that they cease to convey any meaning to the benumbed brain, or teaching poor children the geography of ancient Samaria and Asia Minor generally. Perhaps this is what they mean by living on a higher plane. Some of us however, feeble, low-minded creatures, feel equal to doing as much of these things as comes to our souls' good, without giving over the traditions of good providing, knowing that the mind works best in a body nourished by kindly and generous variety, and determined that our refinement shall be searching enough and vital enough to go into the last detail of house and table, because as long as the soul is housed in the body it cannot have too clear windows to look through. Some of us with conscience acquitted of all duty to mind and neighbor, with a good list of books read and charity work performed, are able to make holiday this month over the baskets of painted fruit that are to furnish cheerful and pleasant food for the family for a year to come. It is a great "preserving year," and in this favored fruit region housekeepers are wild in their provisions of canning and preserving. I sent down for another dozen cans yesterday, but the storekeeper came up to say that the last can he had was sold and he had sent to all the dealers in the country round to find them in the same plight. Which is a benefit, for it sends one back to the fat little earthen quart jars, sealed with wax, which the best housekeepers are coming to prefer after all, above glass self-sealing cans or tin ones, as best preserving the flavor and surest to handle. I cannot emulate my brisk neighbor who has a store-room 12 feet square filled with preserves, leaving out her hundreds of canned fruit. The tiresome, inevitable newspaper work has spoiled the finish of some fond attempts, for articles must be ready by such a day, if the bushel of Bartlett pears does mellow beyond the point for canning firm and white, and the blue plums crack hopelessly in the syrup, till I am ready to shriek confusion on this writing, and wish desperately that heaven would allow me the privilege of being a mere domestic woman, and drudge to my heart's content. It will warn all over-refined readers off to know that this is written by the kitchen stove, where my easy rocker has been brought, while I write and wait for the boiling of the plum jelly, previous to putting on the pear marmalade. Superb young ladies may expect to find a kitchen flavor in this article. A snug kitchen polished and dusted, smelling of spiced peaches and garnished with jars, glass cans, large and small, and jelly tumblers in order for filling, and a bushel of sugary pears waiting to be dealt with as soon as this letter is done, a homely little cosy kitchen, the comfort and recreation of its owner who always comes into it with a feeling of relief. Ideas and human nature are subtle things to handle, and to deal with them at all worthily tires hand and head, but here are only *things* that answer infallibly to rule, and can be handled mechanically, with the pleasure of success at the end. One may write heart and soul out, trying to win people to be charitable and wise and elegant and economical, and all that is of good report, for self indulgence and prejudice and whim cross all reasoning, but pears will come clear in syrup, and jelly will form, and cake rise 365 days in the year, without once thwarting or tormenting you. I am free to confess that most days of the last fortnight the writer might be found poring over receipt books, piled seven high, new ones, and heirlooms with fly spots and flecks of pastry where they had lain open on kitchen tables, and enriched with MS. receipts, seeking to combine the most approved theories and put them to the test of practice. The combined points, from Miss Beecher and Mrs. Cornelius down to Marion Harland and Mrs. Henderson, together with the latest practice of town housekeepers may be of some assistance to those who read thus far, and if too late for this season, will do to keep for next.

HOW TO CAN FRUIT.

I have said this is a rich fruit region, where everything ripens from peaches large as one's fist to crab apples and frost grapes. The clever little farmer's wife who drives round in her fresh linen suit and straw hat to bring the butter, melons and pears to her customers tells me the custom here is to fill the glass cans with cut fruit and syrup, screw the tops partly on, and heat in the cans, instead of scalding the fruit in a kettle and pouring into the glass jars, always a risky, finger-burning performance. The boiler of water is set over the fire, and when it is milk warm, the filled cans are set in it, with a board or thick folded paper under them, and clothes wrapped about them, or a frame of hoop skirt wire to keep them from striking each other. Hay or straw answer as well. The water should come up to the necks of the cans, which need a board and weight on their tops to keep them from rising in the water. Then the cover is put on, and the whole allowed to heat gradually to boiling point. The fruit is allowed to remain 10 minutes after the water boils, and lifted out by a stout, long-handled skimmer run under a jar carefully, while the top is steadied by the other hand wrapped in a towel, for it is hot business for a moment. There must not be the least draft of air in the room, for striking the hot glass it may crack it immediately. I close all doors and windows at the moment, and keep the jars from the air till cool. The tops should be tightened instantly on taking them out, and a convenient wrench comes for the purpose of tightening them without turning the hands, and for opening when used. If the rubber bands are tight and whole before filling the cans and the covers are tightened again after cooking, the contents will keep for years, and in this way the fruit retains its firmness and flavor more finely than in the usual way of transferring to the jar when scalded. The contents will shrink on cooling, and the jars not be full, but, if no air can get inside the jar, the vacuum protects the fruit. Don't fill them with hot syrup afterward, if the tops were tight in the first place. The fruit for canning every one knows should be just ripe, but not soft or mellow. Pears should be green skinned, and plums and peaches firm and without speck. Very little sugar is needed, the fruit is pared, cut in two—plums and pears whole, if possible, and the stems on, as the most elegant foreign preserved fruits come to us—and a teacupful of sugar is quite enough for each quart jar, or quart of fruit. Marion Harland directs a heaping tablespoonful of sugar, strewn between the layers of each quart of peaches, berries or sweet pears, and it is quite enough. The fruit should not be *cooked*, but steamed slightly, the object of heating being to drive the air out of the bottles, and sealing the fruit in vacuum, where it will keep indefinitely. As soon as cool, remove to a dark, cool place, for light soon spoils fruit in glass cans. With cans at 90 cents a dozen, it is as cheap to put up fruit in this way for the supply of a family, to use freely as vegetables, as to provide any other food, and remembering that healthy people are to eat three times a day for a year—1,095 times, the housewives of no region are likely to find their supplies extravagant.

JELLIES AND SWEETMEATS.

What is the reason there never was a healthy man, child or girl yet who was not fond of old fashioned sweets? Sugar and syrups contain a condensed food that goes directly to nerve, flesh and heat. Doctors prescribe *eau sucre* to paralytic patients, because it feeds the brain and nervous force. The craving of children for candy and sweets is perfectly legitimate and should be satisfied. It is the nibbling at odd times that ruins stomachs. A few spoonfuls of thick syrup from fine sugar will allay hunger as few other foods will, and the housekeeper who can furnish clear syrup, and candied fruit may rest easy, that in pleasing her family, she supplies them indispensable food. Sugar by handfuls has been served as rations to troops, and is fed to horses and dogs, always with benefit, making the men enduring, leaving the animals plump and glossy, showing the best condition of health.

If any one has plenty of fruit, and wants the finest and sharpest of jellies to relish with meats, or to feed the sick and bilious, let her wash and wipe nice plums, grapes crab apples or any tart juicy fruit put them in a small, covered stone jar or crock, and leave in a moderate oven for several hours. They are best left in a range or brick oven, over night. No sugar is used, and no water is needed, for fruit can hardly burn in a stone jar. Strain the juice from the fruit through flannels and return to the clean jar, and let it boil down in the oven, till it jellies with its own gum and sugar, at the last adding three tablespoonfuls or less to the pint if found too sharp. Clear, delicious tart jelly is formed in this way, and a glassful or two should at least be made for sickness. A spoonful in a goblet of water makes a delightful drink, very grateful in fever.

For sweet jellies, the juice drawn from the fruit in the same way, strained and re-strained through thick flannel, till clear, should be set to boil in the porcelain lined kettle, or in a stone crock, which makes a slow but capital preserving kettle, while the sugar is spread on pie-plates to heat in the oven. Boil the juice slowly and steadily 20 minutes from the time it begins to boil, then add the sugar, which should be hot enough not to stop the boiling, stir well, and let it boil up once after dissolving; take the jelly glasses from the pan of hot water, when they should stand to heat, wipe and fill immediately. The jelly should set at once. If it does not, it is because the fruit juice has been allowed to stop boiling after it began, though but for a moment. Jelly can be made in this way with half the weight of sugar perfectly well, instead of using pound for pound in the old fashion. If, from the fruit being too watery, as happens in cold seasons, the jelly does not form, do not boil it down, but set the glasses in a sunny window with a piece of window-glass over to keep dust out. The sun will develop the sugar and evaporate it without spoiling the color, as boiling does. If jelly is dark, it is from boiling too hard or too long. Cover glasses with writing paper, rubbed with white of egg to keep out the air, unless the covered tumblers are used.

All the mellow fruit makes the best of marmalade, for which peaches, plums, quinces or apples are pared and cut, sugar stewed between the layers, three-fourths of a pound to a pound of fruit, and all slowly boiled together an hour and a half, mashing all to pulp with a spoon. The cores and parings should be boiled in a little water, rubbed through a sieve and the juice and pulp boiled down with the rest.

The mail closes soon, and I have only time to add that speaking of correspondence received, in my letter next to the last, I wrote "complimentary and effusive," instead of offensive, as the types made it. Also, previously, I wrote of Gov. Sprague's friends "receiving the cold shoulder in my lady's drawing-room," instead of *any* lady's. I fear sometimes these types will work more offense for me that they can undo. SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Democratic Party Depressed—The Executive Committee Drawing on the Barrel—Fred Douglass and the Emigration—Mr. Sherman's Enlarged Resumption—The President—The Fight With John Kelly.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 1879.

It is current among Republicans here, that the Democratic party is not only very much depressed in regard to the political situation but distracted in its counsels and not able to agree on any line of policy that will command the general support. The hard money men are complaining that such a man as Ewing should get support as a Democratic candidate, and Ewing complains that he is not cordially supported in his canvass, while the results in Maine and California, and the fatal divisions in New York have destroyed all confidence, and made the Northern elections so hopeless that the Democrats cannot come to any agreement as to the remedies that should be adopted.

After a good deal of drumming, there was a meeting here yesterday of the executive committee of the National Democratic Committee, and a good deal of curiosity was manifested to know what was the particular business on hand. Chairman Barnum was beset on all sides by the newspaper men, but he was not very communicative. He was positive, however, in his assertions that it had nothing to do with the situation in New York. There seems to be a pretty general agreement that the meeting was called to devise means for helping Ohio. Mr. McKinney, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee (Ohio), was in attendance and read a long paper in which he probably set forth the necessities of the Democratic situation, and it is probable that the Tilden bar'l was tapped, as Mr. McKinney made a bee-line for Ohio as soon as the meeting was over. Thompson professed to feel confident of Ewing's election, but the meeting wore a melancholy aspect, and the bluster and brag which usually attends such meetings was rather of the negative kind and not at all demonstrative.

Since my last letter the Democratic papers have indulged in a great variety of speculation in regard to the split in New York. Perhaps the favorite theory has been that Tilden would have Robinson withdrawn and advance Clarkson N. Potter to the first place on the ticket, and so get a reconciliation with Tammany. But all these speculations have been dropped, and everybody seems to have come to the conclusion expressed in my letter, that the split was made by the Tilden ring for the purpose of weeding out the Kelly faction and making smooth water for Mr. Tilden at the Convention next Spring. Mr. Tilden has a way of putting aside all prominent men who do not sneeze whenever he takes snuff, and the open hostility which Tammany was assuming made it necessary for him to make a demonstration of his power. He has a sublime reliance on the "bar'l" to bring about a restoration of good feeling, after the City Democracy have had a little wholesome discipline, and assures everybody that all will come around right in the course of the year. So Tammany goes down in the interest of his nomination.

The BLADE notices the article of Marshal Douglass on the subject of negro emigration and seems to regard it as an argument against that movement. But on reading that article your correspondent rather got the idea that Douglass was looking one way and rowing another. Certainly if the case is as he represents it the negro would be a bigger fool than even his old master believes him to be if he stays in the South at such disadvantages, while land and freedom and schools and the comforts of life await him a little distance away. Here is what Mr Douglass says about the causes of this emigration:

> They tell us with great unanimity that they are very badly treated at the South; that the land-owners, planters and the old master-class generally deal unfairly with them. They say that they are the dupes and victims of cunning and fraud in signing contracts which they cannot read and cannot fully understand: that they are compelled to trade at stores owned wholly or in part by their employers, and that they are paid with orders and not with money. They say they have to pay double the value of nearly everything they buy; that they are compelled to pay a rental of $10 a year for an acre of ground that will not bring $30 under the hammer; that land owners are in league to prevent land-owning by negros; that outside the towns and cities no provision is made for education; that they are not only the victims of fraud and cunning; but of violence and intimidation: that the murder of a black man by a white man is followed by no conviction or punishment; that for a crime for which a white man goes free, a black man is severely punished; that impunity and encouragement are given by the wealthy and respectable classes to men of the baser sort who delight in midnight raids upon the defenseless; that their ignorance of letters has put them at the mercy of men bent upon making their freedom a greater evil to them than their slavery; that the law is the refuge of crime rather than that of innocence; that even the old slave-driver's whip has reappeared, and the inhuman and disgusting spectacle of the chain-gang is beginning to be seen; They despair of any change for the better, declaring that everything is waxing worse for the negro, and that his only means of safety is to leave the South. * * *

After drawing such a picture as that, Mr. Douglass' exhortation to these people to remain and bear these evils for a generation longer when the way out for them is perfectly plain and simple will not be likely to have much weight.

If it be true that "too many cooks spoil the broth," Ben Butler's broth must be in a bad way; for he seems to get the nomination of all the factions in Massachusetts. His biggest nomination comes from the Butler Democrats, but he is also yoked with Wendell Phillips on the Workingman's ticket, has got on the Independent ticket, and the Greenback ticket, and probably others. But, just now, with a united Republican party to face, and a strong nomination, his chances do not look brilliant. Little Tarbox, who presided at the Butler Democratic Convention, did but small justice to the Southern doctrine of State rights. He said: We stand by the Jeffersonian doctrine of a *sovereign union of sovereign States—absolute national supremacy over all subjects within the Constitutional prerogative of the Federal Government, and State supremacy, as absolute, over all other objects of legitimate government*." Absolute nationality makes us a Nation, and not a confederation of Nations, as Alexander H. Stephens puts it. There is no desire anywhere to cripple the States in the powers given them by the Constitution; but when the Constitution says in express terms that "Congress may at any time, by law;" alter the regulations of the States in regard to the election of representatives, one would think that its rights in that regard were supreme, and overruled those of the States.

Secretary Sherman manages to keep the Democratic mind uneasy, and has also interfered, a little, with the set speech of Sen. Thurman. Mr. Thurman complains that resumption is a sham because the Treasury pays out gold only at the sub Treasury in New York. But, with gold flowing to the United States from all the monied centers of Europe, there was no necessity of limiting the payments, as charged by the Ohio Senator, and the Secretary has, accordingly, made arrangements for paying out gold at all the sub-treasuries. But he ought to do still more. If gold is ever to come into circulation as the currency of the people, our small bills must be suppressed. Before the war, in New York, and in many other States, no Bank notes were issued of a less denomination than $5; and in England, where gold is the common currency for all small transactions, the Bank of England issues no notes less than £5, or $25. If we are to keep our gold, it must be diffused in the pockets of the people.

The President is making sensible speeches to the people of Ohio and Michigan, and it is to be hoped that his words will be heeded. The attention which he everywhere receives shows that the hearts of the people are truer than their public organs, and are everywhere loyal to good order and good government. When the President says that "no community can afford to allow its citizens to be oppressed," he utters a truth which the whole South should take to heart. If ever a people put out their own eyes and deliberately turned away from their best assured means of prosperity, it is the bulldozers of the South. There is now coming to our shores a great flood of people who are flying from the hard times that oppress the lower classes in Europe. They are not paupers, but artisans and farmers, with skill and means. But they do not go to the South. They go where there is education for their children, where there are orderly governments that protect the poor man as well as the rich, where Cities and States do not set the example of cheating their creditors, and where the mob does no bear rule. The South, with every advantage of soil and climate, shuts out these people that are knocking at their doors, and so treats its dependent poor that they are flying from their homes as from a pestilence. As the President says: "No community can afford to allow its citizens to be oppressed."

The Tilden Democrats of New York who are grating their teeth at John Kelly appear to have every advantage of him, but are still far from being satisfied. They had their way in the State Convention and have got the barrel besides, and declare that "it is mighty and will prevail;" but their reform would progress more to their liking if Kelly could be Yazooed and Tammany raided by a red-shirt brigade. After all there is nothing like a shot gun to keep a party together and make things solid. BUCKEYE.

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

A Pleasant Incident in Editorial Life

Occurred to Mr. Pearce, the enterprising editor of the Bethel (Conn.) *Ledger*, and is thus described in his letter. Who wouldn't be a fortunate editor!

AUGUST 25, 1879.
OFFICE OF BETHEL LEDGER, BETHEL, CONN.

M. A. Dauphin, No. 319 Broadway, New York City:

DEAR SIR:—I take this opportunity of informing you that the agent of Adams Express Company delivered to me last Saturday morning a package, which, on breaking the seal, I found to contain fifty one-hundred dollar bills, the exact amount ($5,000) which my ticket, 22,965, drew Aug. 12th, and which I obtained by enclosing one dollar to you by mail. Thanking you, I remain,
Yours, sincerely,
JOHN T. PEARCE.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had given him, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, throat and lung affections; also a positive cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive I will mail, free to all who desire, this recipe in German or English, with directions for use. Address with stamp, naming this paper, M. C. ROSE, 154 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

MRS. CHISHOLM'S STORY,

She Tells at the Trial of the Death of John Gully.

Her Testimony as to the Murder of Her Husband and Children—In the Face of It, Henry J. Gully is Pronounced Not Guilty.

New York Tribune, September 20.

On Sunday, April 22, 1877, my husband went to Mobile to transact some business with his merchant. On Thursday afternoon he returned home. Our children were just ready to go out into the woods to gather ferns and mosses, my daughter Cornelia intending to build a fernery in the parlor fireplace. How well I remember my husband's entering the front door of the family sitting room where Mrs. White, Mrs. McLanahan and I then were! In the parlor sat Cornelia, on the piano stool, her gloves and handkerchief lying by her side. Clay and Cornelia finally drove off in the buggy with the pretty bay horses that were their pride. When the dinner was finished my husband placed on the table a box, saying to me: "There is something for you." Opening it, a beautiful jewel sparkled and scintillated before my eyes. Once more at the twilight supper, we all came together. How gladly Johnnie helped to tell of what the children saw in the woods, of how they climbed the steep hills and descended into the deep gorges! Angels never guarded a happier home than that. After supper was over, my husband and the children went out on the front porch. In a few moments a mulatto man, called "Doe" Hampton, appeared in the full light. He was one of the farm laborers, and was on horseback. Near behind him came another horse, saddled and bridled, but riderless. Before halting from a brisk, hard gallop, he seemed to be under excitement, and to talk as if to himself, He said: "They have got him at last." Directly my husband came to me in the dining room and said there was an unusual disturbance about Gully's store. He did not know what, but he said he heard some unusual talking about somebody having been shot. Getting no satisfaction as to what had really happened, and knowing that in any event it was not likely he would get any correct information, my husband, being tired from his journey, asked for a light and bath, after which he went to bed. The children went into the parlor to hear music. Suddenly at the back door I heard a violent knocking, and went to the door. The cook's voice said, "Open the door, quick." Said I, "What is the matter?" She replied, "Old John Gully is dead. Some one shot and robbed him, taking his hat and boots"—adding—"and his wife and family went to him as he lay in the road."

Horrified, I turned and went to my husband. That poor old man, I must here add, who had been summoned unprepared to meet his God, and had been robbed, was for long years my husband's enemy. Time and again he had planned and almost executed his murder, and when he had at one time heard that Mr. Chisholm had died, he cursed his soul and said he ought to have been dead and d——d long ago But when I told my husband of his murder, he was at first horrified. When I told him his wife and daughters had gone to him in the road, he said: "Well, poor old Gully has been a bad man, but surely not worse than the wretch who could do such a crime as that." At bedtime Cornelia was afraid to go to her room, and I went with her, and Johnnie at her request slept with her cause she was so much afraid. On Friday and Saturday nothing but the great crime was talked of, and on Saturday Gully's body was taken to a country church, behind which he was to be buried. That Saturday my daughter and I went to Col. Griffin's to visit. I noticed a blank look on the ladies' faces, but they were very cordial, and knowing them to be our friends, I attributed it to my over-sensitiveness. Mrs. Griffin alluded in a laughing way to Covert, of Meridian, coming early to their house, and she having to receive him with little preparation. Of course the death of Gully was the chief topic of conversation. Mrs. Griffin told me Mr. Griffin went out to see the family on Friday, that there was great grief, and that the body was fearfully swollen and black end.

WHO MURDERED JOHN GULLY.

But to a wondering thought of mine expressed as to who the murderer could have been, Mrs. Griffin said it was "Ben" Rush. This I told her was impossible, as Rush left the country when Gully was shot before, because he was told that they intended to mob him at the time and make the shooting of Gully the excuse for killing a man they hated. But she would not be satisfied, and said Gully had in his pocket when killed a letter from a friend near where Rush had gone, stating that Rush was to be there on that particular evening to kill Gully on his way home from town. I asked if Mr. Griffin saw the letter, and told her it was strange they did not show it, and strange Mr. Rush would go to a strange country and announce himself an assassin, when he went there in distress and wanted friends; strange that he should advertise hundreds of miles away that he would arrive on a particular time, find Gully in a particular place, and be ready to kill him; do so, rifle his pockets of everything save the letter, and let that remain. But she could not be convinced because she was prejudiced by her feelings. We went home, and I told Cornelia I was glad we went, as that gossip was important to be known—that impossible as it was to be true, I feared that it would work trouble for Capt. Rush. I went back home and saw squads of men noticing apparently the direction in which I was coming. I went in at the gate and saw some of the men looking at our house closely. They acted as they had often done before a riot, and they were filled with whiskey.

I went into the house. Directly my husband came in. I remember this so well for it was his last coming home. All the family were there, and it being unusually cool we had a bright wood fire. I placed a large easy chair for my husband and said, "We have been visiting." "Well," he replied, "I hope you have enjoyed yourselves." I then related the gossip, and asked him what he thought of that for news. He replied that he thought the whole was a base falsehood. Said he, "Rush is not, nor has he been within 400 miles of here for four months," and added, "I had a talk with 'Jim' Gully just now, and he expressed feelings of warm friendship for me, told me his father and he had always been among my best friends at heart, even when his Uncle John was most my enemy. Gully then went on to say that some hot headed fools had been fools enough to say I had some knowledge of his Uncle John's death; 'but' said he, 'we all know better.' 'Well,' I replied, of course you do. You know well that lawlessness is not my style. It will all be well understood, but at the same time, I presume, if I had been murdered on the highway, no doubt some of my friends might have attributed it to Gully or his friends.'" "Jim" Gully then begged Mr. Chisholm to remember that he and his father were his friends. I replied to Mr. Chisholm: "I don't believe there is a Gully of them all who is not your deadly foe, and as to Christianity, the lives they have led and the times they have mobbed your house, ought to satisfy you about it all. I remember when you were in a manner dead with asthma, and the Ku-Klux came in a body—how my calling to the negros frightened them, as they did not know how many brothers you had helping to nurse you, and that early next morning 'Phil' Gully came in with his professions of friendship, begging me to take you to his house for a week to eat watermelons, right in the center of the Ku-Klux haunt, and that afterward we learned that they had put on their hideous disguises at John Gully's and taken supper there, and after riding, that they went to 'Phil' Gully's and ate breakfast before day, and left the disguises in his care." I further said: "I would not let them deceive me!" * * * *

LITTLE JOHNNIE'S DEATH.

Meantime Clay caught Johnnie in his arms and ran around behind the corner of a cage with him, saying, "Bud Johnnie stay here, I will hold where you were holding, you will be killed." Cornelia and Overstreet were now all who were holding the door, and she was broken down, the streams of blood running from her face, bits of broken lead from the striking of the bullets against the sharp bars rebounding to her face which was burnt and blackened by the powder—even the inside of her lips was shot full of the burnt powder; her strength was fast failing and the rush from the outside was increasing. Rosser was provided with a fresh gun, and the wretches from the outside were pressing up and shooting, and fresh guns were handed in by those below. All this was happening more quickly than thought can take recognition of. The door again gave way, and Johnnie, having escaped from Clay, ran back, just as Rosser had levelled his gun at my husband, and cried out, "Oh, my father," and rushing between them stood up in his spirit of self sacrifice, and Rosser, with the same demonical spirit he had manifested all day, stuck the gun to Johnnie's heart and fired both loads into it, the load going clear through his body and coming out the other side. When Clay ran off with Johnnie, he had happened to have Mr. McLellan's gun. This he placed in my husband's hand, and with that gun he killed Rosser. I did not know Johnnie was dead, but saw Cornelia fainting, and leaving everything else I ran once again my hands through the grates of the door, and taking hold of my baby girl with one hand, I stroked her bleeding face. I rubbed it and chafed it to restore her to animation. Already was she falling against the wall. I cried out. "My darling," said I, "if you are only my brave daughter a little while longer, maybe we will save father. There is no time to faint, my child." Suddenly she sprang to one side. I heard a cry of despair go up from my husband. Even then I wondered that he had faltered. I did not know the significance of the cry. I heard Clay and Cornelia join in it.

Suddenly the crowd surged around us "Out of here, let us out," was exclaimed, and they all seemed to drop down the stairway as if by one action, save the two demons who had through all stood on either side of me, urging the throng to more violent crime. They went partly down and returned, and each taking a foot of Rosser, the murderer, they, the murderers, ran down the steps, springing down two or three steps at once, and dragging him over the bottom of my dress. I have since been told that his brains were scattered all down the steps. The door was now left open, and nothing prevented my entrance to my husband. All this—from the time I heard my husband cry out in sorrow, joined by Clay and Cornelia—had not occupied, I am sure, more than two minutes. My husband stood with the empty gun in his hand, and the language is neither written nor spoken that will convey an idea of his sorrowful face. "Oh, my wife, they have murdered my boy?" he said. Here I met Clay. He gave one piercing cry and said: "Oh, mamma, Bud Johnnie is dead;" and here Cornelia: "Oh, mamma, Bud Johnnie, poor little Bud Johnnie, is killed." She said, "Here, I have carried him here, so they could not trample him under foot." I asked where he was, and followed the children, and may God always remember what I saw There was my Johnnie—my darling, whom we had all been most tender with, because in his early childhood he was more delicate than the rest—Johnnie, who had been so gentle and forbearing that his sister had often said, "Bud Johnnie is so good, I am afraid he will be imposed upon"—Johnnie, who had fought till one hand was gone, and then turned his head and one remaining hand. His arm was stretched out; the strip of skin holding the hand and his burning sleeve, which he had never had time to put out, was still burning at the hole; a great hole was through his breast.

LAST SCENES OF THE TRAGEDY.

Now I called to my husband to go into a cage till I could see what to do. The house was filled with the smoke of the guns. I ran down stairs to see what the mob were at. Cornelia hung to her father. Clay hovered over Johnnie. "Bill" Gully had squatted down, with his coat off, and seemed to be lighting matches. He called to me and said, "Any of you who want to come out do so now. We are going to burn the house; it is a fire now." I asked him what for; I ran back and wanted to exchange clothes with Mr. Chisholm. I begged him once more to hide till I could carry Johnnie out to keep him from being burned, and starting out with Johnnie I charged him to stay till I could see what to do. I went down the stairway and down the hall to the outer door; then I saw the demons coming back with fresh guns, headed by him who, in his devilish propensities, has put Satan to shame long since. I called to Clay to let us lay Johnnie down and then run back to his father. I turned and was dismayed to see him (my husband) coming down holding a gun in his hand, the breech foremost, Cornelia, nearly fainting, followed with her head resting on her father's shoulder, her arm around his neck, his arm around her waist. I called out, "Father, what are you going to do?" He said, "To take my boy home." I called to him to go back, the mob was returning. Cornelia had begged him to come down, I afterward learned, telling him "Bud Johnnie" had died easy—that it was better to be shot to death than burned alive. Just as I turned and saw my husband, "Charlie" Rosenbaum passed him on the stairs. "Why, Charlie," said he, "are you going to forsake me?" "Well, I don't know, Judge, what better we can do; they say the house is on fire." I ran to the foot of the stairs, facing with Henry Gully, who, I was already positive, had shot both Mr. Gilmer and Mr. McLellan. Getting before Gully I just had time to slam the door and press hard upon it, when the mob surrounded the outside door. They need not have thought my husband would run from the whole of them. Henry Gully looked on me with an angry fury, and put the gun within a few inches of my head, but seeing the grate in the door ran it through at my husband. I screamed to him to stoop quick so he could not shoot him in the head. Cornelia jerked him suddenly down, screaming and begging. Remember that from her beautiful face, even from her lips, the blood was oozing—even the strings of her bonnet, under her chin, were shot in two. Mr. Chisholm had no chance to turn his loaded gun. He called, "Let me up, daughter," and raising himself, met, within a few inches the gun. My daughter called out: "Don't shoot my papa, my good papa, who never did any harm, but has been good all the days of his life." Oh! If you must have more blood, kill me; I can't live without my papa." The old demon turned the muzzle—she had her pretty, soft, round, white arm around her father's neck, and pressed her whole person before him. Gully put the gun to her arm, and pulling the trigger, put the whole load of balls into her arm. My husband pressed against the door, calling upon me to let him out. I always did as he told me. He passed out. Gully discharged the other load into my husband's hip. The boy who had been active in handing guns all day was ready at his elbow with another. I tried to keep it from Gully, but could not. Gully at once discharged both loads into my husband's body and ran back to the door. Mr. Chisholm wavered from side to side, almost having to balance himself with his hands. There were some goods back in the hall. I cried to Mr. Chisholm to get behind them. "Phil" Gully ran out of a side room with a heavy stick he was in the habit of carrying, and seeing that Mr. Chisholm could barely hold himself up, ran to strike him down with his club. I sprang forward and asked him what he was going to do, but before he could strike Gully put another load into his hip, and "Bob" Mosely, shooting from the steps, put one load in, that made the largest hole of all. My husband several times said to me afterward, as he put his hand on his leg, that that wound was the one that was killing him. I can't tell how many wounds were mortal. He was wounded in all the internal organs. He fell and the mob retreated. I fell down over him. I was covered with blood, but not my own—the blood of husband and children. Said my husband: "My whole family are murdered; you and Clay are covered with blood; Johnnie dead, Cornelia killed; but, precious wife, if any of my children should live, tell them I die an innocent man; their father never harbored a thought or did a deed for which they need blush. I die for my country and because I would be a freeman and a Republican."

Cornelia fell over him, and he, kissing her, said, "My poor babe, you are killed." "No, I am not, papa," said she. "Yes, daughter, your are shot in your arm." "Am I, papa?" And this was the first she knew though a heavy gold bracelet had been severed and driven through her arm. She arose and Clay sank down, taking his father's head on his knees. I ran to the door and asked if there was a man in the town who would help me carry my husband home—telling them they had killed Johnnie and my husband and shot Cornelia to death, and I could not take them all. I saw a body of men coming, and ran back to him. "Bill" Gully was ahead this time to shoot what he thought another dead man, but I snatched the gun that had fallen from Mr. Chisholm's hands, and raising it, stood between him and the mob. The idea that there was even that much to meet him frightened "Bill" Gully, and for a moment he stopped, but he raised his gun and shot both barrels at me, without effect. I fired my gun back at him, and afterward heard I filled his breast with powder. This guard then ran off in haste, and Cornelia went to the door. There was not a half inch of her face, I may say, that was not oozing with blood, and cut with fragments of balls and burnt black with the grains of powder which was in her arm and afterward taken out by the surgeon. She raised her right arm, from which blood ran in two streams which looked as large as her finger. She said, piteously: "Won't somebody come help mamma carry my poor papa home? You have killed him. You have killed Bud Johnnie, and mamma can't carry both;" and, said she, showing her arm, "I am so shot I can't help her." Just as she had begun speaking, another division of "Kemper's best citizens" ran up, and when my daughter came to this point, five or six guns were discharged at her, taking effect in her right leg and heel, and literally riddling her dress. She turned to me where I was bending over her father and said, "Mamma, they have shot me in the leg this time." I called to her without daring to leave my husband, "My darling baby, keep out of the door, the next shot will kill you—and my little child, you will have to walk home, mother cannot carry father, Bud Johnnie and you." "Peck" Vanderender afterward bragged that he had put one load of lead into that girl.

GOLD COIN.

How to get it in Plenty.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—Tuesday it was stated that on account of the large accumulation of gold coin in the Treasury, arrangements were being made whereby gold and silver coin might be exchanged for United States notes at the several sub-treasuries. Since that announcement it has been discovered that existing law prohibits the exchange of coin for legal tender notes at any sub-treasury other than at New York. The order therefore has been amended so as to conform with the provisions contained in the resumption act.

The text of the circular is as follows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON.—Gold coin beyond the needs of the Government having accumulated in the Treasury of the United States by deposit in the several public assay offices of fine bars and foreign coin, for which depositors have been paid at their option in United States notes, the Treasurer of the United States and the several Assistant Treasurers at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco are hereby authorized to pay out gold coin as well as silver coin and notes upon current obligations of the Government and upon advances to disbursing officers, as may be convenient and practicable. Transfers of coin for this purpose will be made to any Assistant Treasurer when necessary by the Treasurer of the United States upon application to him. The Treasurer of the United States in this City upon receipt by him of a certificate of deposit issued by the United States Assistant Treasurer of New York, stating that there has been deposited with him legal tender notes in the sum of $100, or multiples thereof, will also cause to be shipped from the mint at Philadelphia to depositors at his risk and expense a like amount of gold coin. Standard silver dollars may also be obtained as heretofore. The exchange of gold coin for United States notes at the several sub-Treasury offices, except at New York, appears to be prohibited by section 3,651 of the revised statutes of the United States, but it is believed that payments of coin as above authorized will enable persons to secure all that may be desired.

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary.

Section 3,651 of the Revised Statutes provides that "no exchange of funds shall be made by any disbursing officer or agent of the Government of any grade or denomination whatsoever, or connected with any branch of the public service, other than an exchange for gold, silver, United States notes and national bank notes, and every such disbursing officer, when means for his disbursements are furnished to him in gold, silver, United States or national bank notes, shall make his payments in the moneys so furnished, or when they are furnished to him in drafts, shall cause those drafts to be presented at their place of payment and properly paid according to law and shall make his payments in money so received for said drafts furnished, unless in either case he can exchange the means in his hands for gold and silver at par, and it shall be the duty of the head of the proper department immediately to suspend from duty any disbursing officer or agent who violates the provisions of this section, and forthwith to report the name of the officer or agent to the President, with the fact of such violation, and all the circumstances accompanying the same and within the knowledge of the Secretary, to the end that such officer or agent may be promptly removed from office or restored to his trust and the performance of his duties, as the President may deem just and proper.

Lord Bloomfield.

New York Times.

The death is announced of Lord Bloomfield, formerly for 20 years Embassador at Berlin and Vienna. Dying without issue, his title is extinct. He represented almost the last instance of what was so common in England up to the close of the last century, a man originally winning fame and fortune purely by court favor. George IV. was devoted to music and no mean performer on the violin. One day at Brighton the gentleman who was to have made the fourth in the evening's quartette was prevented by some very serious cause from attending. The King was expressing his vexation at this contretemps in strong language, when a gentleman present suggested that he had lately heard a young Irish officer, then in barracks at Brighton, perform charmingly, and that possibly he might take the place of the defaulter. The King was delighted at the idea, and instantly sent to secure him. Lieut. Bloomfield came, played and conquered. The King took a violent and enduring fancy to him, soon appointed him to a valuable post in the household, and Bloomfield, ultimately raised to an Irish peerage, remained his most confidential companion up to his death. The son, just deceased, was appointed a page of honor, then had a free commission in the Guards, and ultimately entered the diplomatic service, and in 1858 was raised to the English peerage.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is the best preparation known to preserve the hair. Use it.

Lieut. Birnie at the Springfield Armory is engaged to Miss Nellie Gun. He mus-ket married and not t-rifle with her affections. *Lowell Courier.*

What Bonner will do with Rarus.

New York Letter in Chicago Tribune.

Since the purchase, much curiosity has been expressed as to the use which Mr Bonner intends to made of Rarus, but I had it last evening from a gentleman whose opportunities for knowing the facts in the case are not to be doubted, that Mr. Bonner's object in paying $36,000 for the horse is that he may secure a mate for Edwin Forrest, and that the team will be used to beat the 2:23 of Vanderbilt's team two years ago this fall at Fleetwood Park. Contrary to general expectation, Rarus and Forrest hook well together, and Mr. Bonner believes that with a little handling, they can beat 2:20 to the pole. At all events, he is going to make the trial.

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Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulderblade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

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Dr. I. Guy Lewis, Fulton, Ark., says:
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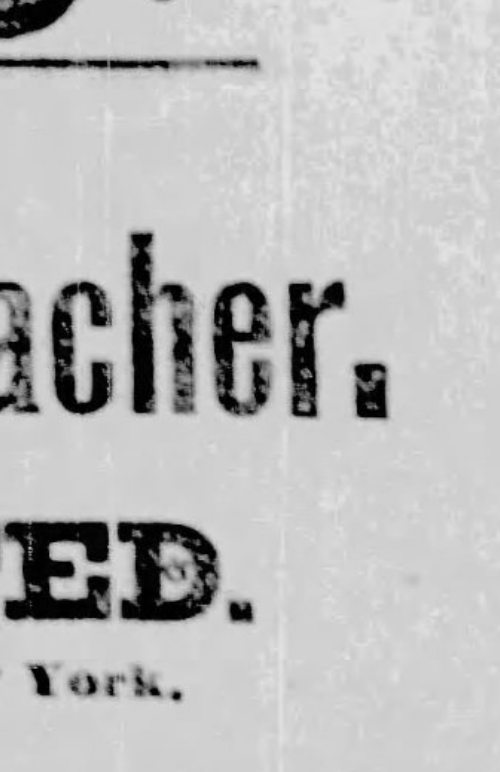

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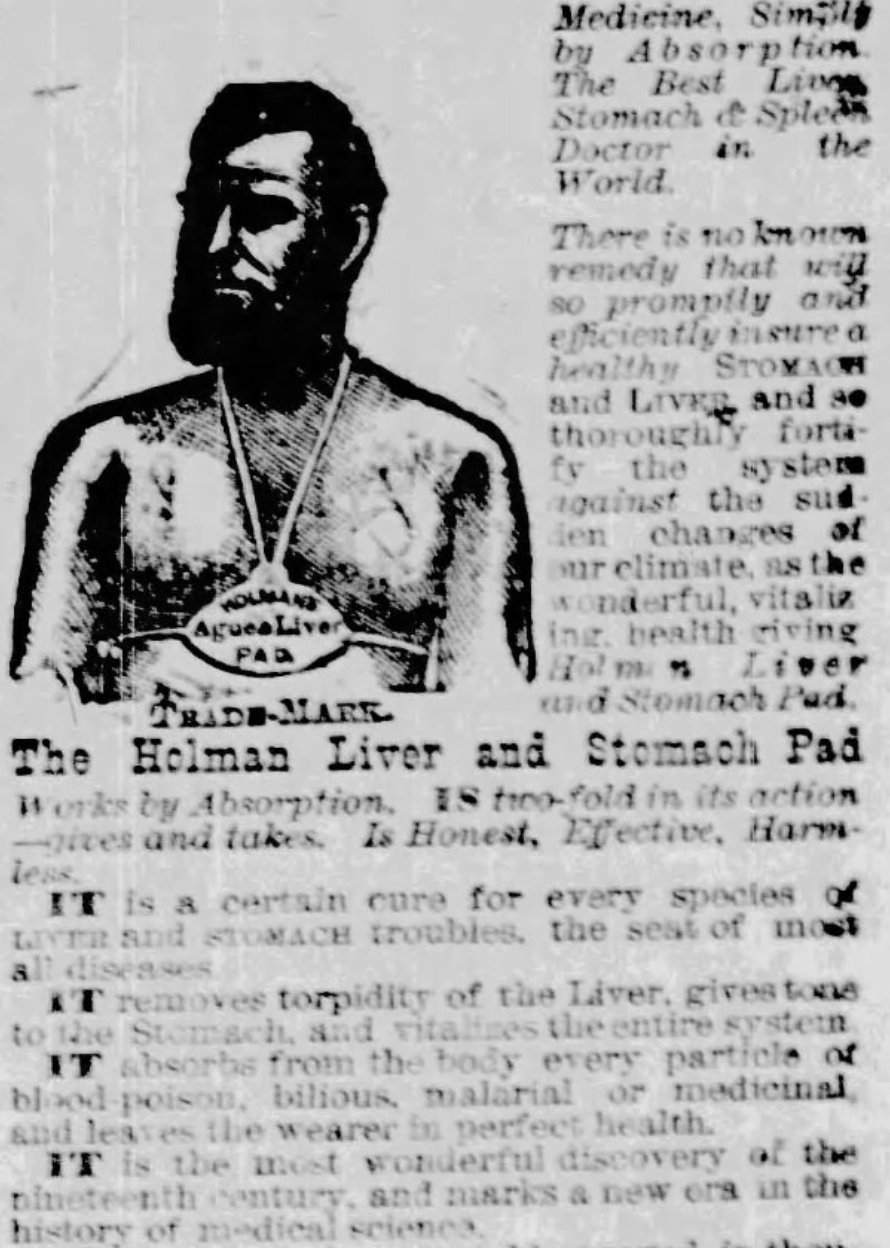

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L.S.L.

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The Household.

Correspondents writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Some Freaks of Western Rivers.

Last week I took a walk to the Arkansas, or rather to the place where the river ought to have been, for there was only the bed left. The water being all dried away, except a few little pools here and there. The Arkansas River runs in a wide, shallow bed, with a bottom of shifting quicksands, dotted with islands, grown up with willows and plum-brush. These islands vary all the way from a few feet, to 30 and 40 acres in extent. Weeds, grass, seeds, young cottonwoods, etc. were growing in the wet sand of the river bed from seed which must have drifted down and been left by the waters as they dried away. Thursday when my husband came home, he said the river was up, full of water from bank to bank. He has to cross to go to work, and just go to the bridge in time to see the water come down. It came in a wave 18 inches or two feet in height, roaring, hissing, and covered with foam, looking like some terrible irresistible monster. The town herd, some 70 or 80 head, were being driven to their feeding ground, three miles out. They saw the wave coming, halted, snorted with terror, and stampeded for the shore, followed by the equally frightened little cow boys. This is the third or fourth time this Summer the river has taken its mysterious ebb and flow, and the editors of our local papers are going to "correspond with scientific men East and investigate the phenomena." It seems to me the explanation is right here at home, and as plain as day.

Since the last of July 1878, until June 20, 1879, in this whole Western country, which is drained by the Arkansas, but very little rain or snow has fallen, in some places none at all, and but little snow in the mountains. Consequently what moisture there was near the surface of the ground dried out, cutting off the supply from the smaller streams, and that with the intense hot sun, and dry burning wind, which blew almost continually during the Spring months dried the main river. When the rains came they fell in such torrents the baked earth could only absorb a small portion of the water, which sweeping from the rolling uplands into every gulch and canyon, soon met and filled the main river in one broad wave.

Western spring showers seldom last but a few hours, and when the surface water runs off the streams are again dry.

In the Summer of 1872, the Solomon river took such a rise. At Kirwin, the water came in two immense waves, the first one about five feet, and the second, which quickly followed it, estimated at 15 feet high. People camping and living on the first bottom, had their wagons and goods carried away or their cabins submerged to the eaves, their stock drowned and crops destroyed. Several people were drowned. The most sorrowful circumstance was of a family camped within 20 feet of the high bank. Of four children, three were swept away and lost. The father saw the wave coming, and caught his eldest a little girl of 10 years of age, who was holding the baby, and commenced with difficulty to climb a tree near, calling at the same time for his wife who was in the wagon, with the other two children, to save herself.

As the first wave struck the wagon, and overturned it, the mother and little boy seven years old sprang out. The boy was never seen afterward. The other child who was asleep, was crushed between the wagon-bed and the tree, which the father was trying to climb.

With the water seething and lapping around them, threatening every moment to uproot the swaying tree, the child clung with one arm around her father's neck and with the other to the babe. At last becoming so exhausted she could hold on no longer, her father told her to drop the babe in the water, and clinging with one arm and his legs to the tree, he had her rest for a moment on his other arm, then with both her arms around his neck, climbing and resting, he at last set her on a limb out of the reach of the waves.

When the water ran down, the settlers for miles around turned out to hunt for the bodies. Only two were found. For months after, I used to dread to go near the river, for fear that I might see a hand or a limb of the lost child peeping from some drift or from the shifting sand.

An old lady camped near the bank had gone to a settlers to do some baking. The man came into the dugout, telling the women that the Solomom was rising.

Just as they got to the door, there was all the old lady's household goods, tables, chairs, bedsteads, bedding, trunks, etc., together with her wagon bed, harness and ox yoke, quietly floating past. In narrating the incident to me she said, Did you ever see any one have such trouble as I have? You forget, Mrs. Hatten, I replied—the family who lost their children.

Ah yes, said she, that was trouble, but nothing like mine. I have lost everything I had.

She afterwards recovered nearly all her things where they had lodged in the drifts. A gentleman, who, I presume is yet living at Kirwin, when the water struck his cabin, climbed into a tree to save himself, where he had to roost until the river ran down the next day, before he could wade ashore.

WESTERN WANDERER.

Pleasant Valley, Kansas.

Winter Flowering Plants.

There is no vocation in life which calls for a greater amount of forethought than that of the garden. Although as we write our eyes rest upon beds of stately foliage plants, brilliant verbenas, lovely geraniums and long lines of showy annuals, we are prone to remember that in a few more weeks at the most another season of buds and blossoms will be remembered with the past. These glorious summer days must in the course of the ever changing seasons, be succeeded by the gloomy, dreary days of winter. We who love the beautiful flowers which the hand of God has caused to spring up everywhere to adorn His footstool, desire them not only in the summer, but every day of the year, and it is surprising what a little forethought will do in securing plants for winter flowering. If we would have our homes look bright and cheerful, we must now see that the preparatory steps are taken.

I will mention a few plants that may be raised from seed, which I will send for postage, suitable for winter flowering. Seed may be sown in August in a shady cool place in the garden, the soil being kept constantly moist, and as the plants get large enough, they are to be put in the pots in which they are to bloom. Of the climbing plants or vine for winter blooming, the cobea and the mirandia are excellent. The tubers of the Maderia vine may be planted now in four or five inch pots, and "plunged," that is sunken in the ground to the rim of the pot. So also may the bulbs of the deliciously fragrant tube rose, and you will have their sweet blossoms early in winter. Mignonette and sweet alyssum may be sown as late as September, and transplanted to four or five plants in a six-inch pot. Ageratum will give you pretty blue flowers. The browallias are excellent window flowers, very pretty and easily grown from seed.

Plants in pots intended to bloom in winter require a season of preparation, and some of them of absolute rest. We must not expect a fuschia or a geranium which has given us their abundance all Summer to do the same in Winter. There are certain fuschias noticeably Carl Holt, Speciosa and Lustre, which are speciall adapted to bloom at that season. A large portion of our time is devoted to growing plants for our own amusement, and we generally have on hand more than we need. We shall give such plants to the readers of the BLADE who send us a trifle to pay postage and packing.

Of the Winter-blooming bulbs, of course the hyacinth heads the list, but as they must be imported from Holland every year, they are considered rather expensive by some people. We procure them in large quantities, and are thus able to divide our surplus stock among our readers at a nominal charge. There s the gorgeous tulip, the pretty crocus, the modest snowdrop, the sweet lily of the valley, and several others, which are all very reasonable in cost. These, with tea roses and heliotropes, will give us their fragrance, bouvardias and begonias their color, smilax and lycopodium their glossy green leaves, and enable us to adorn our homes with a beautiful fragrant boquet, even when

> The melancholy days have come,
> The saddest of the year.

One of our friends has sent us a pretty card basket, and we will be pleased to receive the cards of the Household writers in exchange for our own and the "gude wife's."

Please say to the lady who asked me to tell how to drive ants away from her peonias, boiling water poured in their holes is fatal; coarse sponge dipped in molasses water, and afterwards dipped in scalding water, will catch thousands.

J. W. RENNIE.

Hinsdale, Dupage Co. Ill.

Hints on Plant Culture.

When I went to housekeeping I could not endure the idea of living without flowers; and although my experience in this direction was as limited as it could possibly be, I sent for a few plants and seeds from a well known green house, and of course had a mistaken idea in regard to many of them. I found that ignorance is not always bliss. But, not entirely discouraged, I made the most of what I had, and by dint of inquiring around among my friends and neighbors upon the culture and management of every pretty flower I saw, and exchanging slips and seeds with them, the next year succeeded much better. And now, the fourth year, as my yard and windows were filled with blooming flowers from May until November, and my house plants still defy the storm king, I feel free to give my experience as regards this subject.

I found my failures in starting house-plants consisted in too large pots, too rich soil, too much moisture, and no draining. I put the slips in small cans or pots, with good sifted garden soil; cover with tumbler, water slightly, and keep in shade for a few days. When leaved out, turn out, plant, dirt and all, into a size larger pot, filled with dirt composed of three-fourths garden dirt, one-fourth of well-rotted manure and sand. This mixture will answer for most house-plants. Bits of charcoal or crockery make good drainage.

There is more danger of giving Fuchsias too rich soil than almost any other plant; it requires a cool situation partially shaded. If the central branches are pinched off they will bear more flowers. If desired to grow over a frame, tie loosely and it will grow any shape desired. After the plant is well started give more room and richer soil. Geraniums, after being well started, must have rich dirt, well-rotted manure, sand, and hen manure. Not much heat or water, plenty of air. Water occasionally with liquid manure.

Verbenas flourish best in open ground, but are splendid house-plants if allowed plenty of sunshine, as they possess an endless variety of colors. Keep ground moist, but never wet. After they are done blooming, shoots pegged down form new roots. Seeds can be saved, but as I find it rather difficult, prefer rooting.

Primroses do better started under glass.

Place your Cyclamen bulbs one half out of soil in small pots. A handful of charcoal mixed in the soil adds brilliancy to the blossoms.

Vincas are tender plants; need starting under glass; can be planted out in Summer, potted in Autumn.

I put my Heliotrope in a larger pot with a leaf-mould and rotted manure. It requires a warm situation. It is a desirable houseplant, as it is very sweet-scented, as is also the Mignonette.

I give my Calla entire rest during the Summer. When potting for Winter give plenty of bottom heat, by placing in hot water and standing till cold; repeat often and water well.

I give my Oleanders and Hydrangeas plenty of out-door air and sun, and consign them to the cellar in Winter. They need a bountiful supply of water. Cactus loves a sandy soil.

Before frost appears I remove all my old plants to the cellar, and gradually accustom my young plants to the atmosphere of the room they are to occupy. My flowering plants, together with Coleus and Leopard geranium, which will droop without plenty of water. Caladiums, which will grow in a more shady situation, I place in my east and south windows; those requiring the most sun on a shelf placed half way up the window, and on two top brackets screwed to casings and swung into the sun during day, and back to the wall on freezing nightf.

In the center of my south window hangs a cone basket filled with Thunbergia. On one side, in a rustic basket formed of gnarled roots filled with sandy soil, is my Oxalis. On the other side an Abronia completely covers a painted fruit-can, while I train up the casings Maurandias and Tropeolum.

In my east widow, in an old tin pan encased in a frame of wire coated with vermilion and beeswax, and filled in with moss, are strips of strawberry geranium, which soon take root and spread over the basket. In a cocoanut-shell is a dew plant.

In my north window hang baskets of German ivy and Feurlia, while my Madeira and English ivy are trained over the window.

When plants are blooming give plenty of water. To rid of insects smoke and sprinkle freely with snuff, and dampen foliage well. Cover up well on freezing nights.

As soon as warm weather comes I take slips of each plant, put them in small pots, and place on a round board one and one-half feet across with trellised edge; as they do not need the sun I fill cans with vines to train up the strings by which the board is suspended; others, trained downward, are twisted and twined together in a lovely mat beneath.

EX.

From Annie Abbott.

As "making the most of oneself," seems to be the great desire of most of the ladies, I will lay aside the few fashion notes I had prepared, and give a few hints in regard to the care of one's hands. These hints are intended for those who do their own house work. You know that this class of ladies as a rule, especially farmers wives, are expected to have hard brown hands, on account of their every day hard work. Now I claim that this is all useless, and will tell you how you can avoid it to a very great extent. In the first place take some old soft cloth (flannel is the best) wind the handle to your mop, scrub broom, wringer, coffee-mill, scrub brush, cistern pump handle, Now you can handle any of these without making the hands rough or hard. Next always have a soft holder hung near the stove to lift kettles, etc.; for nothing hardens the hands more than taking hold of kettle-handles when they are more than comfortably warm. Never plunge your hands into hot water. Only yesterday I saw a lady trying to wash dishes in almost boiling water. She would take up a dish with the tips of her fingers, blow her hands, then make another attempt, and thus dally until the water got cool enough to use. Now, could this lady expect to have any but hard, red hands? Keep a pair of old gloves lying near where your sunbonnet hangs. When you go for wood, water, or to work among your flowers, and a thousand other things, slip on your gloves. I also iron with a glove on my right hand. It saves burning the back of my hand and fingers. Farmers' wives try and follow this simple rule and you will be pleased with the result. I say try these simple rules, and when you are invited out to an afternoon party or an evening reception, and the party at your elbow remarks to another (so loud you could not help but hear it), "You would know Mrs. —— was a neat housekeeper by the looks of her hands; they show hard work," don't retaliate; don't even frown on her; but when she calls on you (as she surely will) meet her unblushingly. When she has taken a survey of your rooms and her eye rests on a corner lambrequin in the back parlor and asks to look at it, throw open the blinds, give her a fair view of your snowy curtains, and bed coverings. When she asks to see your house plants, take her through, into the dining room. By this time she "would like a drink of water." When you go for the glass, throw open the cupboard doors, give her a fair view of its shining and orderly contents, and when she is about to take her leave, and discovers the piece of fancy work laying in your lap and exclaims, "how can you work on that; I could no more handle silk with my rough hands than nothing in the world," just say to her that it does not trouble you *at all*. But I know there are at least a dozen of you sisters who are "laughing in your sleeves" and saying I would just like to step in and see Mrs. Abbott. If her house and furniture ain't a toggled up concern I'll give it up. Come right along, dear sisters; I welcome you. That you may know where to stop, keep an eye on the back door, and when you see a broom hanging up, with an old stocking drawn on the handle, turn in, that's the place.

Reading, Mich. ANNIE ABBOTT.

Home-made Hammocks.

Poor Pansy! how I sympathize with you. It is so hard to believe that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor see the familiar features of these who are so dear to us. I could not keep back the tears as I read your letter. I think I realize your great sorrow.

We have just had one night of terrible anxiety. Our four-year old boy was lost, and as the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, we dared not think what his fate might be. It is impossible to tell what we suffered as we listened to the shouts of the men and watched the flickering of the many lanterns all over the prairie searching for our little one. The river is near, and our great fear was that he was drowned. In our imagination we saw him still and cold, his broad, handsome brow as white as marble, his bright blue eyes closed forever, and it seemed life would be unendurable without him. We thought of every act and saw every feature of his dear face. Hope was all that kept us alive during that long, long, dreary night. At seven in the morning he was restored to us. He had fallen asleep, and had probably slept all night. Oh! how grateful we were. We then had power to weep and power to pray, and how earnestly our hearts went up in supplication to the all-seeing Eye who watched over and gave back to us (as it seemed, from the grave) our precious boy. We love him more than ever now; to us there are traits of loveliness that no other eye might see. It seems that we could not live through another night of such awful suspense. He is with us again, and we are content.

I want to tell you all how to make a hammock. We have some that we planned ourselves, and find after lying in them a short time we are completely rested. Take four yards of strong unbleached muslin, make a wide hem at each end, slip ropes through, fasten to a tree, and by changing your position a trifle, you have an easy chair, a bed, a swing and a cradle. We find ours very comfortable to sew in. The whole family enjoy them from the "house-band" to the baby; from four o'clock they are occupied until night. They are particularly attractive and amusing to the children. I hope some one will try this kind of a hammock, then tell us how they like it. We could not get along without ours.

T. W. Hey's letter is good. Girls, he is the man to love. He must have been a comfort to his mother. I hope he will succeed in getting a number of intelligent, industrious ladies in Kansas.

Mrs. Edwards, keep your children with you; they will more than pay you in time.

VIRGINIA.

A Wise Philosophy.

Did you ever hear of the old lady who had so many things to do she did not know which to do first, and so she went to bed? Well, I came very near adopting her principle this evening, for though being alone, I had decided to spend the time writing. The question was, what should be be the subject, etc. Being very tired, I dropped down on the parlor sofa to consider, and the writing came very near having the same fate as the old lady's work. Possibly it would have been better if it had, for work done with tired hands is not likely to be first-class unless they are much more skilled than mine. After all, was not the old lady a philosopher? It was a safe thing and certainly good to take needed rest. It might have been that all the other proposed doings could be indefinitely postponed without any one suffering loss. We have an uncle, a lawyer of large practice, and one of the hardest working men we know, who says he is never quite so sure he is spending his time profitably as when he is sleeping. "Is not the life more than meat and the body more than raiment?" is a question that it might be well for tired women to ask themselves. Would not less variety of food, less elaborateness in dress, in some cases leave more power to be a comfort as well as a provider of comforts. Our love may not be limited, but our ability to express it is often measured by muscle, and controlled by nerve, and a sad thing it is, if these fail us in time of great need. It is a wise providence that has strength as well as money in reserve for an emergency.

Like a minister, who makes a sermon and then puts a text to it, if we proceed much longer in this strain, we shall conclude that our subject is, "The evils of intemperance in labor," or something of that kind. Unfortunately, it is not only women who get too tired, but many a man, ambitious and untiringly energetic, has worked on and on when the weary eyes should have been asleep, and then the temptation comes for artificial stimulants, and a fire is started that no earthly power can quench. Nature is a stern creditor and will not be defrauded without executing severe punishment on the offender. Better keep peace with her by paying the honest dues of rest and sleep, then she will be our friend and not our foe. Remembering that the sun and moon will rise and set at time put down in the almanac, whether we do anything astonishing or not, we would often be wiser if we did not. If we are worth anything in the world, we should not hurry ourselves out of it by overwork. That the editor of the Household may not be further fatigued, I will quit abruptly.

M. E. D.

St. Paris, Ohio.

Those Sunday Soakings!

In the BLADE of July 24, Shirley Dare tells us how to make our washings easy. I have not tried her way but I think it would be a good one, but I have not come to talk of how the washing is done but when. She says, "I don't hesitate to say that I put them to soak [illegible] afternoon, holding that a half hours work which allows the washing done on Monday and sets the work of the whole week right, for women, is undeniably a work of necessity and mercy." Did not the one that gave the commandment Thou shalt do no work on the Sabbath day, know that we would have to wash every week? I know what it is to do large washings and have the clothes look nice, and do the other work as it should be done, and have all contented and happy without putting the clothes to soak Sunday. If we do our Sabbath duties well we will have no time, strength or mind to do any of our week day labors, God has given us six whole days to do our work in, and only one for himself. Will we rob him of a part of that one? No, let us be honest with ourselves and with our God, and heartily give unto him all that he asks of us. I know men that work in the harvest field on Sunday. They say it is necessary to save their grain. Does that make it right, when God says, "thou shalt rest on the Sabbath day," in saving time and harvest?"

This is a subject I am much interested in. I think there is a great deal of harm done in this way by Christian people, because they do not think enough about it. They do not think what a bad influence it will have around them. I think where there is a large family it is better to wash Tuesday, but if you *must* wash Monday, put your clothes to soak Saturday. If they are set in a cool place they will be in a good condition for washing Monday morning. Let us do our work as well as we can with the strength God has given us, being sure that if we find it is wrong to do a thing it is not necessary to do that thing.

Now a word to the tired mothers. In the first place let your little ones wait on themselves, it will do them good and be a help to you, and then when you have so much to do and the little one is so cross and you get discouraged and feel as if you could not stand that kind of life any longer, just stop for one moment and think that Christ that loving saviour is looking down upon you just now and he feels so sorry for you and his great heart is yearning to help you, then go right to him and open your whole heart to him and will he give you such a sweet rest in your mind. For His sake will you not be patient, loving and kind all through the long days and try to teach those little ones that God has given you to be so true, and noble, and pure, in heart then when Jesus calls you may go with an unbroken family to live with him in that world of pure joy.

A FRIEND.

Can Hay Fever be Cured?

A letter from Mrs. M. T. Underhill, in the BLADE for July 24, asking for "a cure for hay fever," claims a moment's attention, and although she says, "No one need recommend anything only those who have been cured, as no untried patent medicines are wanted," I will venture to say, (after a 12 years' experience of the 'indescribable tortures' she speaks of,) if she waits to hear from "one who has been cured of hay fever" she will die without relief. For the last 12 years, every Summer has brought to me a six weeks' trial of this most distressing complaint, making its appearance about August 15. Like the woman mentioned in the Bible, I have "suffered many things, of many physicians and am nothing bettered, but rather grow worse, until I have lost confidence in them all, and the conviction has grown upon me that a cure is impossible." An experienced physician once said to me, "It is a disease that physicians do not like to treat for; there is no known cure for it." I have never been exempt from the many ills common to the lot of woman, and yet as I look back over the 36 years of my life and recount its saddest, darkest and most painful days, there is no grief, no pain, no sickness or suffering that I have ever endured, that I would not willingly pass through again in preference to this hay fever. If Mrs. Underhill had said "*indescribable torment*," instead of "indescribable tortures," she would have used the only word capable of expressing in any degree, the sufferings I have endured from the distress in my head and eyes. I am not going to recommend any patent medicine, but simply say to Mrs. U., if she will try bathing her eyes in a solution of carbolic acid and soft water 20 drops to half a teaspoonful of water, wetting a cloth and laying it over the eyes I think she will find relief from the terrible itching and burning that always attends this complaint. This is the only thing that brings me any relief, and is, of course, only temporary, having to be repeated many times a day. All other kinds of eye water, and all the medicine I have ever taken, have done no more towards affecting a cure than so much rain-water. I do not believe a cure is possible.

However, I shall watch the papers closely for a response to Mrs. Underhill's inquiry for a cure for hay fever, hoping if there be "any who have been cured," for the sake of suffering humanity they will make it known.

MRS. L. L. JEFFERS.

Helping Hints.

When you fry potatos do not wash them after they have been sliced. To make flaky pie crust use one-third water and two-thirds lard, rub the lard lightly in the flour, leaving it in lumps; add the water cold and mix as stiff as you can roll, do not knead. If you are troubled with the juice running out of your pies (as fruit pies are sure to do) make a paste of flour and water, put around the edge between the crust and press together with a fork, never butter your tins and your pies will never stick.

Strew green tansy around the haunts of black ants and they will soon disappear, the above is tried and true.

I come to indorse Shirley Dare's method of washing. I have tried it and am delighted with its success. Away with hot suds and steam baths! Last week, when mercury was standing at 112 degrees, I wondered how I should do my washing. Even the thought of keeping a fire and standing over a tub of hot suds was unbearable. Luckily my thoughts lit upon Shirley's plan, and I put my clothes to soak as she directed, only I added a little soda to the water, as it does not require so much soap and is better to loosen the dirt. I will compare my clothes with any one who washed by the old method. It saves time, strength and fuel, which is a great item in this western country. I made my starch while I was getting breakfast, hence I saved all the fuel. I did not have to stop once to replenish the fire. Sisters, don't curl up your nose and condemn it before trial; try it first and then curl your nose afterwards if you don't like it; but methinks that abused member of the face will resin its natural shape. Thanks, Shirley, give us some more good hints

Can any one tell me if it is injurious to sleep with the arms thrown back over the head; if so, in what way, please explain. Is the prepared flour we buy made of Horsford's bread preparation?

LORENA.

From "Wych Hazel."

One of the greatest objections to farm life is its loneliness and want of sociability. I wish to tell the many country readers of the BLADE what our neighborhood has done to remedy this.

About three years ago a "Saturday Night Society" was formed, to which all over 12 years of age could belong. For convenience and greater sociability, the meetings were held at the houses of the members. Essays, debates, select readings and recitations were given. A question box proved very interesting. Remembering the old adage "All work and no play, etc." it was decided to have an entertainment. As we had no hall a porch was used for a stage, window curtains were put up for stage curtains and seats were improvised in the yard in front of the porch—or rather the stage. No admittance was charged, so of course a large audience was present.

The entertainment was pronounced a perfect success.

Last Summer our club gave another entertainment and we expect to do so this season, charging a small admittance fee in order that a library may be started for the use of the members. I am sure it will be both pleasant and profitable for any neighborhood to do something of the kind. Even to meet your friends and neighbors in your best clothes and with your best manners will do you good.

WYCH HAZEL.

Carterville, Ill.

Criminal Stubbornness.

What is the best way of detecting damps (carbonic acid gas) in a well? How is the best way to cleanse a well of it? When a person has been in a well so affected and becomes suffocated, how is the best way to resuscitate him? On the 9th of last April I set a hired man to repair and clean my well, and charged him to put no person into it, until he had let a lighted candle in it, to see if there were damps in it. I was clerking in the store and was not at home to see to it myself. My wife also insisted that he let a light down the well before putting a boy down to clean it out, but he had once worked in a deep mine, and thought no one could teach him anything, and he sneered at her about "that little hole in the ground," so insultingly that she went into the house, and in five minutes that same hole in the ground, held the dead body of our Charlie, for he fell off before got to the bottom. He was 12 years old—the best scholar of his age in the County, and a boy of great promise. He was our oldest; we left three younger than he in Illinois, and now our two little ones are all we have.

How strong our faith must be before we can receive such blows and still say, "Thy will be done." From whence cometh those severe afflictions? Are they judgments, or chastenings? or does God sometimes give us up to ourselves, that when we transgress a law of nature we suffer the penalty, as we sometimes say by an accident? What says the Household?

JOB.

Benton City, Tex.

Teachers' Wages.

Will some one tell me what salary a teacher receives for teaching a country school in the State of Kansas? I have taught five terms of school, and discover that after paying my board bills and providing myself with necessary clothing, I "lay by" but a very small amount. That is, while wages remain as low as they are now here. If I can do better in Kansas I want to go there. I am of Thistle's opinion concerning women receiving the same salary that men do. If I cannot receive the same wages at teaching that a man does, providing I am as competent, I will abandon the profession and follow farming.

DAISY.

Kellogg, Ia.

Allie.

Ah! to me 'tis seeming
Like an olden story,
When young life was teeming
In its golden glory;
When May time blossoms
Bloomed through all the year,
And life a Summer's day, was
Unclouded by a tear.

Twelve times since then, darling,
Emerald green and bloom
Have shed their sweetest fragrance
Above thy lowly tomb;
And oft-times now, as then,
I see the enchanted vision
Of thy angelic form
Painted in hues elysian.

J. L. KRYDER, M. D.

Cedarville, Ind.

PATHOS OF DICKENS.

His Description of the Passage Over the Dark River.

"Even when golden hair lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, he said with a radiant smile: 'Dear papa and mamma, I am sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go.' Thus the rustling of an angel's wings got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of heaven."—Tale of Two Cities, book 2, chapter 21.

"There is no time there and no trouble there. The spare hand does not tremble; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in her face. So goes next before Him—is gone."—Ibid, book 2, chapter 15.

"The dying boy made answer, 'I soon shall be there.' He spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, that were filled with figures of men and little children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered it was Eden, and so died."—Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 58.

"It's turned very dark, sir, Is there any light o-coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I'm a-gropin' a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be thy name.

"Dead! my lords and gentlemen Dead! men and women born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!"—Bleak House, chapter 47.

"He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arm close around her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world. Oh, not this! The world that sets this right."—Ibid., chapter, 65.

"'If this is sleep, sit by me when I sleep; turn me to you, for your face is going far off and I want it to be near.' And she died like a child going to sleep."—David Copperfield, chapter 9

"Time and the world were slipping from beneath him. He's going out with the tide. * * * And it being low water, he went out with the tide."—Ibid, chapter 30.

"One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth."—Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 16.

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help or need of it. We will not wake her."—Old Curiosity Shop, chapter 71.

"The hand stopped in the midst of them: the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency went out."—Hard Times, chapter 9.

"For a moment the closed eyelids trembled and the faintest shadow of a smile was seen. Thus, clinging to the slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls around all the world."—Dombey and Son, volume 1, chapter 1.

"It's very near the sea; I hear the waves! The light about the head is shining upon me as I go! The old, old fashion that came in with our first garments and will last unchanged until our race has run its course and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh, thank God for that old fashion yet of immortality! And look upon us, angels of your children, when the swift river bears us to the ocean."—Ibid, chapter 17.

"In this round world of many circles within circles do we make a weary journey from the high grade to the low, to find at last that they lie close together, that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting place."—Ibid, chapter 34.

"A cricket sings upon the hearth; a broken child's toy lies upon the ground and nothing else remains."—Cricket on the Hearth.

First Look in a Mirror.

The effect which the sudden seeing of themselves as others see them had upon several Siamese women is narrated by a lady:

A few weeks ago a company of Siamese women came to see and to look at my house. They consider it a great treat if I invite them through my rooms, and let them look at my bed, my table, my chairs, my pictures and knicknacks and especially if they can get a look at themselves in the mirror on my bureau.

One or two of those who came had been before, and they were telling of how they looked in the glass, till the others were all anxious to see too, so they gathered in a crowd and stood before the mirror.

One quick look, and then a surprised, startled cry, and some of them [illegible] faces, others jumped away, and some looked about to see who was really there.

They had never seen themselves before, and did not know how miserably they looked, with their black teeth and naked bodies. They drew their scarfs over their brrasts and tried to hide from the sight of themselves.

One turned and said to me: "We are very hateful looking; don't you think so?"

I did not tell them I always thought so, but I said:

"Now, since you know how you look, is it any wonder that we always tell you to wear more clothes, and to quit chewing betel?"

Some of them would not be induced to look the second time, while others stood and looked.

Our Young Folks.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

"The world," said the Bee, "was made for me—
All for me.
All the roses and all the posies,
So fair to see.
Were made for me.

"I take a sip from the fragrant lip
Of the waving clover;
Roses and lilies know what my will is
The garden over,"
Said this reckless rover.

"With subtle art I touch each heart
With my tender humming;
Each lovely cup holds its sweetness up
As it hears me coming,
Hears me gayly coming.

"'Tis plain to see that they worship me;
That they just adore me.
With my air so bold and my coat of gold,
They bow before me,
Bow down before me.

"The world is fine, and the world is mine,
In its fair completeness;
"And unto me," said the bold, blithe Bee,
"It yields its sweetness,
Its perfect sweetness.

"It is sweet, maybe, to live in a tree,
As the little birds do;
Or on sunny hills, by running rills,
As the lowing herds do,
As the happy herds do.

"The life of a flower in a garden-bower
Has pleasures many;
But to be a bee is the best for me,
The best of any,
Of all or any."

This is the song that all day long
This happy rover,
Sings to the roses, sings to the posies,
Sings to the clover,
The wide world over.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Gretelein and Her Queer Stove.

Far off, over the blue waters, there is a queer little house, in a queer little German Town. In this house there is a very strange tall stove; a stove nearly as high as a man, made of white porcelain, girdled with bands of brass which shine like burnished gold when the stream of eastern sunshine gleams through the small-paned window.

In this house there lives a large family of children, with a dear father and mother to watch over them,—Gretelein, Marie, Fritz and baby Lisette. Gretelein was an odd young girl, with great, wide blue eyes, and two little yellow plaits of hair hanging straight down her back and tied with ribbons.

One day, Gretelein was left alone in the family room, where the porcelain stove was. She looked cautiously around to see that no one was peeping through the windows, then she crept softly on tip toe to the stove and suddenly opened a little door in the upper part and peered into a sort of little oven. It was all of white porcelain, and looked like a cunning little white room. Many times before had Gretelein crept up to this stove and peered into her fairy house, as she called it; but it was always empty and silent as now. So Gretelein turned away with a sigh, her blue eyes wider and more wistful than ever.

The next evening, when it was almost dusk, Gretelein sat on a little wooden chair close to the window, trying to finish a pair of woolen socks for the dear father's birthday. No one else was in the room, and Gretelein often turned toward the tall stove, standing like a ghost in the pale light. It was growing too dark to see, the busy click of her needles stopped, and Gretelein leaned back in her chair to rest. Suddenly a soft noise attracted her notice; it sounded like the whirring of many wings. Quickly she stole across the floor, crept up to the stove, and with a quick motion opened the little porcelain door. What a strange sight met Gretelein's gaze!—a sight which made her eyes open wider than ever before, and her breath came thick and fast through her startled lips. There, in the silent white chamber, thronged a restless mass of little people, each no bigger than her finger. Before Gretelein could recover, the tallest and handsomest of these little elves fluttered through the open door alighting upon Gretelein's shoulder.

"Well, Gretelein," shrilled the little man, "you have found us at last."

She started so violently as the little elf spoke, that he nearly lost his balance, and clutched at her dress to keep from falling.

She was dreadfully frightened, and was on the point of running away; she did wish some one would come in; she thought she would never go near this dreadful stove again. How could she have been so foolish as to watch for fairies, and to wish that she could see them!

"You are afraid of us," squeaked the little man. "You foolish child, don't you know we lived in this stove long before you were born,—before your father and mother were born?"

"How could you live so long and not grow a bit?" ventured Gretelein, under her breath.

"We had something else to do—we have to make everybody else grow; we are your household elves; we work—oh, how hard we do work over you, even at night; we have to rack our poor brains to supply you with dreams; you are such an unreasonable set, you mortals, that you have to be amused even when you are asleep! Here, Dreams, wake up! It is almost night, time to begin work."

Two drowsy little elves rolled from an obscure corner, and sat up rubbing their eyes; one was a dreamy-faced, fair-haired little fellow, the other looked in a surly way from under a pair of black brows. He had a strange, white, terrified look, and crept timidly behind his brother.

"These," said the elf king, "are Dream and Nightmare, starting out on their night work."

Gretelein was next attracted to a lively group in a corner. Foremost among them stood the queerest little man with such a comical twist to his mouth and black, merry eyes, that Gretelein laughed in spite of herself.

"That," said the elf-king, "is Jokes, and that little chap next to him is Laughter, and after Dream and Nightmare are through with you, before your eyes are fairly opened, Jokes jumps into your ear, and Laughter perches himself in the corners of your mouth, and such a whisk as he gives it. The little fellow hiding behind there, looking rather ashamed, is Mischief. But sometimes that scowling group in the other corner get ahead of this one. That little imp no bigger than your thumb-nail is Crosspatch. He is dreadfully troublesome and hard to get rid of when he once fastens on you."

Gretelein shrank in dismay from these wretched little elves, and wondered how anybody could allow them to fasten on them. Suddenly Gretelein's attention was arrested by a radiant little elf floating above all the others,

"He fastened on Marie, yesterday," said Gretelein, "and I ought not to have blamed her so much, for after all it was not her fault, but that little imp's."

"Hoity, toity! not so fast little maiden; if Marie had resolved that Crosspatch should leave, Cross patch would have had to go. None of my elves ever stay where they are not wanted. Some are more easily frightened off than others. The uglier the imps are the tighter they hold, but the worst of them can be shaken off. There," he continued, "is a set that are hard to get rid of when once they take hold. This is Jealousy, and that Envy; that miserable starveling is [illegible]

"Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful he is! Why," said Gretelein, "my dear mother looks like him, when she bends to kiss me good night."

"That," said the elf-king, "is Love. He stays nearly all the time with the dear mother, he strokes her soft cheeks and smooths her brow; he looks deep into her tender eyes until they shine so blue; he holds her gentle hands and passes them over Gretelein's eyes when she is sick."

"And the dear little angel who goes hand in hand with Love?"

"He," said the elf king, "is called Faith."

"And those glorious ones?" asked breathless Gretelein.

"They are Peace and Joy."

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Gretelein, "how I do love them! Will they stay with me, too, these four beautiful ones?" She stretched her arms with a cry of entreaty and—woke with a great start.

The supper bell was ringing, Marie and Fritz were standing in front of her laughing heartily, and the mother with baby Lisette in her arms was smiling down at her.

Gretelein rubbed her eyes, then, suddenly remembering the fairies, she ran to the stove and looked in. There was nothing there.

"Oh, they have gone! they have gone!" said Gretelein, the tears in her eyes.

"You have been dreaming," said the mother. "Let us go to supper; after that, you can tell us your dream."

Gretelein almost choked over the first mouthfuls, she was so sorry to find it was not really true.

"Do tell us about it," said Marie.

"Do, Gretelein," said Fritz. "What did you expect to find in the stove?"

Gretelin was a brave girl, so she suppressed her own sorrow and told her dream.

While they were talking, Gretelein sat in a brown study. She presently looked up with a smile.

"It was true, after all," said Gretelein.

"True!" exclaimed Fritz. "Do you take me for a dunce? You always were a silly thing that believed in ghosts and fairies. Girls haven't a bit of sense!"

"There is one of them this moment, he is hanging in the corners of your mouth and wrinkling up your nose," said Gretelein.

Fritz involuntarily put up his hand.

"Pooh! what nonsense!"

"And little Cross Patch was on the point of making ugly frowns on my forehead only I asked him very politely to go away."

The mother smiled down at Gretelein.

"There, there," said Gretelein, "is that lovely little angel fairy looking from mother's eyes. Don't you see him, children? I am glad I had that dream," whispered Gretelein, nestling close to her mother, "even if it isn't really true."

—*St. Nicholas.*

Scotch Granite.

Did you ever have a bit of cloth that you thought clean until some time it happened to be laid close by a new piece, and then you saw it to be soiled? In a similar way people discover facts about themselves sometimes, as Burt and Johnnie Lee did when their Scotch cousins came to live with them. They were "pretty good boys," and would have been very angry if anybody had called them deceitful. Well, when their cousin came they were delighted. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he recited finely. At night, before the close of school, the teacher called a roll, and the boys began to answer "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to answer "ten" if he had not whispered during the day, he replied:

"I *have* whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you 'zero,'" said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnny that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it—nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say, 'I haven't,'" said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell 10 lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit amongst us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied very hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his own account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to; yet the school room seemed to have grown much quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of "disgrace." Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy blue-eyed Scotch boy *must* tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and "story-tellers." They talked him over and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Willie's name was very low down in the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was Gen. ——, the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I tell you that I want to give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy—the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his deportment' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite" shouted 40 boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.—*S. S. V[illegible]*

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

Important Questions Asked and Answered.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The night is dark, the air is raw and chill and damp, the storm is raging. An old and eminently respectable citizen out on North hill, is sleeping the sleep of the just with the snore of the wicked, and the private clocks on their respective brackets and mantels throughout the city, for Burlington has no town clock, are tolling, as well as they know how to toll it, the hour of 1:30 A. M.

A violent jangling at his door bell awakes the eminently respectable citizen.

Shuddering, he crawls out of bed; muttering, he gropes across the floor.

Swearing under his breath, he falls over a rocking chair.

At last he finds a match, lights a lamp, and descending the stairs opens the hall door, admits a gust of wind that blows out the lamp and a torrent of rain that drenches him to the skin.

"What is wanted?" the respectable citizen asks.

"Are you the resident owner of this property?" promptly inquires the caller.

"I am," wonderingly replies the eminently respectable citizen.

"Were you in bed when I rang?"

"I was," replied the eminently respectable.

"That was right," cheerfully exclaims the caller; "that is the place for a man of your age at this time of night. I am surprised to see you out of it. Get back to it, and pleasant dreams—"

All is silence after the crash that ensues save the mocking smile that dies away in the distance. The fragments of the lamp that are revealed on the sidewalk by the coming of the dawn indicate that either the lamp fell out of a balloon at the hight of about 29 miles, or was hurled at some object with great force. When will the mystery be solved?

The New York *Herald* complains that the dumping of garbage into the river is filling up the bay. It looks now as if pedestrians might cross from Brooklyn to New York on dry land a few years before the Brooklyn bridge is finished.—*Nor. Her.*

LUM SING LOO'S MARRIAGE.

The Rich Young Chinaman Who Won a Newark Girl's Heart.

New York Sun.

Lum Sing Loo, a young Chinaman said to be wealthy, married, a few day ago, in Newark, N. J., Miss Alice Dodd an American girl, 18 years old. A Methodist Episcopal clergyman officiated. Lum Sing Loo is about 27 years of age. He was born in Canton, China, where his father, a merchant, holds an influential position under the Chinese Government. When he was 15 years old, Lum Sing Loo emigrated to California. He settled in San Francisco, where his two uncles, Chock Fan Loo and Choo Yan Loo, were in business. He attended a public school for two years, in order to learn to read, write and speak the English language. Then he became a clerk in a Chinese drug store, and after he learned the business he returned to China. His father gave him a large sum of money. After a brief stay in Canton, Lum Sing Loo returned to San Francisco, and opened a drug store. His venture was successful. In two years he became a member of the firm of Hop Kee & Co., druggists in Dupont street, and also of the firm of Hong Woo Song & Co., wholesale tea merchants, in Jackson street. Eighteen months ago he rented the old Drummond property in Houston street, Newark, and converted it into a Chinese drug manufactory, the only establishment of the kind East of California. He built a high board fence about the property, so as to keep out curious people. A score of his almond-eyed countrymen, all of whom wear blue cotton blouses and wooden shoes, are employed in the establishment preparing drugs for shipment to China. These men seldom venture outside of the inclosed grounds, but Lum Sing Loo frequently visits this City to purchase herbs. His uncle and partner, Chock Fan Loo, a very tall and swarthy man, who superintended the drug factory, returned to San Francisco three months ago. He was angry, it is said, because his nephew was too fond of the "Mellican galee."

Lum Sing Loo wears his hair cut short and he patronizes a fashionable Newark tailor. He is slender and not above five feet five inches in height. He has pleasant features, and intelligence and good nature sparkle in his bright black eyes. Soon after he opened his factory he permitted several parties of young ladies to inspect his parlor and other rooms, but he would not allow anybody to enter the manufactory. He gave tea parties to a few female Christian acquaintances. Among his visitors was Miss Alice Dodd, whose widowed mother lives in East Kinney street, and she captured his susceptible heart on sight. Lum Sing Loo's attentions to Miss Dodd soon became so marked that the gossips began to comment upon it. Instead of eating with his workmen, he thereafter took his meals at Miss Dodd's home. He made her presents of costly jewelry, and bought her a gold watch and chain last Christmas. Diamonds sparkle in his shirt bosom and he carries a gold-tipped ebony cane. A few weeks ago he rented a three-story residence at 261 Lafayette street, which he furnished richly, and then he told some of his female friends that he was to be married. His associates are principally Americans, and he seldom mingles with his countrymen in Newark.

"Mr. Loo is a real nice little man," said a young lady who was seated in the bay window of a French-roof cottage in Lafayette street, Newark, yesterday, to a reporter for the *Sun*, "and all of us girls down here had set our caps for him. We liked his tea parties and his presents, but we liked his company the best. He's got lots of money, and he used to spend it on the girls, too. Ain't it too bad that Alice Dodd cut us all out? He used to escort us to the Methodist Chapel in Houston street, treat to ice cream and soda, and his pretty pigeon English is just too sweet for anything."

Mrs. Loo is above the medium height. Her black hair yesterday was wound in a large coil on the back of her head, where it was fastened with gold headed pins and comb. Her features are regular and her eyes large and dark blue. She said to the reporter: "We kept the engagement quiet because we didn't want everybody talking about it. Loo's people were pleased when they heard he was to marry me. He fitted the house up elegantly, and he was so considerate for my religion that he did not hang any Chinese pictures or characters in any of the rooms. A week ago last Thursday we were married by the Rev. Mr. Van Duyne, a Methodist Episcopal minister, who preaches in the Housson Street Chapel. We were married at his house in Eighth avenue, and my mother and sister-in-law were the witnesses."

Mrs. Loo's wedding present from her husband was a set of gold jewelry, with pearl ornaments. As the reporter was saying good-by she remarked: Some of the girls who laugh at me and affect to ridicule my marriage to Loo may get a worse husband. He never swears, does not drink strong liquors nor gamble, and is never cross.

A Good Judge of Novels.

Boston Courier.

"You are fond of novel-reading," said Aurelian Scholl the other day, as he saw the coachman he had just engaged stow away a formidable volume of romances beneath the seat. "Yes, sir; I have read a great many novels, and I am disgusted to observe the uniform ignorance of their authors as to the commonest affairs of every day life. For instance, here is one story in which I read: 'The Prince appeared agitated on hearing these words, and hailing a carriage flung himself into it, casting his purse to the driver, and cried, 'Drive me to the Faubourg St. Honore!' Then a few lines further on I see this: 'Valentine resolved once for all to solve the mystery, and hurrying to the stand sprang into the first vehicle that presented itself, and flinging her pocket-book to the coachman said, 'Follow yon carriage.' Now, sir, I have been driving a hack in Paris for 40 years, and I've driven thousands of people—all sorts of people under every imaginable condition—eloping lovers, jealous wives, levanting cashiers, and so on—and, so help me St. Fiacre! never in the course of my long professional career has a fare thrown me his or her purse or pocketbook. No, sir; they have just given me 35 sous—sometimes it was the round two francs, but very rarely."

The Enfant Terrible.

Harper's Magazine.

The speeches of *l'enfant terrible* on his first appearance at Church are many and singular—not to be Irish about it—and they have not all been printed, either. This time his name was Fred, a bright little nephew of the writer, and he lived in Illinois—he was an Illanoyster, as Thatcher says. His mother had taken him to a concert where there were recitations and music. The piece which most captivated his youthful fancy was "Captain Jinks," which was sung with great *eclat* by a sober sided fellow. The next Sunday was Fred's first day at Church, and he watched with interest the progress of the exercises, keeping very still during the reading and nearly through the "long prayer," when, becoming somewhat restless, he pulled at his mother's dress, and asked quite audibly: "Mamma, isn't it most time for 'Captain Jinks?'"

A Western Juryman.

Harper's Magazine for October.

It was out West, in one of those local courts where a friendly, talkative way [illegible] between judges, juries, counsel and clients. A man of the law, after developing considerable eloquence and perspiration in behalf of a prisoner, prerorated by saying: "Gentlemen, after what I have stated to you is this man guilty? *Can* he be guilty? *Is* he guilty?"

Greatly to his disgust, the foreman of the jury, after a copious expectoration, replied: "You just wait a little, old hoss, and we'll tell you."

As the poker-player would say: "Foreman had the age, and counsellor passed out."

He Rode by.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Gen. Burnside recently reviewed the militia of Rhode Island. The militia rode by in a hack.

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

How to Plant Trees.

We have received from a few of our customers complaints that some of their trees died; so when we could, we looked into the case, and generally found that their death was caused by neglect, carelessness or ignorance in planting. For instance, one wrote a woeful letter about his plants being mostly dead, but accidentally mentioned that he kept them for *two weeks* in his cellar before planting; so of course they all rotted. Another had crammed his trees into a hole dug in hard gravel, as he would a post—so the tree died because it could not possibly live—in fact he might as well have laid it on top of the ground. Another, that his trees cames in good condition, but he was not quite ready to plant them, so kept them, in the wood house for a week. A fourth, that his trees came all right, nice, large trees, but now they are all shriveled and don't grow. We write him—too much *tap prune*. Now, in the first place, if you intend to plant an orchard, or a few trees, find our from your neighbor what variety grows best in your section, and see if they sell well in market. Next, get your ground in good condition by plowing and harrowing until it is finely pulverized. If soil is wet or damp, it must be drained. Order your trees from a reliable nursery, stating that you prefer medium sized stocky trees to large ones. If, on the receipt of trees the ground is frozen, or if very windy, put them in a cool, damp place where they cannot freeze, and soon as possible, "heel them in," by spreading them out and burying well the roots and half of the tree, laying it on the ground nearly horizontally, and soon as possible plant out where it is to remain. Have the ground all ready. Never plant where an old tree stood before. The hole should be dug at least two feet in diameter (five is better), and have one foot of good, rich soil under the roots. Take your tree and prune off the ends of the tree at least one-third, always with a sharp knife. After digging the hole make a little mound in the center rather than a basin; and after the tree is set on it, carefully adjust the roots, so that each one is spread out in its natural position; the fine (no lumps) rich dirt is then filled in till half full, when you should firm the dirt securely with the feet, so that each little root will come in contact with solid soil. If it is taken in the Spring, or if the soil is dry, empty a pail of water in the hole, and the fill up with rich dirt. Just before planting, the roots should be puddled by dipping in a thin mud. After the ground is settled the tree should be the depth it was at the nursery. The trees would be better if securely staked, especially if along the road. Hoe the ground, and mulch with barnyard or stable manure or cut straw, which will protect from cold in Winter or drought in Summer. The manure must not be new.

In the after management of an orchard, the ground should be thoroughly cultivated, and small stuff, like raspberries, potatos or peas grown between the trees; but the ground must be enriched every year. Grass should never be grown in orchards except to be plowed under, except in old pear orchards.—*Lake View Horticulturist.*

The Saddle Horse on the Farm.

"The memory of man extendeth to the day," says the *Nashville American*, when the boys on the farm were proud to ride a fine young horse to church or to see the girls. They took pride in the colts, and taught them to move freely under the saddle, and above all, when the colt was broken he was taught to walk. Now the boys must have a fine buggy and harness, and the colt must show his style and speed all the time. The boy is in too great a hurry to allow the colt to walk. The colt, buggy and boy are soon a used up set, by fast driving. The whole business of buggy riding by farmer's boys is expensive, extravagant and demoralizing. Not one farmer in 10 can afford such a turnout for the lad. Many of them buy a buggy and let it stand in the sun and storm. They are too poor to have a house for vehicles. Such men cannot afford the luxury of a buggy. If we could return to the fashion of riding more on horseback we would save millions to the farmers, and the boy and girls would develop better forms, and have better health. Any lazy lout can ride in a buggy, but to be a graceful rider on horseback, one must have some energy and get-up in his nature. There is life and health in riding on horseback. The whole system feels the invigorating effect of it. The rider and the horse catch the fire of sympathy and excitement in the run, or fast paces, and every nerve of the body is brought into healthful and invigorating play. The mania for trotting horses has been felt on every farm in the land. The country is full of road horses that some man or boy loves to pull the strings on. They are usually poor saddle horses, slow walkers and rough. We need a reform. The place to begin is in breeding a class of horses of good size, style and action, that can move freely in more than one gait. The English market is open for such horses. The well knit horse of good style and action, suitable for the hunter or a carriage, will bring better prices than our average horse. The farmer will find it to his interest to raise a class of colts that the boys will like to ride. He can raise three or four fine saddle colts for what one buggy and harness will cost, and a fair saddle horse will bring more money than the average roadster.

Causes of Failure with Poultry.

The successful and profitable keeping and rearing of poultry, either for home use or for market, and especially where they cannot have their liberty, depends wholly upon good management, and upon strict compliance with numerous essential though simply requisites, *any of which* being omitted, only partial success at most can be obtained.

Some give due attention to many of these requisites, and, for the want of necessary facilities, thought or information, omit others. For instance, one complies with all essentials except a warm, dry house, yet wonder why his fowls do not lay in Winter; while another builds a good house, but with a northern aspect or omits ventilation or cleanliness, or perhaps has the ventilation so arranged that the fowls are compelled to roost in a constant draft; and he cannot imagine why they have colds, roup, etc. The house of another has no windows, and the owner, ignorant of the great benefit of the sun's rays, wonders why his fowls seem to prefer being almost frozen to death out of doors, rather than resort to a warm (but dark) house in daytime. Another overcrowds, which, with want of cleanliness, is a most frequent cause of disease and failure.

Another so overfeeds his fowls that they get too fat, cease laying and become diseased; while another omits to provide the natural requirements which they obtain for themselves when at liberty. Another neglects the supply of clean, fresh water, and complains that his chickens are afflicted with the gapes. Another is unable to hatch more than three chickens out of a dozen eggs, simply because the nests are not made on the ground. Another hatches chickens so late in the season that they produce nothing until a whole summer, autumn and winter's expense has been incurred in feeding them.

Each one of the above either fails entirely or only attains to a limited degree of success; and each in his turn comes to the erroneous conclusion that fowls do not pay. But we confidently assert that a few simple rules will, if properly observed, not only insure unfailing success, but that fowls, even when confined, can thus be made to pay better in proportion to their cost than any other class of domestic animals, and that the so called "bad luck" we so frequently hear of is simply *bad management*.—*Bacon's Guide to Success in Poultry Keeping.*

Insects Injurious to Fruit Trees.

To keep the insects from the trees requires the closest observance, and soon as found, destruction must commence. Their habits should be learned as much as possible. When the insect is in the winged state, is the time they lay their eggs. They multiply with astonishing rapidity, one insect often hatching thousands in a single season. June is the time most of the insects lay their eggs, and at that time bonfires should be built at night, when the insects will fly into them and be destroyed, or if you have only a few trees in the garden get some bottles with wide mouths and fill half full with a mixture of water, molasses and vinegar, and tie up in the trees; empty in a week and fill again. And at this time (June) the bark should be washed with soft soap, the trunk and the limbs as far as can be reached; also sprinkle a handful of coarse salt around the roots of the tree. We have found it valuable; put coal ashes, about a peck around the base of each tree, as it not only drives away the grubs, but acts as a fertilizer. The best way to kill the insects on the tree is to dust air slaked lime over when the dew is on the tree, or steep tobacco stems is boiling water and when cool, syringe the tree.

Birds are of great value in destroying insects, and they should have the best of care given them to encourage the building and living on the place, especially our common sparrow (*not* the English sparrow,) wrens, bluebirds, robbins, quails, etc. Don't allow them to be frightened or shot at, and they will pay well.

Toads and bats destroy a great many insects in the Spring. As the green fruit drops it should be gathered up and fed to the hogs, for it contains a worm which burrows in the ground. Where small quantities of trees are grown, as in the garden, it is a good plan to fence in the garden, it is a good plan to fence in the trees and let the hogs or chickens eat the green, wormy fruit as it falls; we have known plum trees to bear enormous and paying crops when treated in this way. —*Horticulturist.*

Different Modes of Curing Tobacco.

Much diversity of practice exists in regard to the management of sheds after the tobacco is hung. Some close them days and open them nights, saying that such a course causes the tobacco to cure slower and darker. Others open them days and close them nights, saying that it keeps out the dampness, the tobacco cures quicker, and is sooner placed beyond the sweating point. Others, still, leave them open both day and night, claiming that the little dampness of the night air is better for than continued dryness. A few who claim to know what is just the right thing, close their sheds when they finish hanging, and keep them so until stripping time, unless there is a long, warm, muggy time, when they open them after such a season has passed.

We prefer to keep the sheds open night and day for two weeks after hanging, and then open nights and close days in dry weather, and keep shut entirely in wet weather, after the tobacco has become fairly soft. After tobacco has been hung four or five weeks it is better to keep it as close as possible with an occasional opening in a moist time.

A few raisers hold to the old-time practice of using twine in hanging tobacco. Although it is the quickest and easiest way in which a lot can be cleared of tobacco, still where the tobacco is large, the damage resulting from broken leaves in handling is so great that the practice has nearly passed away. Spearing is much practiced. As this is done in the field, generally, no breakage results from carting, and if one is extremely careful, very little from handling. The use of hooks of the Phelps patent increases each year, and its advantage over all other methods must soon bring them into general use. — *Cor. New England Homestead.*

Hungarian Grass for Horses.

Inquiries have lately been made in the *Country Gentleman* as to whether it will do to feed Hungarian grass to horses. There seems to be a general impression that it will not do. I think that if this grass can be cut before it is too ripe, thoroughly and perfectly cured, and raked by hand, it may be fed to horses with perfect safety. I have fed it two seasons, and Charles Bouton, the keeper of a livery stable in this place, fed it to all his horses one year. But unless properly and very perfectly cured, it is apt to be smoky or musty, and of course injurious to horses, especially to those inclined to have the heaves, and when raked by horse, much dust from the soft ground gathers in with it, and makes it bad for horses. And so, on the whole, from my observation and experience, I should say it is better to feed the horses good timothy hay, and feed the Hungarian hay to the cows. For milch cows, it is quite as good, I think, when perfect in growth, cut as soon as fairly headed, and nicely cured, as the best timothy hay. Cows seem to thrive every way on it. They give more milk than when fed any other hay, unless it be clover and timothy aftermath, or clover and timothy first crop, cut early in June, before the timothy blossoms, and while the clover is just coming to full bloom. For a number of years I have produced winter milk for market, and have had occasion to make many experiments on different kinds of hay, sufficiently accurate, I think, to be reliable.

There is one curious fact about Hungarian hay—it seems to make the cows secrete large quantities of urine. At first I thought the eating of it simply created a desire in the cow to void their urine, for if 20 cows in the stable are fed this hay, they will void their urine, but not, I think, at the *first* feed of Hungarian after being fed other hay for a week or so, and so I concluded that it both causes the secretion and creates the desire to void the urine. I should like it if some of our chemists would show from analysis that it is in this hay that has this effect, and whether it is likely to prove injurious to cattle and horses; also, if some of our physiologists, who understand the construction of cows and horses, would give an opinion on the same question. I have fed it to cows eight or ten years, and to horses two years, and it does not seem to injure the former; they thrive on it. Nor does it seem to injure horses if it is cut before the seed ripens, nicely cured and raked, so as not to get it full of earth and dust. —*W. L. Chamberlain in Country Gentleman.*

The Indian Outbreak in New Mexico—Gov. Wallace Asks Authority to Raise Two Regiments of Volunteers, Which is Denied.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—Secretary McCrary received the following telegram last night, from Santa Fe:

The Indians are committing horrible atrocities in Grant County. Not enough regular troops. Please give me Federal authority to put three or four companies of volunteers in the field.

LEW WALLACE,
Governor of New Mexico.

The following reply was sent this morning:

To Gov. Lew Wallace, Santa Fe:

Your dispatch received. The Department is without information as to the nature of the outbreak or number of hostiles. I have taken steps to have the necessary force concentrated at once. In the absence of legal authority, I am compelled to decline giving orders to raise volunteers.

[Signed] G. W. McCRARY,
Secretary of War.

Persecuting the Democrats.

Dayton Journal.

In addition to the general revival of business, the flow of gold from Europe to this country, assured success of resumption, comes the official intelligence that the National debt wat reduced $3,500,000 during the month of August. Providence and John Sherman seem to be persecuting the Democrats.

Advice to a St. Lawrence pilot—If you see a rapid, "shoot" it on the spot.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

PRES. HAYES.

Arrival of the Presidential Party at Detroit.

The President's Speech Before the Michigan State Agricultural Society,

Which is Devoted Exclusively to a Discussion of Our Business Interests and Prospects.

DETROIT, Sept. 17.—In accordance with the program previously announced, the Citizens Committee proceeded down the river to Grosse Isle on the steamer "Victoria" at an early hour this morning, at which place the steamer "Northwest" from Cleveland, with the Presidential party on board, was met and boarded by the Committee, and after the introductions were over

MAYOR LANGDON

welcomed the presidential party in an appropriate address, which was responded to by the President.

The President was then taken to the Fair Grounds, where he made the following speech:

PRESIDENT HAYES' SPEECH.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF MICHIGAN: Reaching Detroit only a few hours ago, I cannot, from personal observation, speak of the condition of your agriculture, or of your mining, manufacturing, and other large business interest. The information which I get, however, from the newspapers and from conversations with intelligent citizens, leads me to suppose that the outlook for the laborer, the capitalist, and the people generally is, in this State, at least as favorable as that of the people of the country at large. This is what one would expect from its well-known advantages. Your State is almost surrounded by the navigable waters of inland seas, which communicate with many markets in different States, and in contries beyond the ocean. It is midway, by the best of railway routes of travel and trade, between the old and the new States. It has mines of copper and iron. It has manufactures, salt, and lumber, and raises in abundance the most valuable crops and animals which are produced in the north temerate zone. It possesses a climate which is healthful and friendly to labor, and which gives vigor and character to men and women. Satisfactory as the material resources of Michigan unquestionably are, they do not constitute that excellence which perhaps chiefly attracts the admiration, and possibly excites the envy, of your less fortunate neighbors. All the world knows, that when the list is made up of the most favorite States of this country, and of the most favored countries of the Old World, with respect to education—either general education or higher education—an honored and very conspicuous place on that list must be given to the State of Michigan.

A year ago, making a visit of two or three weeks to the West and Northwest, I thought it might be useful to speak of the financial condition of the country, and to present a hopeful view of the situation and prospects. The business depression which followed the panic of 1873 and then lasted five years; but there were indications of improvement, and it seemed to me that what was most needed was confidence, and that a presentation of encouraging facts and figures would tend to inspire confidence. It was my opinion, also, that there could be no permanent revival of business prosperity until the currency was placed upon a sound basis, and was exchangeable at its par value in the universally recognized money of the world. The friends of the constitutional currency generally believed that this end could only be reached by the faithful execution of the Resumption Act; that there was no need of further legislation; and that the true policy was to stop tinkering with the currency. Accordingly, the pith of what I wished to say last year to audiences like this was, that we ought to "let well enough alone." Now the resumption of specie payments has come, and with it have come also better times.

The evidences of good times are numerous, palpable and cheering. One bright day in June last, more steamers—more shipping of all sorts—gathered in New York harbor than was ever before seen in that great mart of commerce, and their tonnage was in greater excess comparatively than the number of vessels. The lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg and Erie, for the first seven months of this year, as compared with the same period in 1878, show an increase of gross earnings of $1,208,294, an increase of expenses of $759,985, and an increase in net earnings of $448,309; the lines of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad (the great anthracite coal-road) a net increase of $1,340,000 for the same period. The latest published statement of the Erie Railway Company shows a net increase of $561,000. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company shows a net increase of $532,000 for the first 10 months of its current fiscal year, beginning in October last. It is estimated that more than a thousand miles of railroad track have already been laid this year in the United States—a greater mileage than in the same period in any year since 1873. Workers in iron and steel find their business recovering so rapidly from its great depression, that they are unable to fill their orders, and their annual production is likely soon to surpass the highest figures ever reached. The building of iron steamships in successful competition with Europe is fully established on the Delaware. Our cotton factories are again all at work, and running on full time. Our mines of precious metals are increasing their product, and it mainly stays at home. Our manufactures go abroad more than ever before; our currency is exchangeable at par in the markets of the world; and, finally, and most important, the demand for labor has increased and is increasing. It extends to cotton mills, iron and glass works, machine shops, brick making, building, the clothing trade, and nearly all branches of industry. The Philadelphia *Record*, on the authority of a well-known statistician, states that there are 20,000 more laborers employed in that City than there were a year ago. Our exports for the year 1878 amounted to $710,439,441, and the excess of exports over imports was $264,661,661, both sums being greater than in any previous year.

With these authentic and significant facts and figures before us, we may reasonably assume that the country has entered again upon a period of business prosperity. The interesting questions now are, have the good times come to stay? What can we do in private and in public affairs to prolong the period of prosperity, and to mitigate the severity of hard times when they again return? The prospects are now bright, but all experience teaches that the wheel of human affairs, always turning, brings around those tremendous events called financial panics, if not with regularity, at any rate with certainty. The writer of an intelligent article in one of the monthlies says: "Panics, it has been observed, recur about every 20 years in this country, and almost every 10 years in England." The explanation of this is not difficult to discover. In good times the tendency is to extravagance, to speculation, and to running in debt. Many spend more than they earn, and the balance of trade soon begins to run against communities and individuals. When this has continued until the business of the country is loaded down with debts, a financial crisis is inevitable, and only waits for "the last straw." If this view is correct, the way to meet the dangerous tendencies of flush times is plain. Let two of Dr. Franklin's homely proverbs be strictly observed by individuals and by communities. One is: "Never live beyond your means;" and the other is like unto it, namely: "Pay as you go."

It is easy to see that, if these old maxims of the philosophy of common sense could have general practical acceptance, the period of good times would be greatly prolonged, and the calamities of hard times would be vastly diminished. There can be no great financial crisis without large indebtedness, and the distress which it brings is in proportion to the extravagance, speculation, and consequent indebtedness which have caused it. Those who are out of debt suffer least. Where the debts are heaviest the calamity is heaviest. But it is of public indebtedness, and especially of the debts of towns and cities, that I wish to say a few words.

The practice of creating public debts, as it prevails in this country, especially in municipal government, has long attracted very serious attention. It is a great and growing evil. States, whose good name and credit have been hitherto untarnished, are threatened with repudiation. Many towns and cities have reached a point where they must soon face the same peril. I do not now wish to discuss the mischiefs of repudiation. My purpose is merely to make a few suggestions as to the best way to avoid repudiation. But, in passing, let me observe: Experience in this country has shown that no State or community can, under any circumstances, gain by repudiation. The repudiators themselves cannot afford it. The community that deliberately refuses to provide for its honest debts loses its good name and shuts the door to all hope of future prosperity. It demoralizes and degrades all classes of its citizens. Capital and labor and good people will not go to such communities, but will surely leave them. If I thought my words could influence any of my countrymen who are so unfortunate as to be compelled to consider this question, I would say, let no good citizen be induced by any prospect of advantage to himself or to his party to take a single step towards repudiation. Let him set his face like flint against the first dawning of an attempt to enter upon that downward pathway. It has been well said that the most expensive way for a community to get rid of its honest debts is repudiation.

Returning to the subject of municipal debts, it is not alone those that live in Towns and Cities who are interested in their wise and economical government. All who trade with their citizens, all who buy of them, all who sell to them—in a word, the whole of the laboring and producing classes—must bear a share of their burdens. The taxes collected in the City find their way into the price-lists of what is bought of and sold to the farmers and laborers in the country. On the questions of debt and taxation the dwellers of the City and those who habitually deal with them form together one community, and have a common interest.

The usual argument in favor of creating a City debt is, that the proposed building or improvement is not for this generation alone, but is also for the benefit of posterity, and, therefore, posterity ought to help pay for it. This reasoning will not bear examination. Each generation has its own demands upon its purse. It should not be called upon to pay for the cast-off garments of its ancestors.

The appliances and structures which our ancestors provided for water, light, streets, parks, cemeteries, for putting out fires, for police, for locomotion, for education, and for the thousand other necessities of City life, would not be well suited to the tastes, habits and wants of our day. This generation must have steam fire-engines and water works, and its tax payers do not want to be called upon to pay for the cisterns, the fire buckets, and the pumps of 30 years ago.

Municipal borrowing is the parent of waste, profligacy and corruption. Money that comes easily goes easily. In this career of reckless extravagance, Cities build and buy what they do not need, and pay for what they get, far more than it is worth. I adopt the words of the valuable report of the Pennsylvania Commission appointed to devise a plan for the government of Cities. To sum it up, it too often happens that "the men who authorize the contracts are substantially the men who profess to perform them. The men who fix the prices are substantially the men who receive the pay for performing the labor, and the men who issue the bonds are the men who receive the money."

The magnitude and the growth of this evil are shown by statistics with which the public is familiar. I do not choose to detain you by repeating them in detail.

A few weeks ago the New York *Tribune* called attention to an excellent article on this subject in the Princeton *Review*," by Mr. Robert P. Porter, in which it is shown that local debts have, since the war, increased out of all proportion to the increase of property and population. Mr. Porter shows that in 130 Cities the debt increased from $221,312,009 in 1866, to $644,378,663 in 1876. The percentage of increase is about 200 per cent. in 10 years, while the property of these Cities increased but 75 per cent., and their population only 33 per cent. The total local indebtedness of all the States, omitting the Territories, was $1,051,106,112. In many cases it is shown that the annual amount of interest paid by cities on their debts is almost equal to the total annual expenses for carrying on their local governments. The volume of the local indebtedness of the country already exceeds one-half the great war debt of the Nation, and the interest upon them, from the high rates usually paid, will soon equal the total interest upon the National debt.

The urgent question that is now pressing for consideration is, how to deal with these large and increasing local debts. The best answer it seems to me is simple, ready at hand, and sufficient. Do not have any local debts. Let it be embodied in the constitution and laws of every State, that local authorities shall create no debts; that they shall make no appropriations of money until it is collected and on hand; that all appropriations shall be for specific objects, and that as to existing debts suitable provisions shall be made for their extinguishment.

To pay off the old debts—to create no new debts—will be difficult and embarrassing. Valuable reforms always are difficult, and thorough work often is embarrassing. If we would be rid of the peril of approaching bankruptcy and repudiation which now threaten so many towns and cities, there must be a halt to this dangerous downward march. If the remedies I have suggested are too radical, let others be proposed and acted on, and that promptly.

The policy of preventing the creation of local debts by positive Constitutional prohibition is fully sustained by the experience of the States with respect to State debts. Constitutions in many of the old, and in all of the new States have been adopted within the last 30 or 40 years, and almost all of them contain provisions denying to State Legislatures the authority to create debts except in case of war, insurrection, or other extraordinary emergency. Under the operation of these prohibitory provisions, the debts existing at the time of their adoption have been greatly reduced, and the only States now embarrassed by debt are those whose Constitutions do not contain this wise prohibition.

The general policy of the National Government on the subject of debt has always been sound. It may be summed up in a few words. No debts to be created in time of peace, and war debts to be paid off as rapidly as possible when the war ends.

The Revolutionary War debt, at the inauguration of the present form of government, March 4, 1879, amounted to $76,000,000, and after successive refundings, in long-time bonds, was paid off by their redemption, finally, in 1835.

The debt created by the war of 1812, after refunding in 4½ per cent. bonds, was also paid in 1835, and at the close of that year the Nation was practically free from debt.

The debt incurred on account of the Mexican war amounted to $83,552,698, the bonded debt bearing six per cent. interest, running from five to 20 years, and Treasury notes at various rates of interest, from one mill to five and two-fifths per cent. All of this debt was redeemed prior to 1870, excepting a very small amount not yet presented for redemption.

As a marked evidence of the fidelity with which our National obligations of this description have heretofore been met, it is worthy of note that, during the war of 1812, the interest on the portion of the debt held by British subjects was regularly paid, the agents of the holders in this country, owing to the interruption of direct commercial intercourse, being sometimes obliged to resort to circuitous and extremely difficult routes for the transmission of payment. I find the fact remarked upon by Mr. Alexander Trotter, the British author of a standard work published in 1839, upon our National financial position and credit at that time. The author also notes the fact that the act of Congress passed by the first Congress that assembled after the adoption of the Constitution to make provision for the payment of all the outstanding engagemenrt of the Governmet; "with a degree of integrity which is rare in the history of the financial embarrassments of States," postponed the claims of creditors at home until those of the foreign creditor were provided for.

Our war debt resulting from the War of the Union amounted to about $3,000,000,000, and has been reduced to about $2,000,000,000. During the last year there has been no reduction of the aggregate amount, but there has been a reduction of the amount of the interest-bearing debt of $13,760,900, and the rates of interest have been so reduced by refunding within the past year that there is an annual saving of $13,760,900 in interest. The annual interest on the National debt reached its highest point about 15 years ago, when it was $150,977,697.87. It is now reduced to $83,744,710.50, a yearly saving of $67,232,987.37, or about 45 per cent. of what was payable in 1865. The policy of paying off the National debt, which, at the close of the war, was urged upon the country with so much force by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Hugh McCulloch, has borne good fruit. Young men of this audience can remember when the Government of the United States found great difficulty in borrowing so small a sum as $25,000,000, and for a considerable part of it was compelled to pay as high as 12 per cent. Last Spring, by reason of improved and strengthened credit, the Government had no trouble in borrowing, in the single month of April, $225,000,000 at four per cent. interest. The amount offered in that month exceeded $500,000,000, and there was one day when the amount offered was $150,000,000.

Let the policy of extinguishing the National debt be adhered to. Let it be the fixed purpose of the people and all who administer the Government to pay off the debt within 33 years. It can be done by economy and prudence without a material increase of the burdens of the people. The payment of $33,000,000 a year upon the principal of the debt, or into a sinking fund for that purpose, will, within 33 years, leave us free from debt as a Nation.

That which is sound policy in National and State affairs, is, I believe, also wise policy in local affairs and in private affairs. Let it be everywhere adopted, in public and private, and we may welcome the advancing tide of better times, confident that we have found the secret that will prolong their stay, and which will go far to make us independent in that, I trust, distant day when a financial panic may again strike down the general prosperity.

DETROIT, Sept. 18.—Upon finishing his address, the President introduced Gen. Sherman, who was received with demonstrations of applause, and spoke as follows:

Fellow citizens, I am very glad that the President has spoken to you so fully that I need only to make a bow and express my pleasure as a soldier in meeting so many comrades of the army, for I have no doubt there are many in the assemblage who served in the civil war. Those of you who did not serve with us as soldiers should cherish a love for the old soldiers. The General concluded his remarks by referring in complimentary terms to the grand agricultural exhibition before him.

Sen Chandler, on being introduced, was received with cheers, and said:

"FELLOW CITIZENS:—I did not come here to make a speech, nor did you come here to listen to a speech from me. I came here to look at the products here exhibited, to meet some friends and to welcome and honor the President of the United States, and I will here take the liberty, instead of making a speech to you, of taking the place of the presiding officer of this meeting and will introduce to you Mrs. President Hayes."

Upon arising, Mrs. Hayes was received with rapturous applause, and bowed her acknowledgments.

The ceremonies having been concluded at 1:30, the procession was re formed and the President returned to the City for lunch, after which the party embarked on Congressman Newberry's steam yacht "Truant" for a pleasure trip up the river.

Massachusetts Republicans in Council.

WORCESTER, Sept. 16.—The nomination of Long as candidate for Governor was made unanimous, amid the greatest enthusiasm.

The ticket was completed as follows: For Lieutenant Governor—Byron Weston; Attorney General—Geo. Marston; Auditor—Chas R. Ladd; Secretary of State—Henry B. Pierce; Treasurer and Receiver—Charles Endicott.

The following platform was adopted:

The Republican party of Massachusetts at the close of the first quarter of a century of its history, pledging itself anew to the continued performance of the duties in which it originated and the defense and the maintenance of those principles upon which it was founded, and which are still essential to the peace, security and prosperity of the Republic makes these declarations.

First—We affirm the doctrines heretofore proclaimed and maintained that the United States of America is a nation; that while local self-government in all matters which belong to the States must be fully recognized, the National Government must secure to its citizens, from whom it claims allegiance, complete liberty and exact equality in the exercise of their civil and political rights. That whether assisted by political execution at home or menaced by tyranny abroad, all citizens of the United States, without distinction of origin, race, creed or color, must be protected by the National Government in all the rights granted by the Constitution and laws; that our institutions rest upon the equality of all men before the law, and that a free ballot uninfluenced by fraud, intimidation or force, and honestly counted, is the right of every qualified voter and we demand that our elections shall be free from all interference by unlawful bodies of armed men, and shall also be free from the interference of national or State military forces except when employed as a part of the posse comitatus. We denounce that fierce partisan intolerance which prevents a free ballot, denies the freedom of political opinion and action, and takes from any of the people the right to choose their homes and control and enjoy the fruits of their labor.

Second—We deprecate the course of the members of the Democratic party who have undertaken to revive sectional animosity for the purpose of securing political ascendency in the Southern States and who have revived memories of sectional strife by the defiant declaration of a purpose to repeal the laws made necessary by war, and enacted to secure the results of the war, and we condemn their attempts to secure by legislation what was not accomplished by arms—namely, "The establishment under the name of State sovereignty of those pernicious doctrines which destroy national supremacy, and which in the past have led to secession and civil war.

Third—The pledges of the Republican party to maintain the National honor and to preserve the National credit have been redeemed in the face of bitter opposition by the prompt resumption of specie payments and the reduction both of the principal and interest of the public debt. And we congratulate our fellow citizens upon the restoration of confidence and the revival of business which have followed the honest, prudent and wise management of public affairs under a Republican administration. We are opposed to repudiation in all its forms, either by a "scaling" of debts or a debasement of legal tender circulation; we insist that the paper and the coin circulation of the country shall at all times be maintained at par with the gold standard of the commercial world.

Fourth—We applaud the firm and patriotic course of Pres. Hayes in maintaining the constitutional prerogatives of the executive, and in courageously and successfully resisting all efforts of a Democratic Congress to cripple the functions of the Government. We recognize the earnestness and sincerity with which he has labored to restore harmony and good feeling to all sections of the country; to secure purity, efficiency and frugality in every branch of the public service, and to divorce civil service from the management of partisan politics, to sustain the financial credit of the Government and to insist upon free and honest elections; and we will support the President in the responsibility of making nominations to office, without dictation from other departments of the Government, and in persistently carrying out the principles relating to civil service, declared in his Cincinnati letter of acceptance.

Fifth—While the Republican party is practically united in demanding the suppression of intemperance by the wisest legislation, it recognizes an honest difference of opinion among its members as to which form of law will best accomplish that, and the question is therefore referred to the people, to be settled by them in the Legislature organized for the protection of the weak, the relief of the oppressed and the elevation of all. The Republican party pledges itself anew to these primary objects, and believing that an effectual means of promoting them is a diffusion of full and accurate information of the condition of the people, it heartily sustains our State Bureau of Statistics of Labor, and advises the establishment of a National Bureau of like character. We gain demand that our system of taxation shall be so modified that each person shall contribute only in proportion to what he is worth, to the end that there shall be a substantial relief from the existing burdens of taxation. That in our opinion the time has come when the executive officers of the commonwealth and the members of the Legislature should be elected for a longer time than one year, and that the adoption of a constitutional amendment providing for biennial elections and biennial sessions of the Legislature would tend to give steadiness to legislation and to the administration of the laws and to the importance of office, and the case of voters in filling them and would relieve the people from that frequency of elections which is believed to be no longer conducive to the welfare of the commonwealth.

The remaining resolutions refer to State affairs.

Independent Convention at Worcester, Mass.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 18.—The Independent Republican Convention assembled to-day, to the music of Yankee Doodle, Auld Lang Syne and such

Colonel R. G. called the Convention to order, saying 100,000 men had protested last year against the columny of the name of Benj. F. Butler, nominated Stephen Mallen temporary chairman, one of the Vice Presidents of the first Republican Convention held 25 years ago. Allen made a long address, stating that the eminent services in peace and war of Gen. B. F. Butler, demanded the grateful recognition of his fellow countrymen.

A permanent organization was then effected, and after the divine blessing had been invoked, Albert Palmer, chairman, made a long address, being frequently interrupted by applause.

William A. Simmons was given three lusty cheers as he rose and moved the appointment of a Committee on Resolutions.

W. W. Nichols, of Boston, said he arose to make a motion which will receive the unanimous vote of the Convention. A year ago I made a motion to nominate Gen. Talbot as the Republican candidate for the Gubernatorial Chair, expecting he would be a reform candidate. This reform has been only partially accomplished, and without further talk, I nominate Gen. Benj. F. Butler, as candidate of the Independent party of Massachusetts. N. B. Bryant, of Boston, seconded the nomination, and being called to the platform, said it gave him inexpressible pleasure to second this nomination. "Looking into the face of those men who represent the wealth and intelligence of the State, and the men who represent the enthusiasm of the campaign, and who represent, at least, 130,000 votes, how can I be otherwise than happy to second this nomination."

After several speeches, the motion of Mr. Nicols was put and unanimously carried, the announcement of the result being received with cheers and applause.

The ticket was completed as follows: For Lieutenant Governor, A. C. Woodworth; Secretary of State, Gen. M. T. Donohue; Treasurer, David N. Skillings; Attorney General, William T. Northend; Auditor, Davis J. King.

WORCESTER, Sept. 19.—After the nomination of the ticket, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we recognize the fact that differences of opinion exist regarding certain principles of National administration; that while we may differ as to the true policy to be pursued concerning the adjustmust of vexed National questions, we are all united upon the common platform of our great leader—equal rights, equal duties, equal protection by laws to every man everywhere under the Government, State and National.

Resolved, That we are unalterably opposed to the rule of the ring that has fastened itself upon the Commonwealth; that we put our seal of condemnation upon that growing spirit of Bourbonism and caste which conceals itself under the pretentious title of the better element, which sits itself upon the high pedestal of pre-eminent right to dictate, to control the people because of its alleged superior public virtue; that we denounce these pretenders, and, in behalf of the great common people of the State, arraign the hypocrisy, the arrogance, the much vaunted self-purity and spirit of unwarrantable abuse which characterizes modern political Pharisees, who have so long misrepresented the people of the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That we demand that reform in State government shall be thorough, impartial and complete; that all useless offices shall be abolished and incompetent officials discharged; economy take the place of extravagance; thrift supplant waste; watchfulness succeed negligence; energy uproot sloth; system replace confusion; and honesty prevail everywhere, to the end that our noble old commonwealth may resume her place among the best governed communities.

Resolved, That the rights of labor, the creation of all value, should be respected, and to this end we commend the establishment of a National Bureau of Labor Statistics; advocate the rigid enforcement of all laws in the State and Nation fixing hours of labor, as well as those for the protection of life and limb, and for the regulation of child labor in mills and factories, and oppose any system of convict labor in our prisons by which its products are brought into unjust competition with honest labor outside of prison walls.

Resolved, That we denounce intimidation of voters, or the more civilized method of ostracism, of proscription of employes or withdrawal of business patronage, as opposed to the spirit of our free education and as deserving of the condemnation of every true American citizen.

Resolved, That evils which now afflict the State morally and financially may be and should be cured by unflinching firmness and impartiality on the part of the Governor in the administration of the laws.

Resolved, That the creation of commissioners to perform the duties of the executive is dangerous and extravagant, and should be wholly discontinued.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the system of double taxation which now prevails in this State.

Resolved, That all promises made to our patriotic soldiers and sailors should be kept.

Resolved, That a pure suffrage is the life blood of the republic, for no ballot can be pure which is not free. The way to the ballot should be direct, easy, unimpeded and secure from espionage. We demand therefore, that the laws be so framed as to insure the one without impairing the others, and that the right to vote should not depend upon its purchase by payment of tax.

The last resolution commends the nominee of the Convention.

A vote of thanks was passed to the presiding officer, and afterwards the delegates united in singing one stanza of "America." The Convention dissolved with three cheers for Gen. Butler.

Butler Democrats in Convention.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 17.—The Butler Democratic State convention was called to order by Alonzo V. Lynde, Chairman of the State Central Executive Committee, and John K. Tarbox was was chosen chairman.

Benjamin F. Butler was nominated for Governor. The following is the remainder of the tickt: For Lieutenant Governor, A. C. Woodworth; Secretary of State, Michael S. Donohue; Treasurer, D. N. Staullings; Auditor, D. T. Kink; Attorney General, William D. Northend.

The Convention is the largest and grandest ever held by the Democrats of Massachusetts. One thousand seven hundred and twenty-three delegates were present, representing 19 Cities and 319 Towns.

A Cowardly Assault by the Fall River Miners.

FALL RIVER, Sept. 17. — By far the most shameful outrage of the strihe was committed by the strikers this afternoon. Eight French families, comprising between 70 and 80 men, women and children, were brought here to-day from Sorel, Canada. They have never worked in a cotton-mill and are to work at the Stafford and Cresent mill. The company was divided into two parties and one taken to the Stafford mill, the other to the block on Davis street. It was subsequently decided to remove the latter party to a house in the rear of the Crescent mill, some few hundred yards away. The party consisted of two men besides the agent who brought them, four women and the remainder young boys and girls from 18 years of age downwards. As the party came out into the street they were hooted at by crowds of women, children and some men, and a few stones thrown. To make the shortest cut they took what is known as the stone crusher lot, where they were assaulted by a crowd of 150, mostly men. Stones wore thrown at them in perfect showers and one of the men named Bouche so roughly assaulted that a man who witnessed the whole affair said he did not expect to see him come out of it alive. He was severely kicked and bruised by a stone. One woman with a babe in her arms was knocked down and kicked. A little boy, about 7 years of age, was struhk on the face, and all the little children were stoned, as well as older persons. The party separated and ran in different directions, which broke the crowd. The police were summoned, and, with Officer Hill and the whole of the District Police, who happened to be near by, were on hand in a few moments, but an alarm was given at their approach. The District Police are already known by the disturbers, and when they arrived the crowd dispersed. Three of the assaulted party got separated from their friends, but one is reported to have been found with some old acquaintances in another part of the City. More indignation is expressed by the citizens at this outrage than all others that have occurred, the cowardly assault on women and children stirring the feelings of every good citizen. No arrests have yet been made.

A Swan Guarding a Child's Grave.

Waterbury (Conn.) American.

Over the grave of a three year old child, buried near Milford, last year, a beautiful white swan has ever since kept constant watch scarcely leaving the mound even to eat. Any one who attempts a near approach is greeted with the bird's shrill cries and preparation for an attack. The swan's mate endeavored for some time to induce her companion to return to the lake, but without success, and eventually died of grief. Hundreds of people visited the cemetery to witness the singular conduct of this self stationed sentinel.

Dr. Har RON
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The following is one of the very many testim ving daily.
Gentlemen:—Some three months ago I began . HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was s general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burde me to me. A month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prost sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized al mediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force w ermanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice r that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranq ve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit. tefully yours,
TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.
For Sale by Druggist d General Dealers Everywhere.

CETEWAYO'S CAPTURE

How it was Managed, and His Appearance When He was Surrounded.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—A dispatch from Capetown says, Sir Garnet Wolseley hopes the Chief Secococni will yield without fighting; but those on the spot say this is doubtful, as it is known that the Chief has lately, only with difficulty been dissuaded, after a five hours council, from murdering the two officers sent to treat with him concerning the prisoners.

The details of the capture of King Cetywayo show that while the King was being watched on one side by Lord Gifford and some scouts, Maj. Marter with a detachment of First Dragoons, approached him from the other. Lord Gifford, whose presence was unknown to the King, intended to deter the attack until nightfall, so as to prevent the King from escaping into the dense bush. Cetywayo had caught a glimpse of the dragoons, but thought in consequence of the bad condition of the ground they could not approach quietly. Major Marter, however, directed the removal of all noisy accoutrements, and sent the native contingent ahead. These surrounded the kraal where the King had taken refuge, and Major Marter rode up and called to Cetywayo to come out of the hut. The King, after some parley, complied. He preserved a dignified demeanor and asked to be shot.

The Ameer has replied as follows to the Viceroy's notification: "I have already written to say that for the past eight days I have preserved myself and family by the good offices of those who were friendly to me, also partly by bribes and partly by deceiving the rebels. Certain persons of high position in those provinces have become rebellious. I am watching every quarter carefully. I trust to God for the opportunity of showing my sincere friendship for the British government and of securing my good name before the world."

GRAND CELEBRATION.

Kansas Rejoices on the Quarter Centennial Celebration of her Settlement.

LAWRENCE, Kan., Sept. 16.—This has been the grandest day in our history. Kansas quarter centennial celebration settlement of the State has been a magnificent success. Business was fairly suspended in Lawrence and the citizens of Douglas County turned out en masse. More than 12 hundred teams crossed the wagon bridge for Bismarck Grove, and the railroad trains ran every 20 minutes between the city and grove. Not a quarter of the people could get into the tabernacle. The grounds, 50 acres in extent, were thronged. Special trains ran from all the neighboring cities. It is estimated that 20,000 people were present. The Governor and most of the State officials were on the grounds. Gen. Pope and other military officers were present.

Letters were read from Amos Lawrence, of Boston, ex-Senator Trumbull, Illinois, Sec. Evarts, Sec. Sherman, Sen. Ingalls, Rev. Jas. Freeman, Clark, Mass. Jno. G. Whittier, poet, Morton F. Conway and others. Speeches were made in the forenoon by D. R. Anthony, Sidney Clark, George Julian, of Indiana, Gen. Pope and C. B. Lines. The barbecue dinner was a great success. The event of the afternoon was an oration by Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston. Mr. Hale's address was an examination of the early settlement of Kansas from a Republican standpoint. He gave a full account of the agency of the emigrant aid society and work it did in Kansas. Mr. Hale's address was a masterpiece and was listened to with the greatest satisfaction by the people. Short speeches were also made by John W. Forney, Gov. St. John, J. S. Emery, T. D. Thatcher, of the Lawrence Journal, D. Wilder, of St. Joseph Herald and others.

An old settlers love feast is being continued this evening at the tabernacle. No accidents have occurred and everything has passed off with the highest eclat.

SLAVE UPRISING.

Massacre of Officers Who Were Suspected of Complicity in the Matter.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—A dispatch has been received here from Havana to the effect that the slaves of Cienfuegos in Cinco villas, Cuba, have risen in rebellion against the Spaniards, and have joined the patriots taking with them a large proportion of their masters cattle.

There is great indignation in Cuba over the massacre of about 17 officers who served in the last Cuban revolution on the Patriot side, but have, of late, been residing in different places and followino their different avocations. From their past record they were suspected of being in sympathy with the present revolution. Some were killed in their homes before their wives' and children's eyes by Spanish troops, and others were taken into the woods and slaughtered. The Captain General is causing an investigation, and has cited the Governors of Colen, Cienfuego and Matanzas to appear before him to explain the cause of these butcheries.

THE ACCUMULATION OF COIN.

Gold to be Offered at Every Sub-Treasury in Exchange for Greenbacks.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTTN, Sept. 16.—The accumulation of gold and silver coin is progressing so rapidly that the question of storage is one that gives the Treasury considerable embarrassment. The Secretary regards the coin balance as so strong now that he has concluded to make arrangements to offer gold in exchange for greenbacks at all the Sub Treasuries, instead of confining such exchange, as heretofore, to New York.

The great problem of the Treasury now is not how to maintain resumption, but how to induce the people to take gold for their greenbacks and so relieve the pressure on the Treasury vaults.

Papa Wrangel.

New York Sun.

"Papa Wrangel," the patriarchal Field Marshal who died last year in Berlin, was the incarnation of that penurious thriftness that has for centuries past been a leading Prussian characteristic. A highly comical illustration of his economical peculiarities has just come to light at Weisbaden, where a famous military hospital exists, named after the Emperor. Papa Wrangel visited this institution in the Summer of 1872. A fortnight after the Chief Hospital Director received a large but not very heavy packet, accompanied by a letter stating that the packet contained a gift for the infirmary, but must not be opened until after the death of the illustrious giver. Some short time ago the packet was formally opened in the presence of several army officers, invited to witness the ceremony, which was prefaced by an oration expatiating upon the generosity of the deceased Field Marshal, "the hospital's noble benefactor." The seals were broken; first one paper covering, then another was removed, and so on till quite a hillock of wrappers arose upon the table. At last came a cardboard case, and inside it a photograph of Papa Wrangel's favorite writing table in his study at Berlin! The photograph was not even framed.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

How Sheridan Procured the Information which Led to His Attack and Victory at Winchester.

N. Y. Times.

The historian of "The Lost Cause," Edward A. Pollard, declares that the defeat of the Confederate Army of the Valley, near Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864, was the beginning of the downfall of the Confederacy—since that victory, with the operations of the following month in the same quarter, destroyed the military power of the rebellion in the valley, closed permanently that broad highway of Northern invasion, by which the South had been able so long and so successfully to divert the war from the interior of Virginia to its boundaries, and effectually, circumscribed the territory of the struggle in that State. The Battle of Winchester was one of the most sanguinary and hotly contested battles of the war. The actual fighting of the day was confined to a space of about five hours' time after mid-day, and before the final result more than 5,000 of Sheridan's army were put *hors du combat*. The contest ended about 6 o'clock with the rout of the enemy, who fled in the greatest disorder to Fisher's Hill. The Confederate historian is probably correct in the importance that he gives to this Union victory, although I believe he is the only writer on either side who has clearly pointed out the reasons which made it disastrous to the cause of the South. The report of Gen. Grant (page 16,) sets forth in a few words the military situation in the Shenandoah Valley just prior to this battle. He says:

"The two armies lay in such a position—the enemy on the west bank of the Opequan Creek, covering Winchester, and our forces in front of Berryville—that either could bring on a battle at any time. Defeat to us would lay open to the enemy the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania for long distances before another army could be interposed to check him. Under these circumstances, I hesitated about allowing the initiative to be taken. Finally, the use of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, which were both obstructed by the enemy, became so indispensably necessary to us, and the importance of relieving Pennsylvania and Maryland from continuously threatened invasion so great, that I determined the risk should be taken. But fearing to telegraph the order for an attack without knowing more than I did of Gen. Sheridan's feelings as to what would be the probable result, I left City Point on the 15th of September to visit him at his head quarters, to decide, after conference with him, what should be done. I met him at Charlestown, and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay, what he could do the moment he was authorized, and expressed such confidence of success, that I saw there were but two words of instruction necessary—Go in!"

It is quite evident from all this that Gen. Sheridan had very exact information as to the numbers and disposition of Early's army. The facts as to how he obtained this information make one of the most interesting incidents of the war; and considering the great importance of the results that followed, the incident deserves to be preserved in a reliable form. Some attempts have been made to tell this story in the newspapers, but always with an effort to give a romantic gloss to the affair which has detracted from the simple and interesting truth. The writer hereof passed through all the fortunes of that glorious day in one of the New York regiments, and feeling desirous of learning the actual facts as to how Sheridan obtained his information, he recently wrote to the person who has been accredited with giving it—a lady, supposed to be living at Winchester—requesting the facts and permission to make them public. Both were given a few days later in a letter from Washington, and the writer is glad to be able to furnish to the thousands who will feel deeply interested in the matter, the statement of Sheridan's informant in her own words. She says:

"On the 16th of September, 1864, a colored man came to our house and gave me a little package of tin-foil about one-half an inch square, which he said contained a note from Gen. Sheridan, desiring me to give him any reliable information I could of Early's forces. I had spent an evening with a rebel officer the same week, and, as the war was the most interesting subject, we talked of it. I asked many questions, and he replied to them; so, when Gen. Sheridan's note came, I knew all he wanted to know, answered his note, and rolled it in the same foil. The colored man put it in his mouth and went away. The next I heard of it was the booming of cannon on Monday morning. You well know the result of that day. The General called in the evening and told me it was on my information alone that he gave his orders for attack."

The writer of the above now fills a place in the Treasurer's office of the Treasury Department, Washington. Her name is forwarded to the *Times* with this communication; but as she probably does not crave the notoriety which would follow its publication, it is withheld. Of all the thousands of Union women at the South during the war who helped along the good cause, it may be questioned if any of them had a better opportunity to aid it, or improved it better, than this one. She performed an inestimable service for that cause, by giving this information, and deserves the gratitude of every patriot for it.

J. F. F.

Judgment on the Evidence.

Rome Sentinel.

A young man, a member of one of the first families of Syracuse, went to a water place this season for recreation. When he returned one of his acquaintances asked him whether there were medical springs at the resort which he had visited. "Springs—aw—yes, I believe there were." "And what was the property of the water, cathartic or diuretic?" "Well, weally, I don't know, my dear boy. I did not taste it, but from the smell I should say it was emetic."

Masterly Strategy.

Indianapolis Journal.

At the opening of the Cincinnati Exposition the crowd called loudly for a speech from Gen. Sheridan. He acknowledged the compliment and informed the crowd that as he was not in the habit of speaking he would hand his remarks to the gentlemanly reporters for the press and the people could read what he had to say in the morning papers. When the gentlemanly reporters called on him for his manuscript he assured them he had forgotten how to write. This was a masterly strategic movement.

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PITAL.

spatch says from 1879, inclusive, the Uni ed ned 376,641,340 pieces of mo ing in value $419,071,313.

ions at the Treasury Department the number of silver dollars ll be got into circulation this rill for the first time equal the coinage. As far as Washington rned, standard dollars are al uch more plentiful than bank

patch says during July, 1879, ere exported from Boston, k, Philadelphia, Baltimore, San o and other United States ports , the aggregate value of which 8,461.

Washington Post of Septem claims to have had an in with Mrs Kate Chase Sprague me in Edgewood, of which the g is an extract. In declaring tion of remaining in Washing her children, she is reported to d;

ttendants are devoted and will em come to me. Here I can be d and wait until my wrongs are I have been maligned and down until I have felt that a target at which everybody e, and yet without means or of a redress. But I am willing ecause I know that everything me right in time, and in the best he bitterest part of my recent has been that I should be a silly vain woman. Why, I n trained to look upon dignity ns as of the highest importance, e a high regard for convention lthough I believe I have not that n. To be so misrepresented, so rstood, has given me the great I have been charged with all misdoings of which I am totally Every act of mine that could against me has been enlarged my enemies.

EAST.

ullion fund at the New York ffice has been further increased fer to that office of another 10 dollars in gold to facilitate the e on account of foreign payments d States experts.

hautauqua, N. Y., Sept. 22, the hinkers, who have just brought onvention to a close, unani endorsed the Liberal League of Cincinnati. The principal were Geo. Jacob, Col. Ingerfoll, Wright, A. B. Bradford, Judge ick and others.

WEST.

cago dispatch says Lieut. Gen. has received instructions from Department at Washington to de fficient force of military from the Agency to arrest the insubordi Indian Chiefs on White River orce obedience to the Agents' re sts; also to hold the ring leaders ers for investigation.

n Francisco, Sept. 16, the Board de issued a circular requesting the arrival of Gen. Grant, the f business be closed and suitably d, and that merchants and em ake part in his reception. The tration Board was also requested Mayor to assign the Directors to a the Reception Committee.

Francisco dispatch says it has been ed certain that in the Third Con al District McKenna (Republican) ted over Berry (Democrat) by a ajority, official returns from all two counties, Humbold and having been received. The eturns just received from Hum w give 171 majority, which the from Trinity cannot materially

ashington dispatch says the Or Department has telegraphed the dant of the arsenal at Fort Union, exico, to issue arms and amuni Gov. Wallace, not to exceed 300 d 1,000,000 cartridges.

GN.

Great Britain.

ublin the Council of the Home League has passed a motion Charles S. Parnell, member of ent for Meath, to the effect that late to take any action on the f William Shaw, member of Par for County Cork, in which he to participate in the proposed ational Convention and suggests blishment of a convention to dis e land question only.

on advices says the surplus wheat rica, Russia and the East is 50, quarters less than the aggregate cy in various forces. The Stock ge closed Thursday for repairs.

the arbitrator in the great dis the North of England and Cleve on trade, has decided that the of some special classes of opera all be reduced 12½ per cent. in f 15, as claimed by the masters. esent rate of wages will be main or the bulk of the operatives.

Russia.

onstantinople, Sept. 17, Russia ected the attention of the powers recent conflicts between the Mus s and Christians in Eastern Rou She blames the Porte for send k the refugees to their homes in a te condition, and points out that er disturbances should occur, the would sacrifice the right of send rkish troops into Eastern Roume

imla, Sept. 23. Official intelligence wo authentic sources by way of confirms the news that the Rus vance column has been defeated by nons at Geok Tepe, with a loss of led, and that the Russians are fall k on Belrma.

Cuba.

Havana Sep. 19, a decree was pub by authority of the home gov nt declaring the province of San e Cuba in a state of war. Perso d in rebellion, on petition will be ccording to the law of March 13. The civil authorities of the ce will continue in the undisturbed mance of their duties, but crimical when it is considered necessary, e tried by court martial. The surrendering within a fortnight of blication of the decree will be ed.

Germany.

dispatch from Vienna dated 3, says Andrassy met Bismarck at lway station and accompanied him hotel. A crowd had been assem ere some hours awaiting the arri the German Chancellor, and re him with cheers. The Austrian ive Bismarck a hearty welcome, ly as a great statesman but as a friend of Austria.

correspondent reports the Ger ewspapers, without exception, hail sit as the surest guarantee of Euro peace.

marck's visit to Andrassy is merely ed to show the cordial and unity of the views of wo statesmen. Count Andrassy probability will retire from his t office only to become the third Chancellor in Europe, while Baron erle will fill in Austria the specialist filled in Germany by Count Von n.

marck, after, the Berlin Congress, wo Chancellor candidates in view. If s not succeeded in Russia where chakoff's age protects him from hange, he will at least succeed in is, and Count Schouvaloff is still g enough to wait his turn patiently. e is no reason why the future Aus Chancellor should have a different y from that which he has had as ter of Foreign Affairs.

Turkey.

s stated that M. Waddington, the h Minister of Foreign Affairs, has ved the plan of the Comptoir Des t for the resettlement of the Turk cht on the basis of a guarantee upon customs, but has instructed the ch Embassador here not to submit lan to the Porte till after the settle of the Greek question.

ere are still 150,000 refugees await repatriation in Eastern Roumelia.

It is pointed out here that the Porte's right to send them back and dispatch an army to Eastern Roumelia, in the event of a massacre of Musselmans, is incontestable.

A Constantinople dispatch says it is reported from Janina that Albanians are arriving there daily with the object of fighting the Greeks. They are under the impression that Janina has been ceded to Greece. They number already over [illegible]0, and are amply provided with ammunition.

Afghanistan.

On Sept. 17, the Indian officials telegraphed further details of the attack on the British residency at Cabul. It is related by the trooper who escaped, that when the mutinous troops were making an outcry for their pay a soldier shouted, "Let us kill the Envoy and then the Ameer." The mutineers then rushed upon the Embassy and stoned some of the servants. The troops comprising the escort of the Embassy, fired upon the mutineers without orders from the British officers. The mutineers then went for their weapons. They were absent about a quarter of an hour, during which time the British officers might have escaped. The residence was defended from the windows and from a trench made on the outside with a mud roof. The letter sent by the escaped trooper was from Lieut. Hamilton, promising the mutineers six weeks' pay. It was sent at 3 P. M., when the mutineers were already on the roof of the residency, which was just being set on fire. The bearer of the letter was thrown from the roof and made insensible, and when he recovered he was brought before Gen. Kerim Khan, commander of the mutineer brigade, who said he was powerless against the mutineers, and ordered the trooper to be imprisoned. On revisiting the Residency, the escaped trooper saw the bodies of Lieut. Hamilton and Jenkyns stripped and cut to pieces.

At London Sept. 16, a Simla dispatch states that Mr. Jenkyns, Major Cavagnari's assistant who arrived at the residency during the attack, wrote to the Ameer for help and the Ameer's reply was "God will; I am making arrangements." A previous request for aid from Major Cavagnari had met with the same reply. Mr. Jenkyns wrote again when Major Cavagnari was wounded, but the bearer was cut to pieces by the mutineers. The trooper then started, but was disarmed and imprisoned. He succeeded in escaping at daybreak on the 4th of September and visited the residency where he saw the corpse of Lieut. Hamilton, commanding the escort of the British mission, lying across a mountain gun. He says that Mr. Jenkyns was with a person called Yahayahah Kahn, and he is, therefore, presumably alive. The escaped trooper saw no troops on the road from Cabul to Jellalabad and Dakka, and as far as he knew none were coming. A comrade who was confined in Cabul informed him that Lieut. Hamilton shot three of the mutineers with his revolver and killed two with his sabre. Dr Kelly, who was connected with the mission, was lying dead inside the residency; Maj. Cavagnari was in a room which was burned and which had fallen in. His body had not been found. Three native officers of the guides were burned to death near the residency.

A Simka dispatch say Notwithstanding the Ameer's protestation, Gen. Stewart has, in accordance with instructions from the Viceroy, dispatched a division of troops with heavy artillery from Candahar in the direction of Ghuzen to maintain order in that part of the country. The bodies of three native officers of the guards, which were the erroneously reported to have been burned near the British residence at Cabul, have been recovered and buried.

Ayoob Khan asks to be allowed to resign his command. The Ameer hopes shortly to regain the control of affairs, when he will exhaust his resources and energies in maintaining faith with the British.

Austria.

At Vienna, Sept. 21, the semi annual official Montage Review says: It is in conformity with the present situation in Europe that Bismarck should deem it important to obtain a moral guarantee that the Austrian policy will not change.

If, during an exchange of views between Bismarck and Andrassy, the interests of Germany and Austria are found to be parallel, a written understanding may be drawn up relative to all possible European combinations.

India.

The India office dispatch of Sept. 20, confirms the report of an outbreak at Herat the 5th inst. Special dispatches state that troops of the garrison plundered and burned the Governor's house and murdered the commanding General who was the friend and supporter of the Ameer. The affair throws a suspicion upon the loyalty of Ayoob Khan, brother of the Ameer.

A special dispatch from Lahore says the Afghan tribes occupying Gundomuk threaten Dakka. The Cabul rebels are levying forced loans on merchants. Much apprehension is felt about the safety of the British residences at Mandalay, Burmah.

South Africa.

A London dispatch from Capetown, September 2d, says: King Cetewayo will come here immediately to await orders of the Home Government. Ais capture has had a quieting effect among the natives and danger of rupture with the Pondes has passed away. H final assembly of the great Chiefs, counsellors and the people of Zululand was to be held at Ulundi to-day when the terms of peace were to be proclaimed and each of the chiefs selected to rule over the territories was to sign the agreement. According to this agreement the chief undertakes to forego the importing of arms from any quarter, whatsoever, and the importation of merchandise from the sea coast is a'so forbidden. The making of war and succession to a chieftainship will be subject to the approval of the British Government.

The President at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—The Presidential party arrived at 7:40 this evening over the Lake Shore road, and were at once escorted by the Union Veteran club to the Grand Pacific hotel, where an elegant dinner was served.

Gen. W T. Sherman and wife, Hon. Jos. Medill and wife, Hon. Thomas P. Potter, member of the British Parliament and wife, and several other distinguished persons dined with the President.

There was, immediately after the dinner, a reception in the spacious halls of the hotel, given to several hundred invited guests, and for half an hour a select company of ladies and gentlemen took the hands of the President and Mrs. Hayes. The main halls and corridors of the building were brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, and on the Jackson street entrance lights of the same character rendered the whole large front and the street that passed it, light as day. In this light the First and Second Regiments formed at about 10 o'clock, and in turn serenaded the distinguished guests. The President was introduced and received with hearty cheers. He made a brief speech, introducing Gen. Sherman who said a few words suitable to the occasion and withdrew.

Among the floral tributes was a beautiful bank of rare flowers presented by the Irish American Club to the President, and another sent by the Union Veteran Club to Gen. Sherman.

Although it was announced that the reception would be private the streets for blocks around were thronged with people apparently anxious to do honor to the Executive.

The reception amounts in fact to an ovation and nothing was wanting to make it one of the most brilliant ever tendered to a public man in this City.

The last visitors left the hall shortly after midnight.

After the regular reception the President and Gen. Sherman made speeches to the Union Veteran and Irish American Clubs, and were received with warm expressions.

Gen. Sherman to-night decided to call a meeting of the Army of the Tennessee in Chicago on November 5th and 6th, at which time Ex-Pres. Grant will be here.

THE YELLOW FEVER.

Cases Adjoining Memphis — The Usual Reports.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 19.—Eight new cases have been reported to the Board of Health—Agnes Scott, Oswald Langsfeldt, John Brunners, Mary E. Chambers, Millie Chambers, William Ryan, Catherine Ryan and Mollie Davis, the last named colored.

J. W. Preston, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee of Chicago, telegraphed the Howard Association to draw for another $1,000.

MIDNIGHT—Eleven cases in all—nine white and two colored—were reported to day.

The three reported this afternoon were W. L. Rodford, Lizzie Prestige and one colored.

Three additional deaths have occurred, Louis F. Sohm, Albert Atwood and Mollie Davis, the last named colored.

Mark M. Oryan's illness has been declared yellow fever. His name will doubtless be reported to morrow. The donations to the Howards to-day aggregate $1,175.

Peter Harrison, a well-known carriage trimmer, died late this evening of fever, after the closing of the official report of the day.

F. P. Blessing and Will C. Woodward, with two efficient nurses, left this afternoon for Concordia, Miss. A steam tug conveyed them 65 miles down the river from which point they will go in a skiff to Concordia.

The following is the opinion of State Attorney General Benjamin J. Rea, as telegraphed to-day to Dr. J. D. Plunkett, President of the State Board of Health at Nashville:

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Sep. 19, 1879.

To Dr. J. D. Plunkett, President of the State Board of Health, Nashville, Tenn.:

In reply to your letter yesterday, asking my opinion by telegram whether the State Board of Health has legal authority to enact such a rule as No. 6, which reads, "No lint or seed cotton will be allowed to enter Memphis during the epidemic." It is my opinion that the Board of Health has power to enact such rules and regulations as will prevent the spread of the disease, even to prevention of all travel and the interruption of all commerce, if the spread of the disease cannot be otherwise arrested. The primary object of the law is to prevent the spread of the disease. If this can be done by restriction on travel and commerce, the Board should so act. If it cannot be thus prevented, then in order to arrest it they may stop all travel and communication with infected districts, except such as may be necessary to afford relief to the infected district. The Board had a right to enact rule No. 6, if in their judgment it was necessary to prevent the spread of the disease."

MEMPHIS, Sep. 20.—One additional new case has been reported, John Farrel, at the City Hospital. Two deaths have occurred, Thos. York and Henry Harrison.

The following warning to absentees will be published this afternoon:

Frequent applications being made to the Board of Health and Superintendent of Quarantine by absentees from here to return, we deem it best to make this public announcement, that though the number of new cases of yellow fever and deaths are small and perceptibly decline, it would not be safe for those who have not had the disease to return yet. The comparatively small number of new cases and deaths is due to the fact that there are so few unacclimated people here. Those who have had the fever and wish to return will be permitted to do so and will be furnished a certificate to that effect on application to the Superintendent of Quarantine. None others will be permitted to enter Memphis before it is officially announced by the Board of Health that it is thought there is no longer any danger from infection, which will be done at the earliest possible day.

G. B. THORNTON, M. D.,
Pres't Board of Health,
JOHN JOHNSON,
Sup't of Quarantine.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 21.—Eight new cases, four white and four colored, were reported to the Board of Health to day.

Among the number is Fred. Harrman, Harry Nolan, H. D. Bredoken, Frank Foster. But one death has occurred since last night, Archie P. Kehoe, son of the late Capt. P. M. Kehoe, who died beyond the City limits.

In addition to the new cases reported to the Board of Health, the following persons were stricken with fever to-day: Lytleton Penn, financial reporter of Diamond Lodge of Knights of Husbandry, and in charge of the cashier's office of the street railway company: P. S. Simonds, an ex-policeman; Jessie Anderson residing at the corner of Third and Jefferson; Mrs. John Bierman, R. T. Dabney, a signal service officer, who it was thought had a mild attack of fever about three weeks ago.

Miss Louise Bedford died last night of fever at Baily Station, Tenn.

Fifteen nurses were assigned to duty to day by the Howards.

Dr. J. Plunkett, President of the State Board of Health, was hung in effigy to-night at the corner of Main and Madison streets. Attached to the carricature was a placard inscribed up with Plunkett down with order No. 6.

The weather is clear and pleasant.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 22.—No new cases have been reported, but two deaths have occurred since last evening, W. J. White, an operator in the Western Union Telegraph Co., and Peter H. Donnelly, a grocery merchant, doing business at 307 Poplar street. White is the third to die out of the office here this season of fever.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 22.—NOON.—Four cases have been reported to the Board of Health. Mrs. W. L. Bradford, Mrs. J. L. Prestidge, Joseph M. Serrano and Lewis Jones. Last named is colored. One additional death occurred, Wm. J. Rhan.

The hanging of Dr. Plunket in Effigy last night is generally condemned. The police promptly cut down the figure and are searching for the perpetrators of the act.

Schailman, residing five miles out on the Poplar St. Boulevard is down with the fever. The steamer "Natchep" passed south this morning at 11 A. M. and drew fully 1,000 people to the Bluffs, by the repeated sounds of her whistle which was responded to by tugs at the wharf.

MEMPHIS, Sept 22.—Sixteen cases in all, 12 white and four colored, were reported to the Board of Health to day.

Among those who were reported this afternoon are B. T. Babney, Littleton, Pa., Mrs. J. Berman, H. Rafelot, Herbert Elsner, L. Ross, Frank Foster and Hetty Sprague.

Three more deaths have been reported: D. L. Carmichael, Caleb Williams, Anderson Reeves, the two last colored.

Donations to the Howards to day aggregated $576. They assigned 20 nurses to-day.

Gen. Smith, acting Vice President of the Howards, reports that the unexpected disposition of the fever to abate would enable that organization to considerably reduce its force and daily expenses this week, which would be done at the meeting to-morrow.

There is expressed a general willingness by the poorer class to avail themselves of the 20 days' quarantine camps inaugurated by the National and State Boards of Health to be supplied by the Government.

The weather conditions are most favorable for the handling of even the worst patients. Physicians not in the employ of the Howards find so little to do that many of them are availing themselves of the opportunity to take a little recreation at such points away to which they can secure a passport.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 23.—No new cases have been reported. One death has occurred since last night, Herbert Ellsner. The weather is clear and warm.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 23.—Noon—Seven new cases have been reported—Rev. Father Revell, Maggie Murray, Jessie Andersen, Geo. Jerome, J. D. Allen, Harriet Archer, and John Bowles. The two last are colored. Three additional deaths have occurred, E. E. Marshall and wife, and J. T. Cronef. Mrs. J. S. Prestides' condition this morning is more favorable. Fred Harpman will hardly survive.

It was a refreshing variation from the general run of speeches at temperance meetings when a man got up in Pittsburg, the other day, and remarked: "Ladies and gentlemen, to bring my nose to this state of blooming perfection it has cost me at least $10,000."

A MISSING MAN.

James Redpath Mysteriously Disappears Two Weeks Ago, and has not Since Been Heard From.

Chicago Times.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—James Redpath, the famous manager and lecture bureau agent, is missing. He was last seen in the streets two weeks ago to-day. He had undertaken the management of many companies of performers of various sorts, all of which were to start on a tour of the various Cities of the State at about this time. He had been closely occupied night and day in perfecting their arrangements, and during the last week before he disappeared had been over the ground they were to follow. This journey lasted a week, and took him to every city of considerable size between Brooklyn and Buffalo. For nearly three months his work had been telling upon him. He complained of dyspepsia, lost his appetite, and began to grow haggard. His friends say he worked early and late, and in six weeks did not eat enough to sustain a child. When he returned to his home in the rain of Wednesday, the 3d inst., he is said to have looked more like a dead than a living man. He said he had been wandering around the street. He complained of pain in his head and chest. He spent the night at home, and in the morning started out again. He said he was tired out, and thought he would pay a visit to Thomas Nast, at Morristown, N. J., where he might expect perfect rest. He said he would stay three or four days there. That was the last seen of him. That day Mr. Cherpenning received a telegram from him, in which he said he needed sea air and rest, and added: "My head hurts me terribly." That was the last that was heard of him. Mr. Redpath's friends telegraphed to Mr. Nast and every other place where friends or business might have attracted him, but nowhere had he been seen or heard from. Major Cherpenning went to Boston, and is there yet, but he has obtained no news. Redpath's wife, from whom he has been separated four or five years, is there, and her son, who took his stepfather's name, is in Kalamazoo, Mich., where he is a publisher. James Redpath was 47 years of age, and was born in England. The venture upon which he was about to embark was to conduct a tour for twelve conspicuous companies, among them the Abbott English opera troupe, the Rice Surprise Party, the Salisbury Troubadours, the Berger family, the Haverly Juvenvile Pinafore company, the Robson and Crane comedy troupe, the Criterion company, and a series of lecture courses. Since his disappearance no one has been able to follow his plans or continue them. The Abbott opera company severed their connection with him and Mr. Newton, his Treasurer, will terminate his relations with the other concerns. It is shown that Mr. Redpath had but $50 on his person when he disappeared, and drew no money from the bank. The police will be notified to-day, a hope that he would be heard from having deferred his friends from taking this step before. Mr. Redpath is described as a slight man, about five feet nine inches in height, dark haired, but slightly bald. He was dressed in blue.

"EXPEDITION" IN ITALY.

An American's Experience in Sending an Alpenstock by Express Over the Alps.

Colonel Waring in the October Harper's.

Feeling sure that I should never climb another mountain, I had brought from Cortina—as a trophy to hang under my Mosel oar—the alpenstock with which I struggled up Tofana; value, 22 cents. For convenience I would send it as freight to Havre. To allow for the slowness of the clerks, we assigned an extra three-quarters of an hour for the business of getting it off our hands, besides a half hour for buying tickets and registering the baggage. In front of the station stands a little guard house, with the deluding legend, "Expedizione."

"Might I send this stick to Havre?"

"Sicuro."

"How much will it cost?"

We must ask. The expediter goes with us to the freight clerk, who answers, "More than it is worth."

"Probably, but how much?"

"How much does it weigh?"

"I don't know. Weigh it."

The expeditor hung it to the hook of a steelyard which another man held up: "One kilo" (two pounds). Then, after a calculation: "Two francs."

"Very well; I will stand two francs. No matter about the receipt. Here is the money. Mark it 'Paid,' and send it as soon as possible."

But they manage these things better in Italy. I must go back and see what "Expedizione" really means. I must give the details very clearly, and the official must take out the papers. I might go and get my tickets and fight my baggage through, and then come back. I came back, at the end of a half hour, and of all my patience, and found him still writing. There were three "freight letters," each as long and intricate as a policy of insurance, and two long "declarations" for the custom house—giving a description, value, etc., etc. All concerning 22 cents worth of wood and iron, which had not reached Havre 25 days later, and probably will never reach there. (One of these freight letters has got into a wrong pigeon-hole.) Then we went to the freight clerk and he signed something, and I signed something (sanded), and the "Expedizione" man demanded three francs and a half. I referred to the contract for two francs.

"Ah! mais! the 'Expedizione' cost a franc and a half."

At last I was free. Everything was attended to, and we had still seven minutes to get our seats. I separated Jane from a poodle with which, and with whose mistress, of course, she had made friends, gathered up my bags and bundles, and started gayly for the train.

As we turned into the corridor we saw the great doors swing to, and our porter shrugged his shoulders.

"But what does it mean?"

"Troppo tardi!"

"It is only 10 minutes past nine, and the train leaves at a quarter past."

"The doors are closed five minutes before the train starts."

"Then why in—" But no, the man did not understand English, and no poor words of mine could do justice to the situation. Jane thought otherwise, but then her words are very poor, and on this occasion she showed an approach to genius. As a piece of sketchy characterization, the estimate she expressed of Italian executive ability was worthy of permanent record; but she is over-fastidious in such matters, and prefers that her achievement should be permitted to remain our private possession.

An Elephant that Bossed the Job.

Among the elephants that swing around the circle with Forepaugh is one known as "Dick." This young monster got sulking at Lancaster, N. H., the other night, and refused to trot along with the others. Young Adam Forepaugh, the old man Adam's son, rode up to Dick and gently tapped him with his riding whip. Dick lunged for the lad and unhorsed him. Adam was stunned by the fall, and lay but a few feet from the enraged beast, whose terrible bellowing indicated that he was thoroughly aroused. It seemed impossible for any one to rescue young Forepaugh. The keepers and trainers knew that the least motion would hasten the boy's death, and so stood speechless and aghast. But old Betts, the monster elephant of the herd, acting with wonderfully human impulse, ran with a speed that seemed incredible, considering her enormous bulk, and threw the force of her four tons weight against the side of the advancing and murderous Dick. The shock of the colliding elephants was fearful, upsetting Bad Dick and throwing him on his side. Quick as a flash Forepaugh's son was upon his feet. Old Betts threw down her trunk at the signal, just as she does in the performance, and lifted her master upon her head. Every time Dick arose he was met by 8,000 pounds of elephant flesh against his ribs, until he laid down and trumpeted signals of distress in acknowledgment of defeat.

THE CONQUERING HERO.

He Arrives at San Francisco, and Receives a Brilliant and Enthusiastic Ovation.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 21.—During the day Gen Grant has made no public appearance other than to take a ride in the Golden Gate Park with Mayor Bryant.

This evening a crowd of idlers, drawn by curiosity, thronged the court and corridors of the Palace Hotel. During the day the program was arranged for the evening and week, but some changes having been considered necessary, a new conference is being held on the subject, the result of which will be known an hour or two later.

During Grant's stay in his apartments to day he received calls from a number of distinguished gentlemen, among whom were Congressmen George C. Hazleton, of Wisconsin; Dan. Voorhees, of Indiana; H. F. Page, of California; and J. F. Jargenson, of Virginia; also by J. A. Williamson, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Judge Fields, of the United States Supreme Court, and a number of others. Gen. and Mrs. Grant, in conversation, expressed their appreciation of the handsome reception accorded, and were particularly impressed with the order, good conduct and bearing of the people throughout the demonstration, and the entire absence of anything like rude crowding from the thousands who were gathered to welcome them.

A special committee consisting of J. Henry Smith, chairman; Gen. James Coey, Mayor Bryant and M. D. Boruch have arranged the program for the week.

Monday, in the evening, Gen. Grant and party will visit the California theater to witness the performance of the military spectacle, "Color Guards," after which a grand serenade will be given by the band of the Second Brigade of the National Guard in the court of the Palace hotel.

On Tuesday, at 11 A. M., General and Mrs. Grant will attend a special session of the Methodist Conference at the Palace. At 1 P. M., escorted by Mayor Bryant, Supervisors and Executive Committee, they will proceed to the Mayor's office at the new City Hall, where they will hold a grand general reception during the entire afternoon. In the evening they will attend a grand ball at the Mechanics' pavilion, given in aid of the fund for the relief of widows and orphans of deceased members of the police departments.

Wednesday evening they will witness for the first time a performance of "Pinafore" at Baldwin's Theater.

Thursday they will leave by the 11:15 A. M., boat for Oakland, where they will be entertained during the day returning at 6 P. M.

Friday they will take a special train at noon for San Jose to attend the Santa Clara Valley Agricultural Exhibition.

Saturday morning they will visit the San Francisco Stock Exchange and in the evening will attend a grand camp fire of Union and Confederate veterans at the Pavillion.

Besides this program, devised by the Committee, during the day, on Wednesday they will be entertained by Major General McDowell, at his headquarters at Black Point, and on the evening of Thursday will attend a grand carnival ball at the Pavilion.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 22.—This forenoon Gen. Grant, by special request, reviewed the Stockton Guards in the court of the Palace.

Shortly before noon, accompanied by Mrs. Grant, and by Major and Mrs. Bryant, he visited a photographic gallery and had some pictures taken. His departure from the hotel by a side entrance was unobserved, and the party walked to the gallery, the General being recognized by but four persons, and then only by a passing glance.

This afternoon the party, consisting of Gen. and Mrs. Grant with suite, Major Bryant, Supervisors Danforth, Gibbs and Talbot, Generals Coey and Miller will drive to the Cliff where they will lunch.

At the California theater great preparations are being made for the production of "Color Guard," and the reception of Grant's party.

This evening the boxes are being arranged and ornamented for their reception. The first regiment band will assist on the stage and the orchestra will perform an army quadrille composed for the occasion by the conductor, Prof. Withers, and dedicated to Gen. Grant.

At nine this morning a line was formed at the box office, and it is likely there will be a tremendous crush in the evening.

The General has accepted an invitation to visit Virginia City about October 20th on his way East. He will time his visit to Oregon so that it will take place during the State Fair, the first week of October.

California Theater has seldom contained such an audience as assembled there this evening to witness the performance of "Color Guard" in honor of Gen. Grant.

Long before the doors opened the street was thronged with people and the outer lobby of the theater packed. The auditorium was literally jammed and many were turned away unable to obtain admission. The boxes reserved for the General and party were handsomely draped with the national colors. The same ornamentation was carried around the front of the balcony.

The play was magnificently put on the stage and presented three full companies of the National Guard to add to the scenic effects.

Shortly after the commencement of the second act roars of the enthusiastic crowd in the street gave notice that the expected guest had arrived at the outer entrance. The street in front of the theater for an entire block was almost impassible on account of the cheering crowd. In a few moments the party made their appearance in the boxes, when the audience rose to their feet en masse, cheering and applauding continuously while the curtain was run down until the uproar had subsided. Gen. Grant acknowledged the ovation by bowing right and left. Order being restored the performance went on. At the close of the second act the orchestra played the army quadrille dedicated to Gen. Grant. The General paid close attention to the performances, expressing his gratification plainly by his manner.

—IF you are bilious you will find positive relief by using "Sellers' Liver Pills." Sold by all druggists.

We Believe

That if every one would use Hop Bitters freely, there would be much less sickness and misery in the world; and people are fast finding this out, whole families keeping well at a trifling cost by its use. We advise all to try it. —*U. & A. Rochester, N. Y.*

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PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

GENERAL EFFECTS OF

FELLOWS'

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.

The first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. [illegible] the mucous membrane [illegible] easy expectoration is produced; not only are the air passages easily voided of the secretions already deposited, but its collection is carried on in a healthy manner, while the formation of tubercle is retarded. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened and the blood purified.

Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

Speedily and permanently cures Congestion of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Nervous prostration, Shortness of Breath, Palpitation of the Heart, Trembling of the Hands and Limbs, Physical and Mental Depression, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy, Loss of Memory. It acts with vigor, gentleness and subtlety, owing to the exquisite harmony of its ingredients, akin to pure blood itself. Price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Walding, Kinnan & Co., Agents.

The Markets.

General Produce.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—Breadstuffs—Flour—market unsettled. Wheat excited; rejected, 118@120c; No. 2 red in elevator, 124c. Corn excited; western low and high-mixed, 57@58c; yellow, 58c. Oats in good demand; stained, 33@33½c; white, 33½@35½c.

DETROIT, Sept. 23.—Breadstuffs—Flour firm. Wheat excited and higher; extra, 116¼c; No 1 white, 114c; do seller September; 115 seller October, 116⅝c; seller November, 117¼c bid; 118c seller December; milling No. 1, nominal; amber, nominal at 113c. Receipts of wheat, 81,000 bu; shipments, 73,000 bu.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 23.—Flour at $5 00@5 75. Wheat—market is strong at 105@110c. Corn—market excited and higher; none offered; nominally 42@43c. Oats steady at 28@30c. Whisky firm at 106c. Provisions higher. Pork, $9 50. Lard—market firm at $6 00. Bulk meats strong and higher; shoulders, $3 50; short ribs, $5 75; short clear, nominal. Bacon firm at $4 25@5 25@@6 62½.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 23.—Breadstuffs — Wheat —The market advanced 2½@3½c; the noon board closed unsettled at 111c for hard; 108c for No. 1; 106⅝c for No 2 cash and seller September; 107¾c seller October 108⅛c seller November; 98c for No. 3; 85c for No 4. 71c for rejected; receipts, 118,000 bu.; shipments, 33,900 bu. Corn—Market is firm at 38½c for No 2. Oats—Market firm at 26¾c for No 2. Rye—Market firm at 64c for No 1. Barley—Market steady at 75c for No. 2.

BUFFALO, Sept. 23.—Wheat—Market excited and higher. Sales, 43,000 bu; No. 1 hard Duluth at 115c; 30,000 do to arrive at 115c; 8,000 do spot, to arrive, 117c. Corn quiet and higher; sales, 4,000 bu No 2 mixed western at 46c. Oats firm; sales, —— bu; No. 2 western at 30c on track. Rye and barley neglected Canal freights higher; wheat, 9c; corn, 8¼c. Receipts—flour, 2,855 bbls; wheat 374,713 bu; corn, 550,694 bu. Shipments by rail—wheat, 86,712 bu; corn, 2,000 bu. By canal—wheat, 281,765 bu; corn, 271,684 bu.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 23.—The wheat market has been very active, and characterized with rapid improvement in prices, in consequence of the strong European demand. Prices now quoted are as follows: Spot Amber at 115¾c; seller October, 116c; No. 1 White Michigan at 115¼c; No. 3 do, 115¼c; No. 2 Red Wabash, spot, 115¼c; seller September, 115¼c; seller October, 115⅝c; seller November, 117⅛c; No. 3 Red, 111c; Western Amber, 114¼c for spot and 116c for seller October. Corn quiet but higher; High-mixed, 43¼c; No. 2 White at 50¼c; Rejected, 42⅛c. Oats dull; No. 2 at 28¾c, spot; 29c seller October. Clover Seed, $4.45 for prime. Other grades nominal.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 23.—Breadstuffs—Flour is higher; XX, $4 00@4 85; XXX, $5 25@5 35; family, $5 45@5 55; choice, $6 55@6 25. Wheat —The market opened excited and higher, advanced and closed lower and somewhat panicky; No 2 red, 110@112¾c, closing with 110 bid cash; 112c seller October. Corn is higher but dull; 35c cash; 35¼c seller October. Oats higher and booming; 27¾@28c cash; 28⅛c seller October. Rye higher; 60c bid. Barley dull; No 2 spring, 70c. Whisky steady at 107c. Pork is higher at $9 62½. Dry salt meats unsettled; no quotations. Bacon firm at $4 00@5 62½@6 87½@7 00. Lard quiet; car lots, 6 00. Hogs Yorkers to Baltimores $3 40@3 50; packing, $3 20@3 50; butchers to select heavy, $3 50@3 70 Receipts, 2,700 head; shipments, 1,100 head.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—Cotton—The market is nominal at 11¼c for middling uplands. Flour a shade stronger; receipts, 160,000 bbls; sales, 15,000 bbls; extra state, $4 70@4 85; extra western, $4 70@6 00; Round Hoop Ohio, $4 80@6 00. Rye flour is steady at $3 40@3 90. Wheat—Feverish, unsettled and 1@1¾c better; receipts, 250,000 bu; sales, 266,000 bu; No. 2 Spring seller October, 120c. Rye scarce at 80c for State and Canada; 60@63c for No. 2 Western. Corn 1@1½c better; receipts, 169,000 bu; sales, 400,000 bush 54@55c for western mixed; —@—c for white. Barley quiet. Oats strong; receipts, 55,000 bu; sales, 36,000 bu; 37@39½c for mixed western; 37@42c for white. Pork is firm at $9 20. Beef firm. Lard strong at $6 45. Butter—9@24c. Cheese—5@9¼c. Whisky—108@—c. Sugar—6⅞@7½c. Eggs at 18½@22. Petroleum crude, 2¼c; refined, 7¼c. Tallow—5⅞@6c. Coal and leather firm. Wool quite active.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Wheat strong, excited and higher; No. 2 Red, 110⅛c; No 2 spring, 104⅝c cash; 105⅜c seller October; 107⅜c seller November; has sold at 108c. Corn steady and firm; 38⅝c cash; 38⅞c seller October; 37¾c seller November. Oats firm and higher; 27¼c cash and seller October; 28@28⅛c seller November. Rye at 59c. Barley strong at 80c cash. Provisions—Pork strong and higher; $8 22½ bid for cash and seller October; $8 55@8 57½ seller November; $9 02½ seller January. Lard irregular and easier; $6 17½@6 20 cash; $5 70@5 27½ seller Nvember; $5 80 seller January. Whisky higher at 107c. Hogs—Receipts, 14,000 head; market active and 10@15c higher; light at $3 60@3 75; heavy packing, $3 30@3 65; heavy shipping, $3 50@3 70. Cattle receipts, 4,000 head; natives, fair run and market unchangep; fair to good shipping, $4 00@4 60; butchers' quiet and easy; stockers steady; western, liberal supply and unchanged; Colorado Texans, $2 70; Wyoming, $3 00.

BALTIMORE, Sept 23.—Flour—Market higher and active; Western superfine, $3 50@4 25; do extra, $4 50@5 25; do family, $5 50@6 25. Wheat —Western—market reported higher and strong; No 2 western winte red, spot, and seller September, 129@130c; seller October, 129c bid; seller November, 129c bid; seller December, 129c bid. Corn—Market higher and firm; Western mixed, spot, 57@57½c; seller September, 57@57¼c; seller October, 55@55¼c; seller November, 55@55¼c; seller December, 55c bid; steamer, no bid. Oats—market higher and active; western white, 34@36c; do mixed, 32@33c; Pennsylvania, 34@36c. Rye—The market is quiet at 64@66c. Hay—The market is reported steady; prime to choice Pennsylvania and Maryland, $14 00@15 00. Provisions—The market is reported as being steady. Mess pork, $10 00. Bulk meats—loose shoulders, $3 75@4 00; clear rib sides, $5 50; packed, $4 25@6 00. Bacon—Shoulders, $4 75; clear rib sides, $6 50. Hams, $11 00@11 75. Lard—refined in tierces, $7 00. Butter—The market is steady; prime to choice western packed, 15@16c. Eggs—The market is steady at 15@16c. Petroleum—market quiet; crude nominal; refined at 6⅞c. Coffee—The market is active and strong; rio cargoes, old, 11¼@13c; new, 12@13c. Sugar firm; A soft, 8⅝@8¾c. Whisky steady at 108c. Freights to Liverpool, per steam, are unchanged; cotton, 5-16d; flour, 2s 3d; grain, 7½d. Receipts—Flour, 5,340 bbls; wheat, 362,200 bu; corn, 20,300 bu; oats, 19,500 bu; rye, —— bu; barley, —— bu. Shipments—Wheat, 149 400 bu; corn, 13,400 bu. Sales of wheat, 1,003,500 bu; corn, 165 600 bu.

Money, Stocks, etc.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1879.

Money easy at 5@5 ℘ cent., closing at —; prime mercantile paper, 5@6.

Sterling dull; long, 481¼; short, 483¼.

Government bonds strong.

Railroad bonds firm.

State bonds dull.

Bar silver here, 112.

Subsidiary silver coin ½@1 ℘ cent. discount.

The Stock market, with a few exceptions, was buoyant with largely increased business. In the early dealings Iron Mountain broke from 44⅜ to 44⅞, but subsequently recovered to 44, and still later reacted to 43⅜. The weakness was caused by heavy sales of long stock by inside parties. The largest sales were in coal stocks, which advanced 1@2 ℘ cent., the latter Delaware, Lackawanna & Western. The granger shares were irregular in the early dealings, but subsequently advanced. Lake Shore was the feature among the trunk lines, and on large buying was carried up to 83¾. There was no special movement in other trunk lines. In the last hour the market weakened and there was a reaction of ¼@1¼ ℘ cent. from the best figures. Coal stocks led the downward movement. The sharp advance in these shares early in the day was due to rumors that a combination was imminent, and that the Lackawanna auction sale would not take place. These rumors were denied, and hence a decline at the close. St. Paul & Minn. declined 4 ℘ cent.; Iron Mountain 1¾ and Ohio & Mississippi preferred 1⅛ ℘ cent. The Chicago & Rock Island Company has declared a quarterly dividend of 2¼ ℘ cent.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Sat.	Fri.	Thu	Wed	Tue
Old Tennesse's	30¾	30⅞	30¾	30¾	30¾	31⅛
New Tennesse's	27	28	27	28	25	27⅝
Old Virginias	29	28	28	28	28	28
New Virginias	28½	28	28	28	28	28
Missouris	105¼	104⅞	105	105	105	105

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Sat.	Fri.	Thu	Wed	Tues
U. S. 6's, '81	104¾	104¾	104¾	104¾	104⅞	104⅝
U. S. 5's, '81	102⅛	102⅛	102⅛	102⅛	102⅛	102⅛
U. S. new 4½'s	104⅜	104⅜	104⅜	104⅝	104⅜	104⅝
U. S. new 4's	102	101⅞	102⅛	101⅞	101⅞	102
Cerrency 6's	121¾	121	121¾	121¾	121	121
Sterling, sight	483½	483	483¾	483¾	483¼	483¾
Sterling, 60 d	481¾	480¾	481¾	481¾	481½	482

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 22.—Hogs—Market quiet; common, $2 75@3 40; light, $3 50@3 65; packing, $3 60@3 75; butchers', $3 75@3 85. Receipts, 1,369 head; shipments, 332 head.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—Hogs—Receipts —— head; shipments, —— head; market more active and fully 5c higher all round; mixed packing, $3 15@3 45; light bacon, $3 30@3 65; choice heavy, $3 45@3 70; all sold.

Cattle—Receipts for to-day, —— head; shipments, —— head; no choice exports here; shipping orders at $3 40@4 50; butchers' in better demand, more active and stronger; cows, $1 75@3 00; steers, $3 00@3 15; bulls, $1 70@2 20; stockers and feeders fairly active at $2 40@3 25; western cattle plenty and slow; natives, Coloracos and Wyoming, $3 70; Kansas and Texas, $2 50@2 70; through Texans dull at $2 50@2 70; many not sold.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, —— head; shipments, —— head; market moderately active and steady at $3 00@3 90.

EAST LIBERTY, Sept 22.—Cattle—Receipts since and including Friday last, 2,778 head through, and 98 head local stock; total for the week ending this day, 3,871 head through and 3,116 head local, against 4,811 head through and 3,211 head local last week. The supply on hand for sale to-day is light compared with last week, and the market is very dull at 25@50c off from last week, especially in common, of which the majority of the offerings are; best, $5 00; fair to good, $4 25@4 75; common, $3 25@4 00. Sales to-day, 518 head.

Hogs—Receipts, 10,505 head; total for the week, 21,502 head, against 23,210 head last week; Yorkers, $3 86@4 00. Phila-delphias, $4 00@4 05.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 3,800 head; total for the week, 10,000 head, against 9,800 head last week. Selling strong at last week's prices.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 5,500 head, making 12,140 head for the week, against 14,200 head last week; part of the receipts reached the stock yards after 10 A. M. Sellers and buyers were not of one mind as to the relative strength of the market, but the reported sales make the range of prices fully up to the mark of last Friday and a trifle higher for Texans and low grade native steers. Decent to good Texans, $6 00@7 50; ordinary to prime native steers, $7 75@9 75; extra do, $10 00@10 25; of 410 head shipping cattle received and purchased there were 103 Kentucky steers of 1,370 lbs average taken for shipment alive at $10 25, less 75c per head. No cattle or beef laden steamers leave port to-day. Shipments for the week, 805 head live cattle and 4,884 quarters of beef.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts to day and yesterday, 10,500 head, making 37,000 head for the week, against 35,400 head last week. Market about steady for sheep at $3 60@5 25 ℘ 100 lbs; lambs a trifle firmer at $4 50@5 60 ℘ 100 lbs; none taken by exporters. Shipments for the week, 1,445 carcasses of mutton.

Hogs—Receipts for two days, 10,300 head; making 35,170 head for the week, against 28,000 head last week; no trade in live hogs, which may be nominally quoted firm at $3 70@4 20 ℘ 100 lbs, and really choice hogs would probably sell up to $4 25.

Dry Goods.

NEW YORK, August 22.—Business is moderate with commission houses and the jobbing trade is fairly active. Cotton goods in active request and prices unchanged. Prints in moderate demand. Hartel's prints are reduced to 6½c. Dress goods and ginghams doing well. Agents are receiving fair orders for light weight cassimeres and worsted coatings. Foreign goods in moderate request.

Wool.

From the Wool Circular of Gray, Dew, Gould & Co., Boston, Sept. 20, 1879.

We have had a very active week and the market closes strong with a brisk demand for the finer grades. Choice X and XX Ohio fleeces are worth 40c, and holders are not anxious to sell even at this price, believing that they will go still higher. Michigan and Wisconsin wools remain unchanged; 36@36½c for light lots is the selling price, though many are held at 37c. Medium and No. 1 grades range from 39 to 42c, the latter for good Ohio. Combings have been sold at 44@45c. Delaine, 39c for Michigan and 42½c for Ohio. The demand is good for Ohio and also for all medium wools. Territory Wools have been in good demand and large amounts have passed into consumption. California wool is in better request and some very choice lots light Northern have been placed as high as 35c, but these wools are exceptionally good. New England and New York State wools find more ready buyers at 35c for fine washed and 38c for medium grade. Pulled wools scarce and in good demand. The total sales for the week aggregate nearly 3,000,000 lbs.

Receipts of Flour and Grain

at seaboard ports for the week ended Sept. 12 1869.

	Flour, bu.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.
New York	117,447	2,569,466	738,765	224,50
Boston	67,641	165,352	98,623	140,180
Portland	2,990	....	5,900	1,560
Montreal	13,035	480,629	141,167	15,817
Philadelphia	16,759	678,500	143,850	92,050
Baltimore	21,286	1,036,900	269,100	39,000
New Orleans	22,370	277,547	7,897	23,072
Total week	262,558	5,202,394	1,405,302	536,083
Prev. week	228,485	4,769,743	2,047,413	541,039

And from Dec. 31 to Sept. 13, inclusive for four years:

	1879.	1878.	1877.
Flour, bbls	7,118,181	6,122,616	4,816,292
Wheat, bu	91,937,824	67,853,729	14,988,532
Corn, bu	79,747,876	80,955,782	62,767,998
Oats, bu	15,548,412	16,333,206	12,767,077
Barley, bu	1,779,708	2,495,275	2,216,240
Rye, bu	2,789,086	3,260,955	1,403,743
Total	191,122,206	170,596,897	94,137,590

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Movements of Flour and Grain

at and from Western Lake and River ports for the week ended Sept. 12, 1879:

RECEIPTS.

	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.	Barly, bu.
Chicago	33980	1197056	1519395	300514	140426
Milwaukee	27578	396500	21200	22600	160517
Toledo	....	986180	107166	52262	....
Detroit	7084	409171	2708	6004	27053
Cleveland	2615	155350	43300	42400	3150
St. Louis	41751	570196	45670	137415	67471
Peoria	1536	18800	149750	56800	25000
Duluth	....	....	....	....	....
Total	114543	3733253	1889189	617995	430177
Prev. week	112814	3975183	2465206	734506	317349

COMPARATIVE RECEIPTS of flour and grain at the same ports from Dec. 31 to Sept. 12, inclusive, four years:

	1878.	1878	1877.
Flour, bbls	4,456,282	3,863,019	2,883,147
Wheat, bu	59,408,211	55,085,524	22,426,271
Corn, bu	70,243,129	72,918,440	59,466,648
Oats, bu	22,128,108	22,654,088	15,379,671
Barley, bu	3,433,601	4,452,623	3,683,818
Rye, bu	3,093,158	3,470,421	3,914,496
Total	158,301,207	158,581,096	101,865,818

COMPARATIVE SHIPMENTS from the same ports from Dec. 31 to Sep. 13, inclusive, for four years:

	1879.	1878.	1877.
Flour, bbls	4,840,553	4,064,199	3,040,090
Wheat, bu	52,449,094	45,771,565	19,632,841
Corn, bu	62,548,936	61,648,457	51,858,618
Oats, bu	16,219,986	15,487,608	11,514,563
Barley, bu	2,352,351	1,920,996	2,567,348
Rye, bu	2,884,511	2,570,157	1,725,676
Total	136,454,878	122,398,723	88,600,136

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The Visible Supply of Grain,

comprising the stocks in granary at the principal points of accumulation at lake and seaboard ports, and in transit by lake and rail, Sept. 13, '79.

In store at—	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.	Barley, bu.	Rye, bu.
New York	2917666	2022748	663582	26107	84917
" afloat*	1000000	275000	129000	....	....
Albany	15000	45600	83000	6700	64500
Buffalo	519633	951880	13121	....	2589
Chicago	1344102	3057732	409658	138817	165534
Milwaukee	294362	12182	12100	178031	17605
Duluth (6)	185923	12990			
Toledo	1018108	250071	159726	6000	20724
Detroit	539266	4905	3156	86	....
Oswego	170000	300000	3000	232000	65000
St. Louis	1086167	391879	86150	14137	42121
Boston	187891	67841	73860	....	....
Toronto	70500	....	700	39809	1024
Montreal	70238	35000	1500	39808	1024
Philadelph.	991000	170560			
Peoria	33671	259453	152365	10930	51608
Indianapolis	160100	41600	71300	....	12700
Kansas City	194391	39422	18652	....	4610
Baltimore	1346103	397381			
Rail ship'ts	585836	257396	349739	137577	23808
Lake ship	2549872	1461663	89378	587	133278
On Canal	2700000	2076000	57000	28700	228336
Total—					
Sept. 6	17045773	13003518	2704134	501299	937181
Sept. 13	17927709	12040692	2461982	828156	990771
Aug. 30	15748775	13164508	2402897	355222	761262
Aug. 23	15966899	12582429	2279174	300098	797180
Aug. 16	16093897	12140032	1605031	306311	493906
Aug. 9	15189594	11436314	1914487	318434	479114
Aug. 2	14352416	11099554	1762250	324929	462436
July 26	14670251	10068258	1441877	330001	318328
July 19	13478849	10795086	1536906	357879	341743
July 12	11701597	11757899	1489490	380475	329979
July 5	12184153	11547230	1581095	366334	424074

* Estimated.

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Clearances of Flour and Grain.

The following is an exhibit of the clearances of flour and grain to foreign ports from the points named and for the dates specified:

	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.
NEW YORK—			
Total week ended Sept. 17	79816	2466354	993836
Total week ended Sept. 10	78112	1942248	1349042
Total week ended Sept. 3	57764	2849770	647998
Total week ended Aug. 27	55542	2115416	681568
PHILADELPHIA—			
Total week ended Sept. 5	4339	901973	89800
Total week ended Aug. 29	2800	700465	
Total week ended Aug. 22	3232	405166	224318
Total week ended Sept. 12	10435	100888	230822
BALTIMORE—			
Total week ended Sept 4	4710	1151908	85893
Total week ended Aug. 28	3455	1148889	148985
Total week ended Aug. 14	9127	1084063	82228
Total week ended Sept. 11	10360	1691222	375914

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Rail Shipments

from Western lake and river ports for the weeks ended:

	1879. Week Sept. 6.	1878. Week Sept. 1.	1877. Week Sept. 8.	1876. Week Sept 9
Flour, bbls	106,792	95,264	94,601	76,959
Wheat, bush	2020,856	499,776	247,413	432,941
Corn, bush	1,602,817	507,388	862,011	865,084
Oats, bush	627,490	384,737	258,261	410,212
Barley, bush	77,327	84,060	52,541	58,544
Rye, bush	209,540	40,328	8,773	21,540
Total	5,137,970	1,316,419	993,098	1,838,411

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Export Clearances

for Europe from the ports of New York, Montreal, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans for the undermentioned weeks:

Week end—	Flour, bbl.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Oats, bu.2
Sept. 10	106765	4726073	1908106	27582
Sept. 3	81247	5956575	1186054	100834
Aug. 27	78954	4237478	1068121	28139
Aug. 20	76910	4418067	710054	15899
Total 4 weeks	343883	19086193	4828335	178044
Prev. 4 weeks	254854	14182335	5355253	25346
Totatal 8 weeks	598737	33269032	10136818	134088
Cor. 8 wks 1878	224490	21130065	12316690	1218546
Increase	374247	12138977	....	
Decrease	....	....	2133372	1115460

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Petroleum.

The exports from New York for the week ended Sept. 6, 1879, were 5,861,998 gallons, and from the principal exporting ports for the week, 7,371,020 gallons, and since January 1:

	1879. gallons.	1878. gallons.	1879. gallons.
New York	182,613,011	144,592,355	171,724,277
Boston	4,612,304	1,976,006	1,948,252
Philadelphia	44,482,541	34,192,310	29,542,728
Baltimore	16,275,857	22,340,959	23,149,690
Richmond	1,409,360		4,702,190
Portland		1,770	273,803	[illegible]
Norfolk		634,300	
Total gallons	251,393,643	203,123,875	239,551,658

Total gallons corresponding time 1875..156,031,234
" " " 1874..165,657,547
" " " 1873..140,528,411
" " " 1872.. 93,477,781

—*N. Y. Prod. Ex. Weekly.*

A GOOD PLAN.

The most profitable way of dealing in stocks is by combining many orders and co-operating them as a whole, dividing profits pro rata among shareholders, according to the market, monthly. Each customer thus secures all the advantages of immense capital and experienced skill, and can use any amount, from $10 to $10,000, or more, with equal proportionate success. "New York Stock Reporter" and new circular mailed free. Full information for any one to operate successfully. LAWRENCE & CO., 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It Was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs, by one application,

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Changes as Seen and Felt! As They Daily Occur

AFTER USING A FEW DOSES

Radway's Ready Relief

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART,
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,
CHILBLAINS AND FROST BITES.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

1. Good spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, melancholy, increase and hardness of flesh and muscles, etc.

2. Strength increases, appetite improves, relish for food, no more sour eructations or waterbrash, good digestion, calm and undisturbed sleep, awaken fresh and vigorous.

3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin looks clear and healthy, the urine changed from its turbid and cloudy appearance to a clear sherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the urethra without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; no pain or weakness.

4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges, (if afflicted that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength exhibited in the secreting glands and functional harmony restored to the several organs.

5. Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.

6. Those suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercules will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucous from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or windpipe, throat or head, diminishing the frequency of cough, general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and pains and feeling of weakness around the ankles, legs, shoulders, etc.; cessation of cold and chills, sense of suffocation, hard breathing and paroxysms of cough on lying down or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.

7. As day after day the SARSAPARILLIAN is taken new signs of returning health will appear; as the blood improves in purity and strength disease will diminish and all foreign and impure deposits, nodes, tumors, cancers, hard lumps, etc., be resolved away and the unsound made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, chronic skin diseases gradually disappear.

8. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver, Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

9. If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases, however slow may be the cure, "feel better" and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

The great power of this remedy is in diseases that threaten death—as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula, Syphiloid Diseases, Wasting, Degeneration, and Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water (instantaneous relief afforded where catheters have been used, thus doing away with the painful operation of using these instruments), dissolving stone in the bladder, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys,

in chronic cases of Lucorrhea and Uterine diseases.

In tumors, nodes, hard lumps, and syphiloid ulcers; in dropsy, in venereal sore throat, ulcers, and in tubercles of the lungs; in gout, dyspepsia, rheumatism, rickets; in mercurial deposits—it is in these terrible forms of disease, where the human body has become a complete wreck, and where every hour of existence is torture, wherein this great remedy challenges the astonishment and admiration of the sick. It is in such cases, where all the pleasures of existence appear cut off from the unfortunate, and by its wonderful, almost supernatural agency it restores the hopeless to a life and new existence, where this great remedy stands alone in its might and power.

In the ordinary skin diseases that every one is more or less troubled with a few doses will in most cases, and a few bottles in the more aggravated forms, work a permanent cure.

Those afflicted with chronic diseases should purchase in package containing one dozen bottles. Price $10 per dozen, or $6 per half dozen bottles, or $1 per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, [illegible] Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, mineral or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinkings or Flutterings in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest and Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of Radway's Pills will free the system from all of the above named disorders. Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.